Liberty

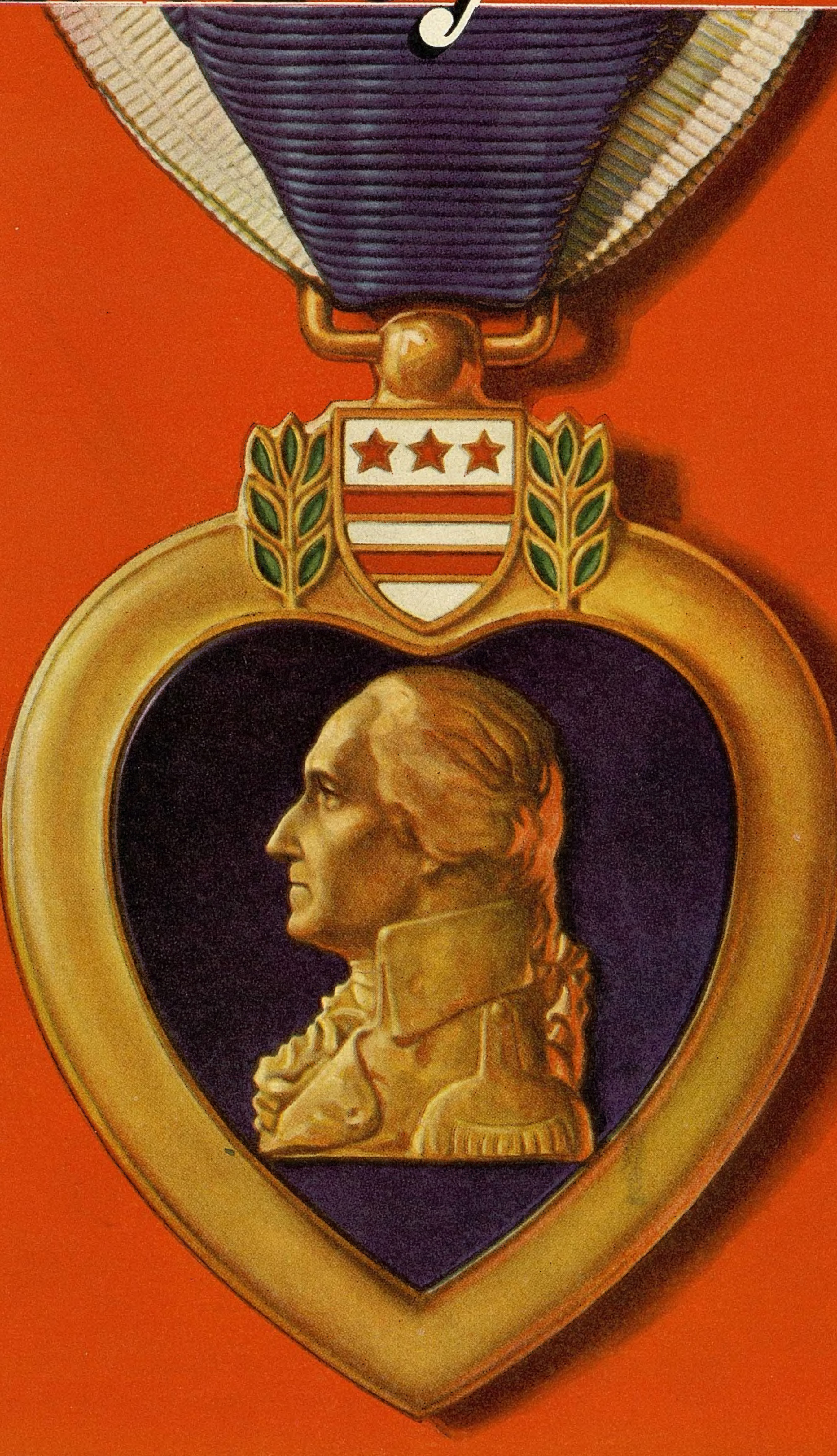
FEB. 26, 1944

10c

Book: SUCH INTERESTING PEOPLE

The Odd Characters a Reporter Meets

HOW IS JAPAN STANDING THE STRAIN?



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USE OF THIS BOTTLE
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AN EXCEPTIONAL BLEND, FULL FLAVORED, PERFECTLY BALANCED, SELECTED FOR BODY AND DELICATE BOUQUET, BLENDED ESPECIALLY FOR THOSE WHO DESIRE A LIGHT BODIED DRINK.
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R. SKEMP

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KING BLACK LABEL

Blended Whisky, 86 Proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 57 months or more old. 40% straight whiskies; 60% grain neutral spirits.

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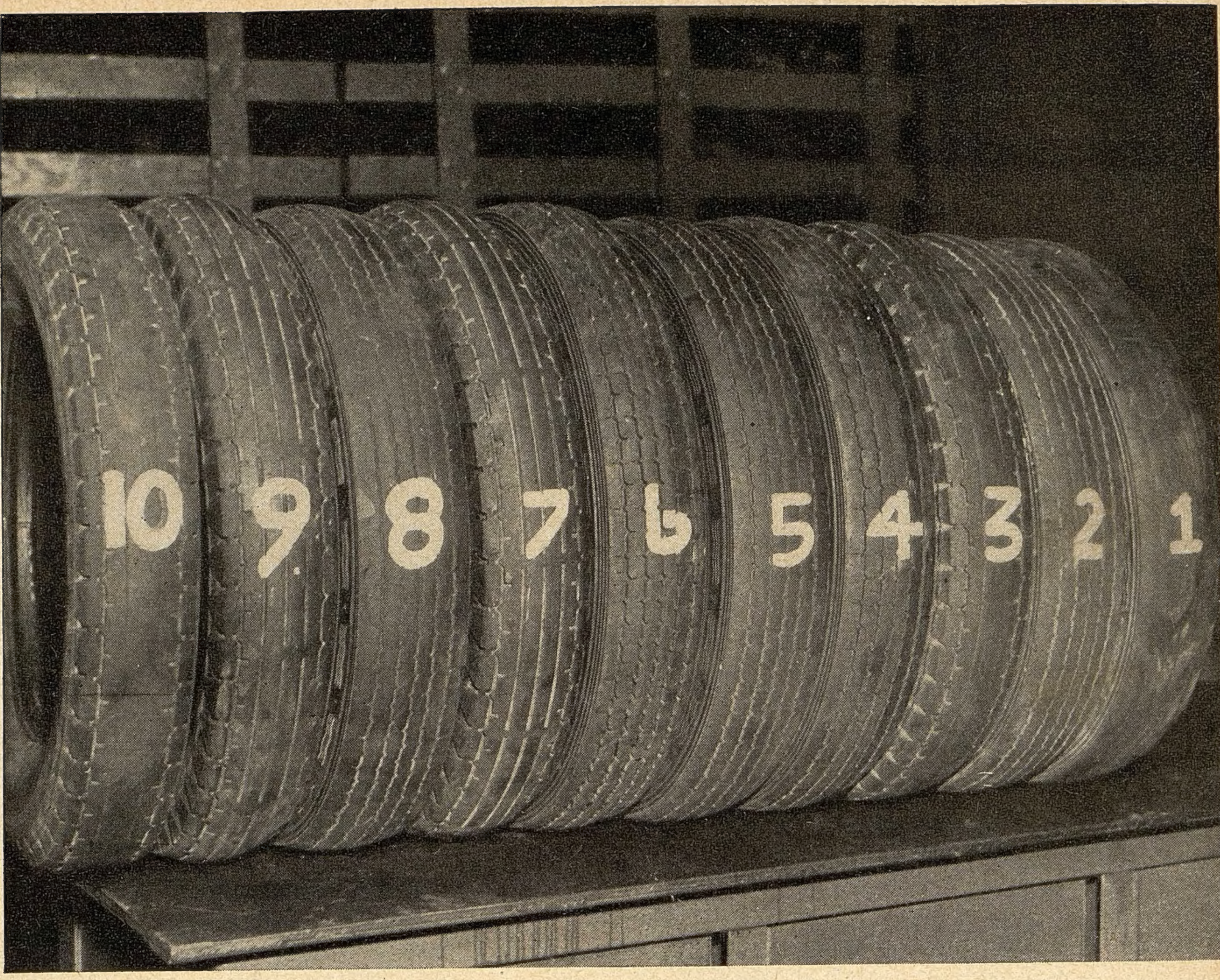

Tire treads that came out of holes in the ground

THE tread of a tire is the outside part that takes the road wear. Original treads of those above were made of material from the deep earth—from holes drilled down below layers of rock, dirt, sand, water—sometimes a mile or more. "Molecule juggling" made petroleum into "rubber."

Research on this "butadiene-type" rubber began back in the twenties. B. F. Goodrich built the first plant to make it commercially and, before the government plants were built, was making more than all the rest of the nation combined. In 1940 the tires above and thousands of other passenger-car tires were sold—the first containing *any* synthetic rubber ever put into general use by American car owners. Private owners and companies sent in reports of their performance. The test was estimated at 80 million miles a year ago—and some of the tires are still running without recapping.

The chemists took something that flows, juggled its molecules and made it roll

Those tires in the picture were owned by a large eastern utility company. No. 1 has gone 27,622 miles; No. 2 ran 29,432. Some were recapped, but Nos. 9 and 10 rode side by side for 30,018 miles before recapping. Others worked under conditions that reduced their mileages, but the average of all ten was over 20,000.

Today's B. F. Goodrich tires are made of government synthetic. Those for passenger cars are all-synthetic (99.8%). With good care, they'll nearly equal the service of prewar tires. Truck tires are not yet this good, particularly in intercity service, but are improving.

Few can buy right now, but if you're one of those who *can* buy tires today, go to a B. F. Goodrich dealer or Silvertown store. You'll get tires backed by years of experience with synthetic rubber in all kinds of products—tires backed by this 80,000,000-mile road test. The B. F. Goodrich Co., Akron, Ohio.

In war or peace

B.F. Goodrich

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FILTER in
ROYAL DEMUTH
makes pipe function superbly

FILTERS FOR
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ROYAL DEMUTH PIPES

$3.50

Write for chart picturing 18 beautiful all-smooth models, telling benefits of MARVELOUS PATENTED FILTER

Also same styles, all-etched, with Eagle or "V" engraved PATRIOTIC EMBLEMS specially designed for men in service as well as civilians.

Wm. Demuth & Co., Inc., N. Y. 3

FILTER
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The Blade With The MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE..!
Marlin
HIGH SPEED BLADES
EIGHTEEN FOR 25¢
GUARANTEED BY THE MARLIN FIREARMS CO. NEW HAVEN, CONN.

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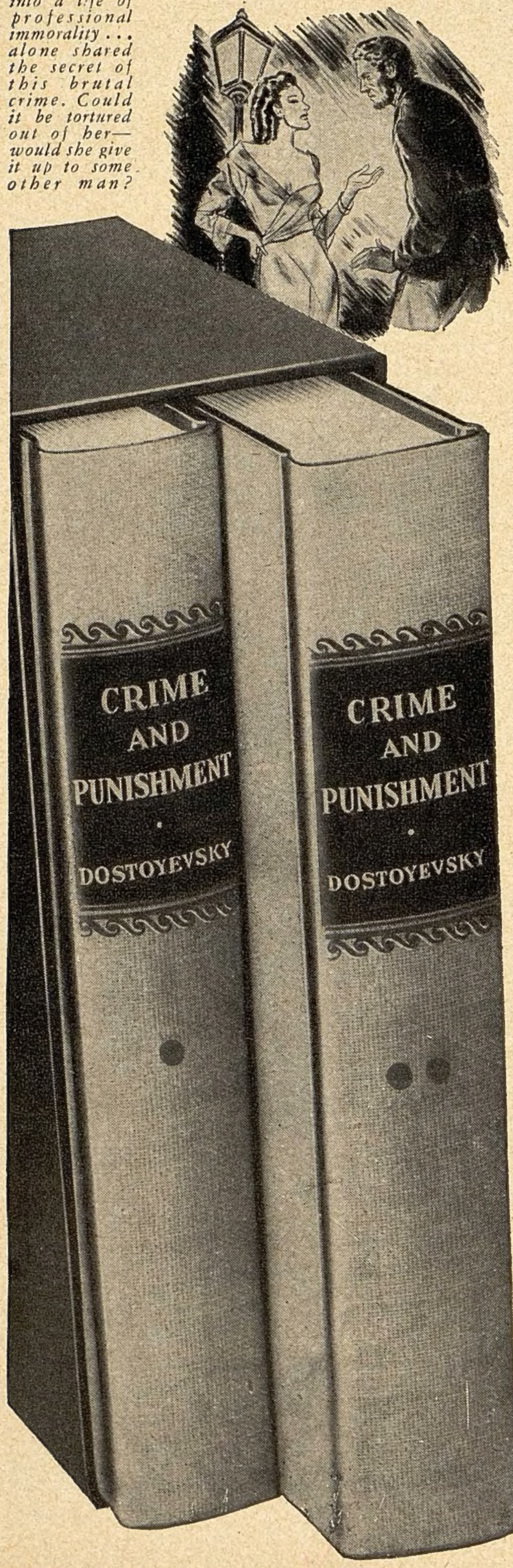
LEE WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER

FREE ...the most gripping murder story ever written!

To New Members of the Detective Book Club

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

by Fyodor Dostoyevsky



Sonia, in her thin, pitiful beauty...forced into a life of professional immorality... alone shared the secret of this brutal crime. Could it be tortured out of her—would she give it up to some other man?

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT · DOSTOYEVSKY
CRIME AND PUNISHMENT · DOSTOYEVSKY

YES, yours FREE—in two handsome volumes — CRIME AND PUNISHMENT, the most gripping murder story ever written! What motive had the gentle young student for murdering, with inhuman savagery, an old hag and her harmless half-witted sister? He scarcely knew them, and he took nothing of value, although he had plenty of time!

Would his street-walker sweetheart keep his secret safe—or would she sell it as she so often sold herself? And why, although in mortal terror of being caught, did the murderer scream taunting clues at his pursuers? Besides—another suspect, with a very good motive for the murders, had *already* confessed!

You will shudder at the terrible penalty the killer pays, even *before* he is trapped. The cleverness of the one man who finally tracks him down will astound you. The stormy character of Sonia, the destitute harlot who befriends him, will shock you. You will hate—and pity—the shameless rake who attempts to seduce and blackmail the murderer's sister. And you will be hypnotized at the murderer's mad urge to *reveal himself*—even when fleeing capture and almost certain conviction!

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You are invited to accept, free, this most gripping murder story *of all time*—as a Membership Gift from the DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB, which brings you the finest mysteries being published *today.*

Each month the Club offers to its members THREE modern detective books—*for the usual price of only ONE!* Each of the three is a complete, full-length novel.

About 300 new detective books are published every year. You can't read them all. It's hard to find the best. But there's one *sure* guide. Those by authors like Agatha Christie, Erle Stanley Gardner, Rex Stout, Van Wyck Mason, Mignon G. Eberhart, Frances and Richard Lockridge are *sure* to be good! All are top-notch writers whose books have been sent to members of the DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB.

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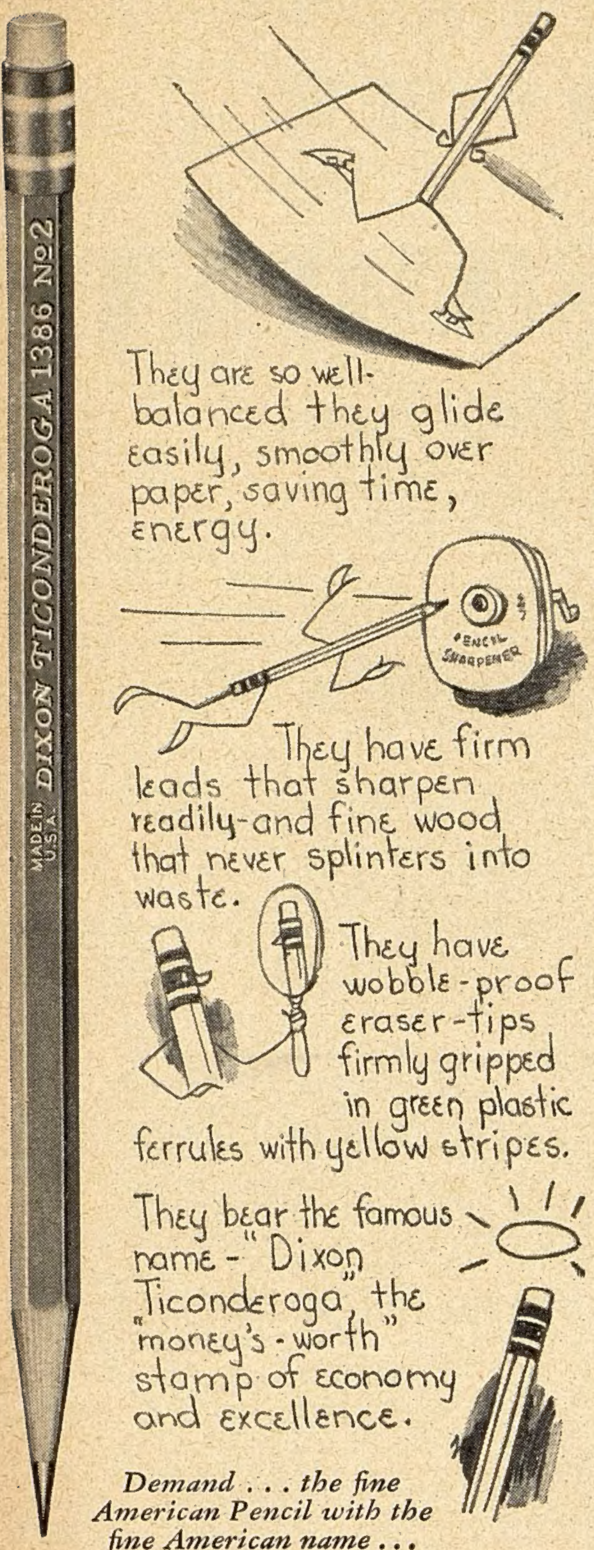

They are so well-balanced they glide easily, smoothly over paper, saving time, energy.

They have firm leads that sharpen readily-and fine wood that never splinters into waste.

They have wobble-proof eraser-tips firmly gripped in green plastic ferrules with yellow stripes.

They bear the famous name-"Dixon Ticonderoga," the "money's-worth" stamp of economy and excellence.

Demand . . . the fine American Pencil with the fine American name . . .

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Some things haven't changed!

"FOR DECADES THE SIGN OF A PERFECT PIPE"

LHS

STERNCREST

is still made of
GENUINE IMPORTED BRIAR

BILLIARD SHAPE

Smooth and Antique Finish. Dozens of handsome models. $5

A real pre-war pipe—of genuine Mediterranean briar, solid rubber mouthpiece, sterling silver band. See them at your dealer while stocks are complete.

L. & H. STERN, Inc., Stern Bldg., 54 Pearl St., Bklyn, N.Y.

VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

PLAIN TALK

Cedar Rapids, Ia.—Referring to Liberty's January 15 editorial, Where's All the Sacrifice We Talk About?—there are a few sacrifices that we do not want to make that we will not make.

We will not sacrifice liberty, freedom, or justice to any one, be he German, Jap, or our fellow man. America must ever have these, in peace and in war. If a few of us need sacrifice our lives for the ideology of liberty, freedom, and justice, then let there be no indication that these freedoms will not exist *now* and *after* this war.—*A/S F. E. Rinehart.*

Dayton, Ohio—I would like to go on record along with a million or so others who will shout a loud "Amen!" after reading your fine editorial Where's All the Sacrifice We Talk About? Furthermore, I would like to see the guy who would take issue with a single word of it. It is certain to have this effect upon many of us. Just add one more star to *your* aid in the war effort.—*H. M. Riley.*

TONGUE TWISTERS

Omaha, Neb.—A lot of members are dropping out of our Ted Shane Club because we don't like so many foreign phrases. Many of us do not have the reference books to look them up.

SHANE!
EDITOR
FC

Please give us a break, so we can get together and have many more fine winter evenings.—*Mrs. Jerome Pflaum.*

Hey, Shane! Come back to America!—Vox Pop Editor.

A DILLER, A DOLLAR . . .

Santa Maria, Calif.—Without doubt, every one agrees with Sylvia F. Porter in her article Your March 15 Nightmare (January 1 Liberty). Certainly there is no reason why the income-tax law and returns cannot be simplified. The only point with which I disagree is: "The sad thing about this taxpaying crisis—and it *is* a crisis—is that no one source is to blame," etc.

Congress is definitely to blame.

(1) The Victory Tax, as such, is entirely unnecessary. The normal tax rate could have been increased 3 per cent, which would have accomplished the same purpose without any confusion and without any new law. This would have kept the income taxes simpler.

(2) The pay-as-you-go system could be very much simpler. In fact, I do not see how it could be any more complicated.—*Public Accountant Charles E. Dobell.*

STICKS AND STONES!

Chicago, Ill.—I have just canceled a three-year subscription to Liberty after reading See What I Mean?—supposedly written by one Lewis Browne.

Liberty
"See What I Mean?"
FC

The story is obviously asinine tripe and I'm surprised at the editors of Liberty for publishing such drivel.—*Mrs. Donald Haire.*

LIBERTY COMES OF AGE

Columbia, S. C.—I have been a subscriber to Liberty for many years. I have enjoyed it but viewed it as of minor importance. For the past two years I have seen Liberty grow in stature, face all matters of vital importance with sane, just, and brilliant judgment, and yet never lose its entertainment value. Your editorials are worth the price of subscription.—*P. F. Watson.*

ORCHIDS FOR OLIVER

Pawtucket, R. I.—I wish to congratulate Oliver Weld Bayer on his marvelous serial No Little Enemy. I could hardly wait for Liberty till the story ended.—*Earl F. Corbishley.*

INDIGNANT!

Riverside, Calif.—I've read and enjoyed Liberty for a long time, but, mister, when you start calling Cary Grant "every woman's sweetheart" you can include me *out*.

His excellent leading ladies are what have made Cary Grant look so good.

Personally, the boys whose pictures I never miss are Jimmy Stewart, Bob Hope, Spencer Tracy, William Bendix, Ray Milland, Ronald Colman, Dick Powell, and Mickey Rooney.—*P. A. T.*

SQUEEZE PLAY

Spokane, Wash.—I have been a reader of Liberty since the first issue and have never thought that the occasional changes in style or contents meant very much, one way or the other; it was still an interesting magazine.

Then came the peewee picayune style

FURLOUGH
Wife...
ENLISTED
1943

She's the girl who might be living right next door to you. Waiting, wishing, working—while she saves her love, makes her sacrifices, shares her courage with the millions of wives, sweethearts, mothers like her! No wonder, America is proud to hail her as it's newest, truest heroine .. the *"Chin-Up" Girl!*

Ginger Rogers

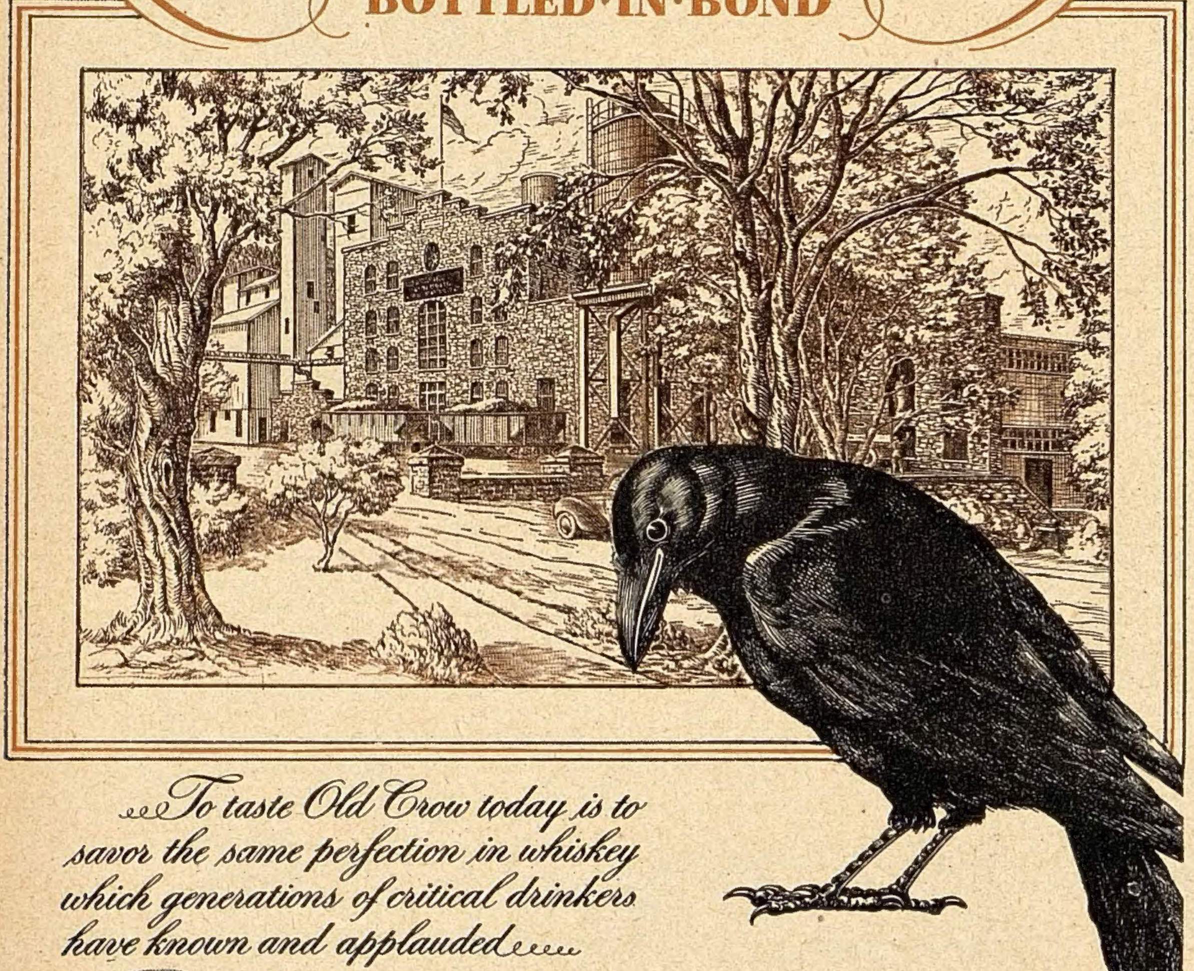
More loved, more lovable, more lovely than ever

"Tender Comrade"

ROBERT RYAN · RUTH HUSSEY · PATRICIA COLLINGE
MADY CHRISTIANS · KIM HUNTER · JANE DARWELL · RICHARD MARTIN
Produced by David Hempstead · Directed by Edward Dmytryk · Story and Screenplay by Dalton Trumbo

RKO RADIO PICTURES

Those in the know
ASK FOR
OLD CROW
BOTTLED·IN·BOND



...To taste Old Crow today is to savor the same perfection in whiskey which generations of critical drinkers have known and applauded.....

OLD CROW
BRAND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY
W.A. Gaines

The Old Crow whiskey you buy today was distilled and laid away to age years before the war. Today the Old Crow Distillery is producing only alcohol for war purposes. So be patient if you can't have *all* you want of Old Crow *when* you want it. We are doing our utmost to distribute our reserve stocks so as to assure you a continuous supply for the duration.

A Truly Great Name
AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • This whiskey is 4 years old
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y. • 100 Proof

of type, mighty hard on nerves, eyes, and temper. Presumably this exasperating change was made to save paper. Why not cut down the size or cut out some of the pictures altogether, instead of taking it all out on the customers? —*E. F. Tobin.*

When the paper shortage hit us we had our choice of cutting out some favorite features or decreasing our type size. Even now our type size is larger than that in your daily paper.—VOX POP EDITOR.

YANKS IN ICELAND

CAMP FORREST, TENN.—I just finished reading the article by Lieutenant Harry T. Moore about the Yanks in Iceland. (January 22 Liberty.) It was a very good and true article.

However, I am in a hospital bed here in Camp Forrest, Tennessee, due to a ski accident received on the ski patrol in Iceland, and I wonder if Lieutenant Moore was ever on the northern end of the island, where it really gets cold. If he thinks that one or two below is as cold as it usually gets, he is mistaken. I know: I was there two years.—*Sgt. Ray F. Machalinski.*

BAKERSFIELD, CALIF.—In the January 22 Liberty I read Yanks Abroad: Iceland, by Lieutenant Harry T. Moore.

If the Icelanders feel such hatred for our boys that are there, I wonder what they would do if they had to put up with the treatment that the people of other small countries have suffered at the hands of the "master race" and their "little yellow brother rats."—*Mrs. J. W. Black.*

TULSA, OKLA.—The article by Lieutenant Harry T. Moore about our soldiers in Iceland is good. But won't you give us readers more stories by some private soldier about how they are treated in other places?—*Veteran of World War I Harry H. Hamilton.*

We're going to.—VOX POP EDITOR.

FIGHTIN' WORDS

EAST LYNN, MASS.—Just a few words to Lowell Thomas concerning his recommendation of the book My Fighting Congregation. I'm surprised at you, Lowell. Quoting you in January 22 Liberty: "There is something about this story that sweeps you from page to page—and you just can't let go." Yes, it's a good thing you can't or you would need a gas mask. *It stinks.* I speak as an American and Canadian veteran of World War I, who also served a hitch in the U. S. Marines.—*George W. Tracy.*

LOTT HITS THE SPOT!

CARTER, MONT.—I especially enjoyed Lieutenant Davis Newton Lott's article on How to Write to a Serviceman in January 1 Liberty. Probably because I have my own boy in blue serving on a submarine overseas and have oftentimes wondered about many of the questions he asked. I am positive many other wives and sweethearts enjoyed it too.—*Mrs. G. A. Oliver.*

NEXT WEEK

✓ **MIRACLE AT MASSAWA**

By Harland Manchester

One of the war's most exciting "now it can be told" stories—of Allied weakness at a strategic point and how Yankee ingenuity plugged the breach.

✓ **NO MONEY IN MEDALS**

By Oscar Schisgall

A wounded soldier comes home and finds that the old ways of life are changed — that even a girl can change her mind. The first installment of a moving serial for every soldier and for those who wait for him.

✓ **TOTAL WAR ON INTOLERANCE**

By Benjamin Fine

The nation has been taken by storm by the "Springfield Plan." Here's how one city teaches tolerance to its children.

✓ **LIE DETECTOR**

By Robert Spencer Carr

When a girl is in a man's arms sometimes she can hear his innermost thoughts. Bernice listened and faced a heart-rending problem.

✓ **MOUNTBATTEN'S JOB**

By Henry A. Standish

The road of reconquest and victory between India and Burma lies over the sea between them. Lord Louis' first task is to turn it into an Allied lake. Here's why.

✓ **THE DUKE**

(LIBERTY'S SHORT SHORT)

By Richard Holsten

In the mysterious city, Algiers, things may turn out a lot differently than you'd expect. Our hero George was sure the old beggar had mystic powers—but did he?

✓ **BRITISH LABOR LOOKS AHEAD**

By Betty Milton Gaskill

The top man in British Labor, Cabinet member Herbert Morrison, answers some pertinent and timely questions about the Empire's future in a frank interview.

✓ **JOURNEY IN THE DARK**

By Martin Flavin

Liberty's Book Condensation

The 1943-44 Harper Prize Novel. The story of Sam Braden who climbed out of poverty on his own hands and knees and finally married the girl he had loved all his life—married her although she didn't love him. The story of one man's journey in the dark—through pain, wealth, and contentment.

Remember when you had that cold?

(You'd just been caught in a draft)

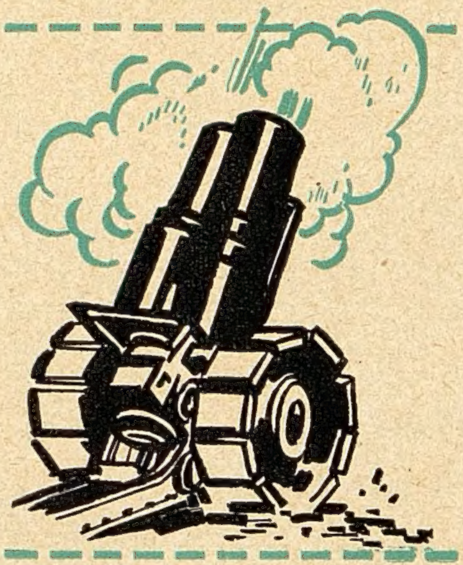
KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
Tipped
KOOL

UNION MADE

You switched to KOOLS

(And your throat felt at ease)

If they ranked so high when your throat was raw



Great Guns, man– why not smoke 'em all the time?

Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS

—for good!

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

AMERICAN AIRWAYS SYSTEM

The first Pan American World Airways Clipper all-cargo service in the Caribbean will operate between Miami and Puerto Rico and Miami and Colombia.

Which We Know Now

Airmen are firmly of the belief that the cheapest way of bringing Germany to its knees is by air. They point to the destruction of the major part of Hamburg, Germany's second largest city and most important port. A total of 2,700 airplanes accomplished the job at a loss of 103 airplanes, representing a cost of $25,000,000 in equipment. Less than 1,000 men were missing, and if averages hold true, at least 50 per cent of these are alive as prisoners. To paralyze such an immense and vital port as Hamburg, the cost is remarkably small, considering the enormous task of wreaking comparable destruction by land.

Bombing Rivalry

It used to deflate our national pride when Americans read stories about the heavier bomb loads carried by British Lancaster bombers on their air attacks over Germany. American airmen were determined that our own heavy bombers should outrank the British planes, at least in academic arguments.

But all of this has passed because the bomb-tonnage rivalry meant very little in the final analysis. Our bombers are able to hit specific vital targets with precision bombing in daytime, which the British cannot do effectively themselves; while the British continue to carry heavy tons in their area bombing by night. There is no longer any argument about the superiority of one kind of bombing over the other. Both are proving mighty effective. If, in their broad area bombing, the British miss a single important factory, our own airmen can single it out and blast it to bits.

No one is concerned now that a British bomber can carry perhaps seven tons of bombs and our heavy bombers can't carry as much as that on a flight of comparable distance. A bomb load of three or four tons on a single target of strategic importance is of comparable or even greater value to a load of seven tons in a night attack which probably will destroy a greater area but which may not accomplish a pin-point job which is vital to a particular German industry. Whatever skepticism the British had about our daytime precision bombing has disappeared for all time. The ever-increasing harmony between British and Americans in England is one of the most encouraging developments in the war.

Progress

Germany required ten years to create her Luftwaffe. Our Army Air Forces was required to build its air force in one year, and to fight with it in four corners of the world at the same time. (In 1939 Hitler used more than 3,000 planes in a single campaign; we built a total of only 2,400 planes during that entire year.)

In his annual report to the Secretary of War, General H. H. Arnold commented that there has never been a time since war began in Europe that our air needs were not in a state of change from day to day. Combat developments caused changes to be made in accessories, armament, and armor, as well as aircraft and engines. These changes slowed production until the modifications could be made in the planes coming down the line. And combat theater requirements changed constantly.

In England the great need in the earlier days of the war was for interceptors designed for maximum climb, maneuverability, and speed. These were perfect for bringing down German bombers over England. But how different is the war today! The requirements are now focused on the matter of longer fighting range to protect our swarms of bombers from enemy interceptors over Germany. The situation is in reverse.

General Arnold adds these significant words: "And those persons who think that after the costly and time-consuming defeat of Germany we can by a simple order fly our planes to China, bomb Tokyo, and bring Japan to her knees, do not yet understand the need for vast supply lines, well equipped bases, and planes built to fight under entirely different conditions from those that prevail in Europe. No two theaters of war have been the same, and they probably never will be."

A Necessary Evil

The high cost of aeronautical research and development has always mystified the layman and especially Congressional investigating committees. As the Army Air Forces itself says, "It is time-consuming, heartbreaking and costly." But it is absolutely necessary.

For example, the cost of designing and building just one eight-foot wheel on the huge experimental B-19 bomber constructed by Douglas (about which nothing has been said recently) was $40,000. And the Army reports that a total of $852,000 was spent in developing the Lockheed P-38 Lightning fighter, or $113 a pound.

Development sometimes ends up in a blind alley, in which event the project is discontinued and the costs written off. More often this development results in real improvements and sometimes a great discovery is made. But whatever the results, the engineers learn by research and development and it's as necessary to an aircraft program as airplane production itself.

Reading with a Purpose

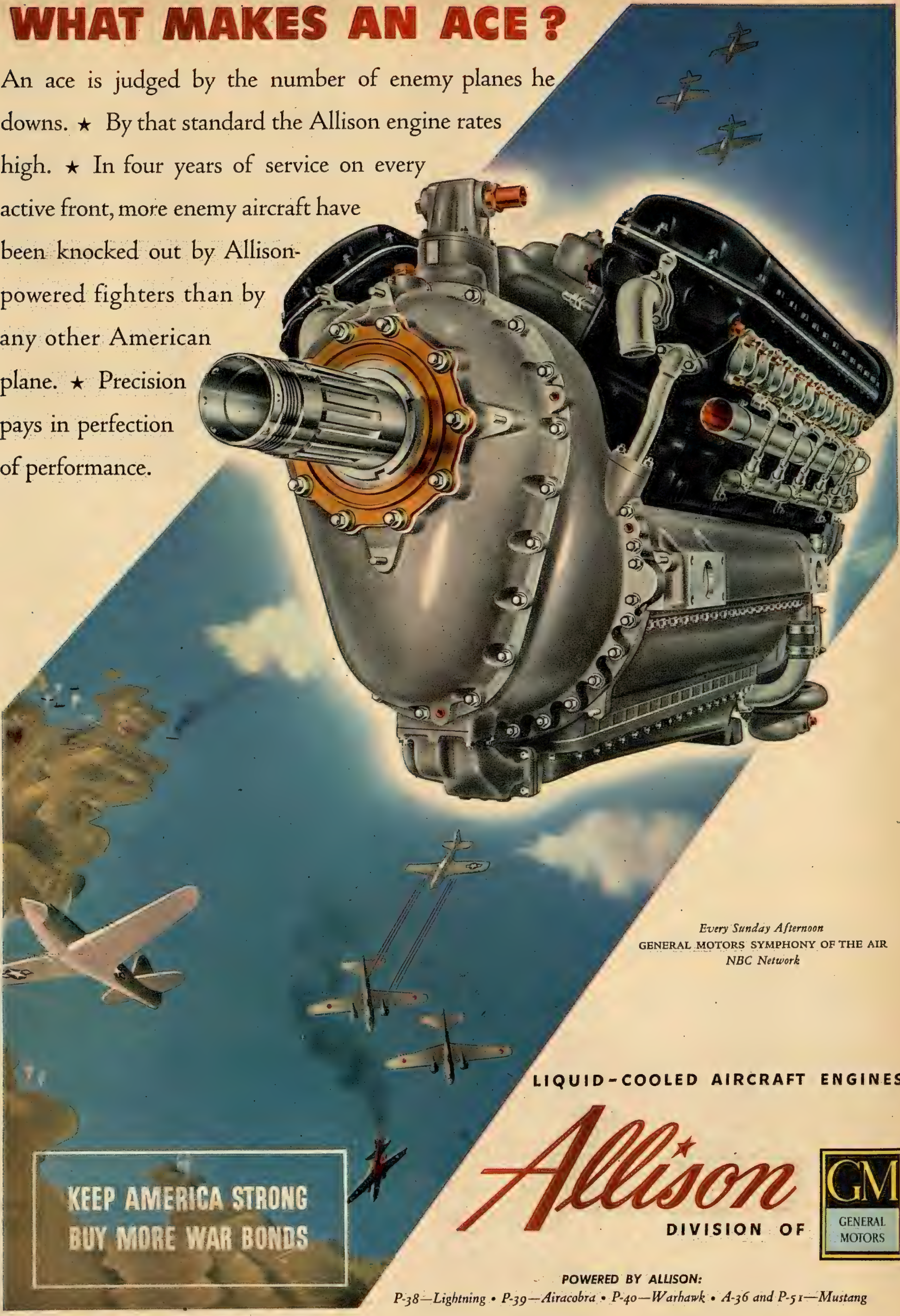
From time to time we have endeavored to recommend outstanding books on air power for your supplementary reading. Here is one that ranks at the top of the list. It is Target: Germany, the Army Air Forces' official story of the Eighth Bomber Command's first year over Europe. (Simon & Schuster, $2.) Official records usually do not make for interesting reading. This one does. It is human as well as factual throughout. It is well illustrated and if it doesn't give you the best perpective of our bombing of Germany and its manifold problems, and if it doesn't make you feel proud of what our Eighth Bomber Command has achieved, On the Beam will buy you an old straw hat.

Odds and Ends

The commanding general of the Army Air Forces, General H. H. "Hap" Arnold, commanded 2,385,000 officers and men as of January 1, 1944. He can recall the early Air Corps days when he constituted exactly one third of all Army flying personnel. There were only three Army pilots in those days!

WHAT MAKES AN ACE?

An ace is judged by the number of enemy planes he downs. ★ By that standard the Allison engine rates high. ★ In four years of service on every active front, more enemy aircraft have been knocked out by Allison-powered fighters than by any other American plane. ★ Precision pays in perfection of performance.



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PRODUCTION MAN

Bill Jack, of famed Jack & Heintz, has his own ways of breaking production records. His methods are as fabulous as the man himself

BY JOHN DOS PASSOS

Bill Jack in his office. There is no door; if a worker wants to see him he walks in.

WE are driving out from Cleveland in the murk of a winter afternoon through a deep-cut snowy valley full of railroad tracks. Steel mills glow like old-fashioned wood stoves beside rows of great cylindrical stacks set in fours and sixes. Dense palls of brown smoke pour out from the tall stacks. From smaller chimneys jet little blobs of pink and sulphur-yellow steam.

"So you want to see production 100 per cent efficient, eh?" asks the man who's driving me. "Well, we think Bill Jack has got that problem licked. Absenteeism? Well, for him it just ain't. Labor turnover? You wait till you see him. You'll probably be trying to get a job with him yourself. That's what happened to me, first time I saw him."

His voice grows warm. "Look—that's one of our plants." We are passing new red brick and glass tile buildings set in snowy acres of parked cars. "We put that one up in forty-seven days."

At the main plant a few miles farther out he parks his car and ushers me past the guard and up a narrow stairway. From the shops beyond the partition comes a whir of machines. The brisk tune of This Is the Army, Mister Jones is heard over the public-address system.

"But where are the offices?" I'm asking. My guide laughs. "All inside his head. . . . Here we are."

We have crossed a narrow corridor and already I am being introduced to the private secretary. She is a stout, youngish woman with a pretty skin and frizzy dark hair and a cozy manner. She tells me cordially that I'm expected. "He's out in the shop, but he'll be right back." Then she makes me a present of a nifty souvenir pencil made of red and white and blue plastic with the name of the company on it, and adds confidentially, "I know you'll think he's wonderful, too—everybody does. You know, he's always here. The rest of us only work twelve hours, but he's here all the time. It's just wonderful to work here. He's so wonderful to everybody."

She shows me into an office that opens right off the vestibule. There are no doors. The place is airy and well lighted, with a comfortable up-to-date look. In the middle, facing the entrance, stands a small desk with a microphone beside it. "He can talk to all the plants with that. He talks directly to every man at his bench—or right here. Nobody ever waits. Anybody can walk right in."

She points to a glass cabinet with machine parts laid out along the shelves. "He calls these his toys." She points to a stuffed sailfish on the wall above. "He caught that himself." On a blue cloth on a table against the wall is a bisected airplane starter, its bright metal parts shining in the glow from the fluorescent light in the ceiling. "That's it," she says in reverential tones. "That's what we make." She settles me comfortably in a leather chair with a glazed-paper booklet to read.

After a while the man himself walks in slowly from the plant. He's a stocky man in his fifties with graying blond hair. He wears a light easy fitting suit and a soft brown shirt open at the neck. He has a machinist's face and large, opaque porcelain-blue eyes. His hands are broad and stubby. He has a slightly abstracted look and the slow movements of a man who is accustomed to getting very little sleep and to resting as he goes. He shakes hands with the distantly intimate manner of some one who is accustomed to dealing with many different sorts of men in a day.

Somewhat conscious that this is a man who lives in a different world, I start to explain to him what kind of article I am trying to write. "I see," he says, without irony. "You are merely writing generalities."

Talking things over at lunch with some of his workers, or associates, as they are called.

Then he begins—in the tone of a man who has explained all this before and is a little weary of explaining it, but is still anxious to make himself plain—telling in a slow, careful voice how he did it. "The first thing to do is to eliminate fear in the shop. I worked in shops myself, so I know how I used to feel, how I'd feel today. We eliminate all the little things that cause irritation without any reason." He draws one leg out from under his desk and points to his shoe. "The first thing I do when a new man comes in here is buy him a nice comfortable pair of shoes like these I wear. Men ruin their feet standing up all day in cheap old shoes and sneakers. It makes them uncomfortable. They get tired easy. We work in two shifts, twelve hours each, seven days a week. We haven't a time clock in the place. Every man who comes to work here promises to produce as much as he can, that's all."

"How long have you been on these hours?"

"Ever since we started. We have a 100-per-cent union shop, of course. It's eight hours, with overtime."

"How about absenteeism?" I ask, and stumble over the word.

"A tenth of 1 per cent. Some days we don't have any. The associates won't stand for it. If you go out early or come in late, they give you the wolf call. Nobody wants to get that twice."

"Don't the men want to take a day off now and then?"

He looks up gravely. Evidently the shop is his life. He couldn't imagine being happy anywhere else even for a day. "They don't seem to. If a man gets to feeling fagged, he can take a Turkish bath and get a rubdown. We have expert masseurs. You'll see the baths later. If a man who's had no absences seems to be running down, I send him and his wife to Florida for a couple weeks, or in summer to a camp on Georgian Bay. After loafing and fishing for a while he'll come back fit as a fiddle. That sort of thing does me good, so I know it must do them good.

"Everybody gets a nice hot lunch and there are coffee urns all around the plant. A man can get him a cup of coffee and a doughnut or hot bouillon whenever he wants it. There's always somebody around for him to tell his troubles to. I've had three cups of bouillon with different men this afternoon."

"Even so," I say, "I should think a twelve-hour day week after week would wear them out."

His face sets hard. His big opaque eyes look straight ahead of him. "It don't wear me out. You ought to see them bowling nights, or playing baseball in summer. We have a kind of clubhouse over here. Everybody chips in for the upkeep. Getting tired's all in the conditions under which a man works. If you can make him comfortable and happy, he don't get so tired. Let him have a smoke if he wants it. Give him plenty of light and room. Fear and obscurity make for fatigue and sloppy work."

"You mean most men like to work."

He smiles. "I do, myself. Don't you? The trouble with so many of these big plants is, the management gets all balled up with social life, getting the better of somebody else—all sorts of things that have nothing to do with production. They used to call it keeping up with the Joneses. That don't worry us here. Everybody who works here is an associate. We call you by your first name the day you start in. This is what we make."

He picks up a beautifully finished piece of metal and balances it in his hand. His stubby fingers hold it delicately. The film is gone from his eyes. He is enjoying himself. He hands it to me. "Heft it—see how light it is. My partner designs these things. He's a genius."

He makes me balance it in one hand. Then he turns to the brightly polished cross section of the complete starter against the wall, with the expression of a painter pulling the cloth off a painting on his easel. "That's the finished product," he says, leaning back in his chair and letting his eyes run lovingly over every gleaming curve. "Now I'll find somebody to show you around."

"First—excuse me—" He presses a button on his desk. The mike of the public-address system hums. "Attention, associates. Bill Jack speaking. Anybody who wants help in making out his income tax should find Eddie Jones. He's got all the dope. Don't forget—we've all got to have it by March 15. He'll be around the shop all afternoon. Don't anybody forget, now, that we're going to the Golden Gloves tonight. Everybody turn out." He cuts the thing off. He turns to me cozily, smiling. "They like to know I'm close by."

"Say, Tom," he calls to the man who had brought me out.

"What is it, Bill?" the man answers from outside in the hall.

"Take this gentleman around the shop. Let him talk to anybody he wants to."

"Sure I will, Bill."

THE END

THIS SUPERIORITY OF
PHILIP MORRIS RECOGNIZED
by medical authorities

Here's what happened in clinical tests of men and women smokers . . .

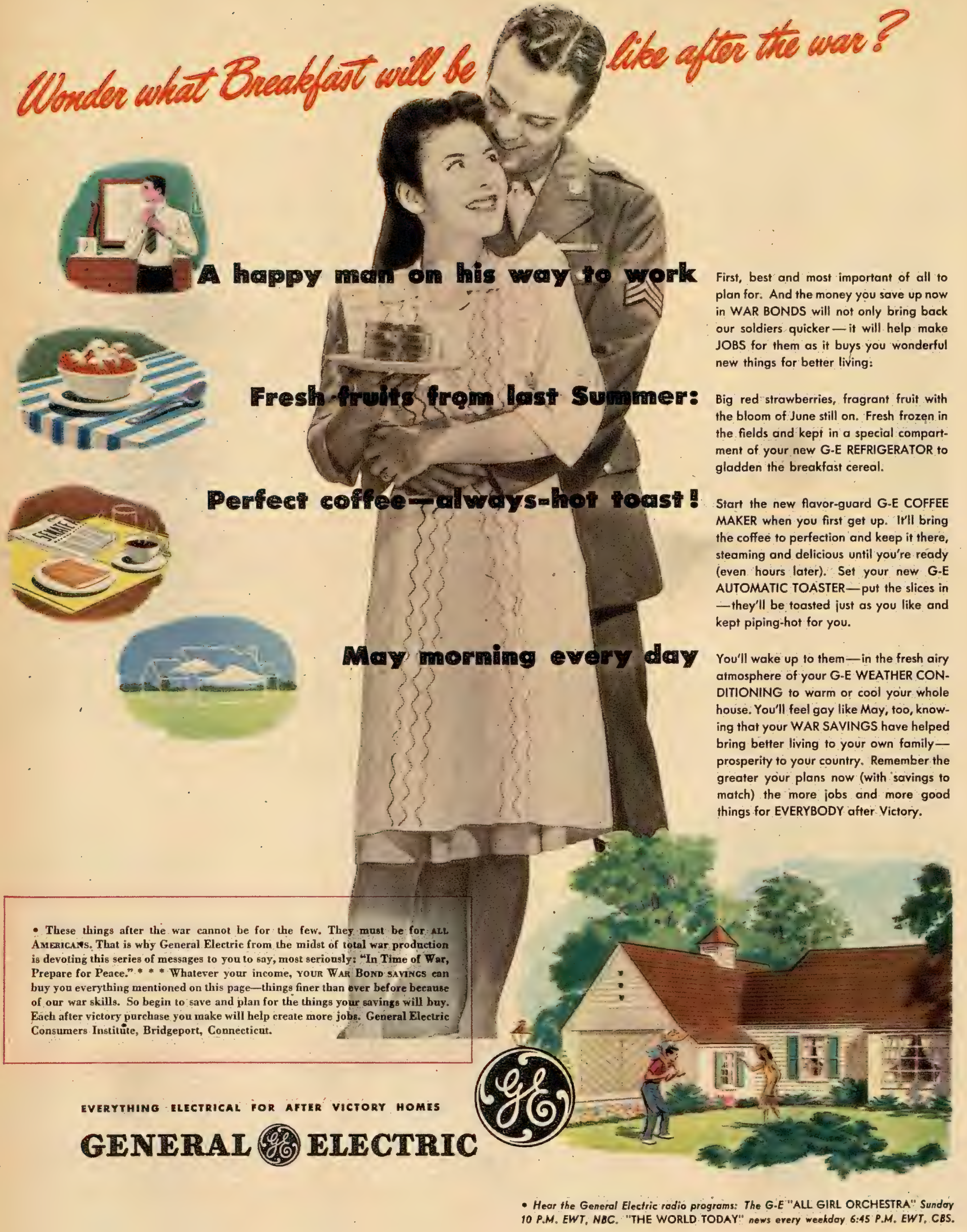
PROVED
far less irritating to the nose and throat

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

These findings—reported in an authoritative medical journal—do *prove* PHILIP MORRIS *far less irritating* to nose and throat.

BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE, BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

Every day, new thousands CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS!
"Call for PHILIP MORRIS



Wonder what Breakfast will be like after the war?

A happy man on his way to work

First, best and most important of all to plan for. And the money you save up now in WAR BONDS will not only bring back our soldiers quicker—it will help make JOBS for them as it buys you wonderful new things for better living:

Fresh fruits from last Summer:

Big red strawberries, fragrant fruit with the bloom of June still on. Fresh frozen in the fields and kept in a special compartment of your new G-E REFRIGERATOR to gladden the breakfast cereal.

Perfect coffee—always-hot toast!

Start the new flavor-guard G-E COFFEE MAKER when you first get up. It'll bring the coffee to perfection and keep it there, steaming and delicious until you're ready (even hours later). Set your new G-E AUTOMATIC TOASTER—put the slices in—they'll be toasted just as you like and kept piping-hot for you.

May morning every day

You'll wake up to them—in the fresh airy atmosphere of your G-E WEATHER CONDITIONING to warm or cool your whole house. You'll feel gay like May, too, knowing that your WAR SAVINGS have helped bring better living to your own family—prosperity to your country. Remember the greater your plans now (with savings to match) the more jobs and more good things for EVERYBODY after Victory.

• These things after the war cannot be for the few. They must be for ALL AMERICANS. That is why General Electric from the midst of total war production is devoting this series of messages to you to say, most seriously: "In Time of War, Prepare for Peace." * * * Whatever your income, YOUR WAR BOND SAVINGS can buy you everything mentioned on this page—things finer than ever before because of our war skills. So begin to save and plan for the things your savings will buy. Each after victory purchase you make will help create more jobs. General Electric Consumers Institute, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

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Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

A whistle blown by the supervisor governs the movements of these Jap workmen who perform their labors in unison.

HOW IS LIFE IN JAPAN?

BY SELWYN SPEIGHT

Chungking (by cable).

JAPAN did not need the warning contained in the Three-Power Conference at Cairo to stimulate her war effort. It is now clear that her people are working under desperate pressure to stave off the national disaster they see threatening them. Since Pearl Harbor, and particularly in the last year, they have been driven mercilessly to prepare for the inevitable Allied counterblows.

News is at last coming out of Japan and her occupied territories. Some of it comes from Japanese prisoners of war, some from analyses of Japanese broadcasts and other propaganda revealing more than the Japanese realized, some from refugees reaching Free China, and some filters in through channels that cannot yet be revealed.

Japanese troops are supposed never to surrender, but they do. Some of them who had clear opinions as civilians and who didn't lose them when they became conscript soldiers are now in prison camps in China. These men have formed study groups to decide for themselves what is happening in Japan.

The information they supplied, pieced out with that available from other sources, provides a terrifying picture of the enslavement of the Japanese people carried out in the name of patriotism; of the crushing of the liberal elements which tried to resist it; and of the steady depreciation of the already very low standard of living until it is now below that of some of the countries Japan has occupied.

It also shows how the gaps in modern Japanese machine industry have been filled by the employment of mass manual labor on a scale difficult to imagine outside of Asia. It suggests that the Japanese leaders may have overreached themselves, and that the collapse of Japan, when it comes, may eventuate as much through the exhaustion of the civilian population as through military defeats.

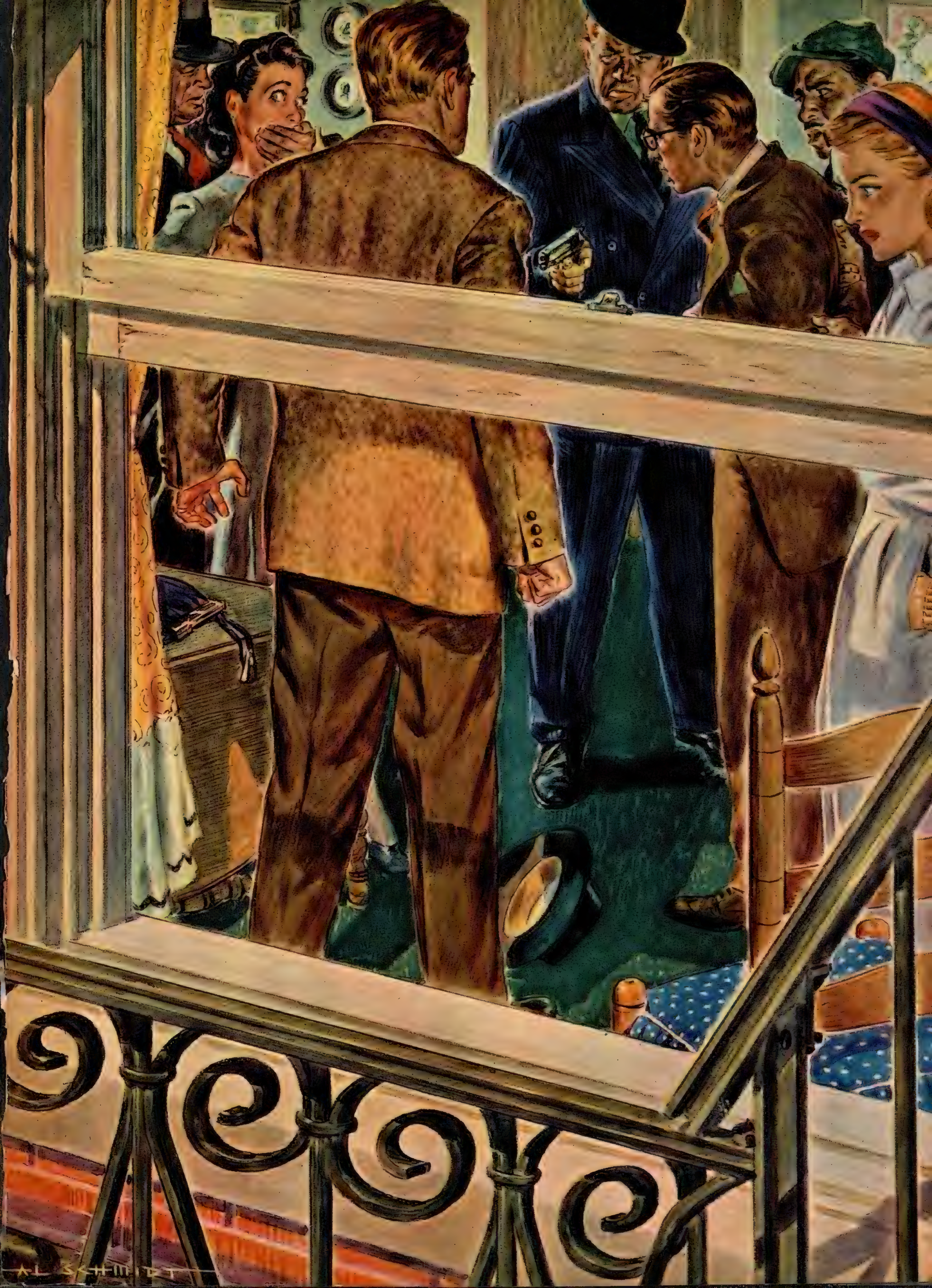
Are the Nips all in a stew to slave and starve for their emperor? Not exactly, we learn from various sources — including some Jap prisoners

According to these reports, the whole population has been regimented in a manner that even the Germans can't surpass. Many persons are working a minimum sixteen-hour-day seven-day week. During 1941 and 1942 women and children and "slave laborers" from Korea and China were introduced to industry to meet the shortage of labor, and women now constitute more than half of the workers in Japan.

An example of the dilution of labor is provided by the Yahata ironworks in northern Kyushu, an industrial town with 400,000 workers. According to estimates, 32 per cent of these workers are Japanese women, 30 per cent are Korean laborers specially brought in, 25 per cent are youths of both sexes between fifteen and twenty, and only 13 per cent are Japanese male adults.

The reason for all this seems obvious. The war has not developed as the Japanese leaders expected it would. Retribution is close, and they think only a desperate spurt in production made at any cost will save them. As for the Japanese people, they have been told, and they believe, that Allied victory would mean extinction of their nation. Japanese propagandists have made skillful use of declarations by

(*Continued on page 67*)


AL SCHMIDT

UNDERCOVER DYNAMITE

Max Chandler goes out gunning for American Fascists in another thrill-packed tale of the home-front hero and his side-kicks, Lee and Rod

BY HUGH PENTECOST

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

WE were supposed to be on a holiday, but the truth is that only work keeps Max Chandler from going nuts. It's been that way ever since the day after Pearl Harbor when the powers that be refused to allow him to enlist in the armed services and kept him at his job of roving radio broadcaster. We were supposed to be fighting the enemy on the home front. I use the plural pronoun because Max and Lee Ames, his secretary, and I are a compact little fighting unit.

We had been touring the Midwest for about ten weeks when we hit New York with a week's furlough from World Wide. Max and I took a suite at the Waldorf, and Lee, somewhat reluctantly, planned to spend the time with a girl friend who had an apartment in the Village. Poor Lee! She was so terribly in love with Max that a week away from him would probably take ten pounds off a figure that was perfect exactly as it was.

It never occurred to Max. He went his tall golden well tailored way, looking for trouble and usually finding it. He had no time for romance.

The telephone rang about nine o'clock that Sunday morning. I tumbled out of bed. "Buchanan speaking."

"Rod, this is Lee. Is Max there? It's terribly important," she said.

"Hold on," I told her. I went into Max's room and shook him by the shoulder. He tried to bury himself under the covers. I kept on shaking. Finally he looked up at me.

"Lee's on the phone," I told him. "She says it's important."

He sat up and reached for the phone extension on his bedside table. His bright blue pajamas were not as blue as his cold eyes. He listened to what Lee had to say.

"Yes. . . . Yes. . . . Wait a minute." He turned to me. "Take this down, Rod." It was an address and apartment number on West Tenth Street. "Twenty minutes. Half an hour at the most," Max said, and hung up. "Get rolling, Rod, and with your camera."

He was gone. The shower in the bathroom made it useless to try to ask any questions.

Twenty minutes later we were in a taxi, headed downtown.

"Would it be too much trouble to tell me what this is all about?" I asked.

"I don't know," Max said. "Strong-arm stuff. Lee thinks it may have a tie-up with Colonel Coventry."

I sighed. That explained the pale intense look in Max's eyes. He had been on the trail of Colonel Coventry for months. Coventry was a shadowy figure hidden away in the underground Fascist world of America. Dozens of alleged patriotic organizations, driven under cover after Pearl Harbor, are still hard at work, planning to fashion a world of their own design when the war is over . . . a world based on race hatreds, on nationalism in its worst forms, on force and terror. The shadowy Colonel Coventry is the co-ordinating leader of these undercover groups. In Max's opinion he is the most dangerous man in America today.

We arrived at the address on Tenth Street. We had to climb three flights. Lee was waiting for us in the dusty carpeted hallway. She had on a gray wool dress with a leather belt that matched her eyes. Max looked past her at the partly open door of Apartment 4C. I saw her reach out toward him and then draw her hand back quickly when he failed to notice it.

"Max, I'm frightened," she said.

"Let's go in," Max said.

"There's a doctor with him," Lee said. "You can't talk to him, Max. He's unconscious."

"Let's have your end of it," he said.

IT seemed this was the apartment belonging to Lee's friend. This girl had gone away over the week-end, leaving the apartment to Lee. About eight o'clock that morning Lee had heard some one fumbling at the door.

"It sounded like an animal clawing at the paneling," she said.

She had put on a dressing gown and gone to the door. A man was there, down on his hands and knees, blood streaming from a bashed-in head. He muttered the name of Marcia, the girl who owned the apartment, and fell flat on his face, unconscious.

"He was in ghastly shape, Max," Lee said. "His head beaten in—I could see that his hands were broken. His clothes were torn and dirty. I knew he must be a friend of Marcia, so I dragged him in. There was no smell of liquor on him. I called the superintendent. I didn't know any doctor."

"Did the superintendent know this man?"

"Yes. His name is Roger Bounty. He lives in the apartment underneath. He isn't much more than a kid, Max, but he's got a short leg which has kept him out of the Army. The super says he's in the newspaper business."

"I don't get the tie-up you spoke of over the phone."

"The super got a doctor," Lee said. "The doctor didn't want Bounty moved. He sent me downstairs with the super's passkey to get some pajamas. I saw things down there, Max, that made me wonder. The boy's place is full of subversive pamphlets . . . the kind we've seen before."

"Kill-the-Jews stuff?"

"Yes."

"Let's go in," Max said.

There was a folding day bed pulled out from the wall, and Roger Bounty, his head swathed in bandages, lay on it. His face was the color of a wax candle. The doctor, a tall iron-gray man, sat on a chair beside the bed, his fingers on Bounty's pulse.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Chandler," he said.

"What about him?" Max asked, nodding at Bounty.

"This boy has taken just about the most brutal beating I've ever seen," the doctor said. "Concussion at the base of the skull; bones broken in both hands and both feet. I can't tell yet about internal injuries."

"It couldn't have been an accident?"

The doctor laughed.

"When will he be able to talk?"

"I can't tell you that, Mr. Chandler. He may come to at any moment. He may stay in this state for days."

Max turned away. "Have you still got the passkey for his apartment, Lee?"

She said she did. We three went downstairs and Lee let us into Bounty's place. There were books and papers cluttering a flat-topped desk on which an old typewriter stood. Four or five ash trays were overflowing with dead butts. Odds and ends of clothing were draped over chairs.

Max went straight to the desk. The angry hard light in his eyes told me we were headed for trouble. Young Mr. Bounty had the damnedest collection of Fascist-inspired literature on his desk I ever saw.

"Maybe our young chum got what was coming to him," I said.

"Don't be a complete sucker," Max said. "It's a hundred-to-one shot the boy was investigating these undercover mobs and stuck his neck out too far. They caught up with him and gave him a dose of what they laughingly call 'patriotic justice.' I have the feeling Mr. Bounty is meant to be an object lesson to snoopers."

He began walking restlessly around the room, picking things up and putting them down again. He finally stopped by the telephone. There was a pad beside it and he picked that up.

"'Mrs. L. C., Egerton House, Park Avenue,'" he read aloud.

He tore the sheet off the pad, folded it, and stuck it in his pocket. "When is your friend Marcia coming back, Lee?"

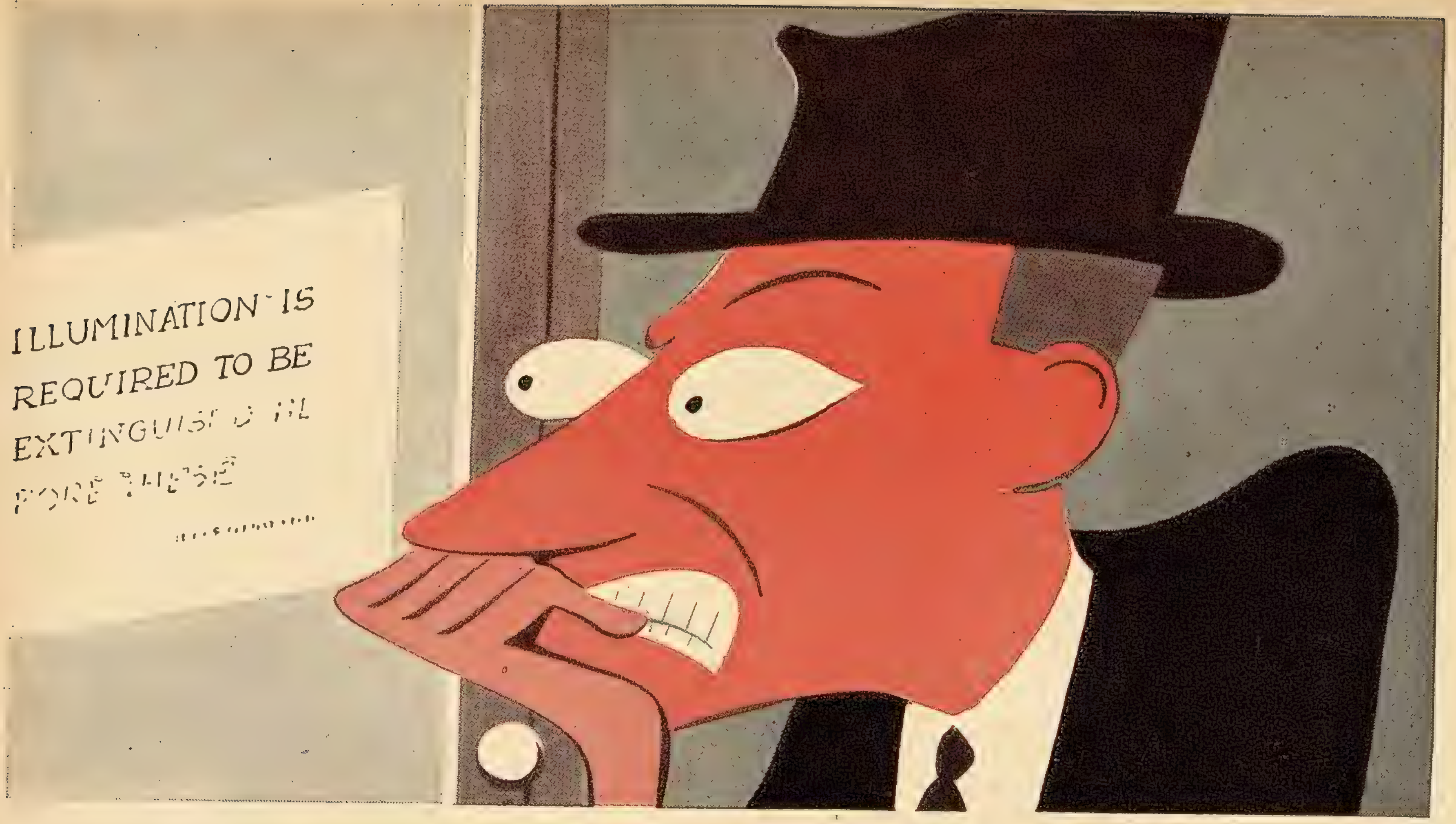
"Tomorrow."

"We can't wait. We have to find some one who knows what Bounty was up to. There aren't any leads here except Mrs. L. C."

THE only Mrs. L. C. at Egerton House was a Mrs. Laurence Carey, a widow, who lived in the penthouse apartment. Max gave his name to a servant over

(*Continued on page 48*)

One of the men clapped a huge paw over Lee's mouth. Max seemed to be frozen.



Did you ever stop to think what goes on in your mind when you read sentences like this?

UNFAIR TO READERS!

Why all the obscure language? Can't we say it in plain English? Even a tax blank can be as clear as A B C if written simply

BY RUDOLF FLESCH, Ph.D.

MANY a New York shop has a sign on the door that reads:

ILLUMINATION IS REQUIRED TO BE EXTINGUISHED BEFORE THESE PREMISES ARE CLOSED TO BUSINESS

and in every New York bus you find another sign saying:

PLEASE REFRAIN FROM CONVERSATION WITH OPERATOR WHILE BUS IS IN MOTION

Reading sentences like these is a very complex process; psychologists had to make thousands of experiments, observing eye movements and comparing the results of comprehension tests, before they arrived at a rough picture of what really goes on in reading. Here, in slow-motion, is what happens in the one or two seconds it takes you to understand the meaning of those two signs:

First, you try to take in the whole sentence in two or three gulps; that is your usual way of reading simple English. (Practically everything in this magazine, for instance, is written so that you get it right off the page by reading little bunches of three or more words at a time.)

Then you discover that your mind has not been able to keep up with your eyes. You have to jump back and start again at the beginning.

This time you go a little slower and read not more than one or two words at a time. As you go along, you try to make sense out of what you read. The first sign, for instance, you might work out like this:

ILLUMINATION (. . . ah! bright lights . . .) IS REQUIRED (. . . has to be . . . illumination is required . . .) TO BE EXTINGUISHED (. . . fire . . . no, it's lights . . . lights out . . .) BEFORE (. . . before . . .) THESE PREMISES (. . . the shop here . . .) ARE CLOSED (. . . shut . . .) TO BUSINESS (. . . quite shut . . . no customers served . . .).

The second sign you might possibly read like this:

PLEASE REFRAIN (. . . please don't . . .) FROM CONVERSATION (. . . no chitchat around here . . .) WITH OPERATOR (. . . telephone? . . . machines? . . . no, this is a bus . . . ah, don't talk to the driver . . .) WHILE BUS (. . . yes? . . .) IS IN MOTION (. . . running . . . don't talk in running bus . . . wait for stops . . . no talk between stops . . .).

Now you are through with your piecemeal reading job, but your mind still hasn't got hold of the whole sentence. So, without really forming the words, you summarize:

Put out the lights before you go home; and Don't talk to the driver between stops. And that ends your reading of the two signs.

In other words, most of your time and effort has gone into translating two longish, official-looking sentences into plain English. Had they been written simply, reading would have been far less work for you and you would have got exactly the same information.

If you look around you will find innumerable examples of this kind of official English, and the time and effort you spend on them adds up. In one year, about one day is spent entirely in translating difficult English into simple English.

What can you do to save this day? Obviously, there are only two ways: Either you learn how to read official language much faster than you do, or it will have to be rewritten in plain English.

Let's see first whether it is possible to read complicated documents as rapidly as you would read, say, an article in this magazine. The psychologists' answer is a flat no. Experiments have shown that even highly skilled readers have difficulties in reading and fully understanding complicated writing. They have to slow down and reread, and even then they are often unable to say exactly what is hidden in overlong sentences and behind highbrow words.

Is rewriting in plain English a possibility? Many people doubt it. They

CARTOONS BY BILL O'BRIAN

Paying the income tax is painful enough without all the official double talk.

say that legal or technical matter has to be put in legal or technical terms. Also they are convinced that popularizing is a job that requires a special inborn knack.

Again, scientific tests and experiments disprove these beliefs. Readers are not so much bothered by legal or technical terms as by the generally difficult and specialized language used by lawyers and engineers. If you are interested in airplanes, the technical term *gyroscope* will be familiar to you and won't hinder your reading; but you may find it difficult to plow through a discussion of flying containing many complex but not technical words like *altitude compensation.*

As for the popularizer's supposed knack, there is the so-called Readability Laboratory that was set up a few years ago by the American Association for Adult Education. The laboratory put out simple books on subjects like physics, biology, and political science —books in plain English that were liked and understood by all kinds of readers. The Association didn't rely on a knack. Different writers were assigned to the books, the principles of simple language were explained to them, and they followed the rules.

TODAY psychologists have gone even further than that. Thousands of passages have been analyzed and tested, and various statistical formulas have been worked out that make it possible to predict exactly how hard or easy it will be to read a given text. There is no doubt any more that anything can be simplified scientifically, and the results can be measured.

Once you start comparing difficult and easy writing, you can't help noticing where the difference lies. Read this sentence from a science textbook, and try to spot just what makes it sound like a textbook:

"Now, while the television system of Nipkow was theoretically sound, it failed for the very valid reason that the response of the selenium cell—that is, its return to its normally high resistance after the light had impinged upon it—was too slow to allow it to be operative, and a means of amplification was also needed."

Now read these two sentences by a Washington newspaper correspondent:

"The Senate amendments also make it mandatory on government procurement authorities to exempt raw agricultural products and 'standard articles of commerce' from renegotiation; and direct officials, when determining whether a contractor's earnings are likely to be excessive, to take into account what profits would probably remain after federal excess profits and income taxes.

"Under-Secretary of the Navy Forrestal, as reported in this space, fears this latter provision would have the effect of making the government pay a corporation's taxes; holds that no satisfactory definition of standard articles of commerce can be made; and is certain, if the amendments are adopted, that postwar political investigations will disclose swollen war profits by industry, and put business, which has performed miracles of production, in a most unfavorable light before the returning men and women of the armed services and the families which have made human sacrifices."

PLEASE REFRAIN
FROM CONVERS
OPERATOR
BUS

The reader has to translate this one into DON'T TALK TO THE DRIVER BETWEEN STOPS.

And now, for comparison, look at three passages that appeared recently in this magazine. I am sure you had no trouble in reading *them.* This one is from a story:

"I tried to get up from my seat. I said, 'Marty.' But my legs were water and my voice was a dry thin whisper. No one moved. It seemed like hours to me that no one moved, the girls huddling together at one side of the room, the boys in a group at the other, and Marty in the middle, with his knife a couple of inches from Miss Wilmot's throat."

This is from a sports article:

"For a split second there was deathly silence in Briggs Stadium. You could have heard the proverbial pin drop. Then a roar went up. The kid had come through, had connected. It was a home run—and the ball game! The American All-Stars had won, 7 to 5."

And here is a passage from a war article:

"The invasion of Sicily is another example of Eisenhower doing the unexpected. Prior to the invasion Allied bombers softened up Sardinia and Crete as well as Sicily. Moreover, British Commandos raided Crete. The bewildered Germans believed the Sicilian softening-up bombings were merely to conceal the fact that Eisenhower meant to hit at Crete. Instead, he worked the double bluff and went straight for Sicily."

What makes the last three examples so much easier than the first two? In the difficult pieces the sentences are long and involved, the words abstract and complex, nothing is really interesting or alive. In the easy examples the sentences are short, the words simple and clear, everything is human and dramatic.

All right, you say; but is it possible to translate difficult English into easy English? Of course it is. Let me show you an actual example. Here is a sentence I found in last September's income-tax instructions:

"In the case of individuals other than farmers, if 80 percent of the tax (determined without regard to the credits for tax withheld on tax-free covenant bonds and for Income and Victory Tax withheld on wages) exceeds the estimated tax (increased by such credits), and in the case of farmers, if 66⅔ percent of the tax (determined without regard to such credits) exceeds the estimated tax (increased by such credits), there shall be added to the tax an amount equal to such excess, or equal to 6 percent of the amount by which the tax so determined exceeds the estimated tax so increased, whichever is the lesser."

I bet that no one reading this sentence for the first time can understand it; it's just about 100 per cent unreadable. Yet it is one of the most important sentences in the tax instructions and hardly any one can afford to skip it. There are various possible ways of rewriting it in plain English. Here is my own scientific method, step by step:

THE first element we have to tackle is the length of the sentence. Nobody in the world can read a sentence like this in one go; it has 107 words. (In comparison, an average sentence in this magazine has 14 words.) Therefore, let's break up our long sentence into its logical parts. This is what we get:

"If 80 per cent of the tax exceeds the estimated tax, a fine shall be added to the tax.

"The amount of this fine shall be equal to such excess, or equal to 6 per cent of the amount by which the tax exceeds the estimated tax, whichever is the lesser.

"'Tax' in this paragraph means tax determined without regard to the credits for tax withheld on tax-free covenant bonds and for Income and Victory Tax withheld on wages.

"'Estimated tax' means estimated tax increased by such credits.

"In the case of farmers, 80 per cent is reduced to 66⅔ per cent."

That's better, but it's still full of words that are difficult to understand. Now, what makes a word difficult to understand? Language scientists tell us that complexity is the trouble. Take, for instance, the word *illumination* from our dimout sign: it consists of a root *lumen* (Latin for *light*), the prefix *il-* (*in-* or *en-*), and the suffix *-ation*

(*Continued on page 60*)

A GLASS OF CIDER

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

Gramp kept watching for a dead man, otherwise his mind was clear—in fact, his granddaughter never guessed how sound it really was

BY TED TINSLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

GRAMP was sitting in his worn leather chair just inside the hedge. The hedge was low; he could see the road clearly from where he sat. Nearly two months ago Gramp had suddenly insisted on moving his chair out here. He spent several hours every day sitting and watching for Hal. Except for this one obsession, his granddaughter Ruth would scarcely have believed that Gramp's mind was no longer reliable.

He didn't notice her until she touched his shoulder. "Don't you want to come in for a while?" she said.

He shook his head. A car droned up the hilly road, shifting its gears as it reached the crest. Gramp ignored it because it was a civilian car. Soldiers were all that interested Gramp—soldiers in trucks or in jeeps; soldiers out on a day's leave, riding rented bicycles from the big sprawling camp across the river.

"Wouldn't you like me to sit with you?" Ruth asked. She spoke listlessly. She had dark quiet eyes in a lovely face.

"Maybe I'll call you later on," said Gramp.

He had called Ruth five times in the past few weeks. She had never realized that Gramp would feel Hal's death so deeply. Until two months ago Gramp had been a rock to lean upon, a thin voice at Ruth's ear counseling courage. She had told herself that Gramp was merely overtired the first time he had stopped a soldier on the road. Gramp had been misled, Ruth had thought, by the soldier's blue eyes and sandy hair. She herself had seen a faint faraway resemblance to Hal, whose training plane had torn itself so fatally to pieces on a Texas plowed field.

The soldier had been very kind when he realized what was wrong; he had waited patiently for Gramp to fall asleep before he slipped away. Some of the others hadn't been so pleasant. Gramp had given one of them brandy. . . .

IT was chilly on the bare lawn; the wind that stirred the fallen maple leaves had a cold edge. Ruth turned up the collar of Gramp's coat, patted him gently, went back toward the house.

"Wait!" Gramp said. "Ruthie—wait!" There was excitement in him. She saw that he was beckoning urgently to a soldier on the road. The soldier was walking over the crest of the hill, trundling a bicycle from which he had dismounted to make the steep ascent. "Hal!" Gramp called. "Come in, come in! Ruthie—it's Hal!"

The soldier had sergeant's chevrons. He was tall and lean, with a brown face and dark eyes. He frowned as he saw Ruth's strained smile, her slow walk toward him through the gap in the hedge.

"Hello, Hal," said Ruth.

"I'm afraid I don't quite—" The sergeant's face was flushed. He had the alert, suspicious look they all had at first.

"Well!" cried Gramp, laughing. "What are you waiting for? Aren't you going to kiss her, Hal? Have you forgotten that you and Ruthie are engaged to be married?"

The sergeant saw mute appeal in Ruth's steady glance. She was begging him to look at her grandfather, to understand what was wrong—please! She took him by both shoulders, kissed him. He came through the hedge, sober with the guess that the old man was not all there. He let Gramp pump his hand warmly.

"Why don't you get Hal a glass of cider, Gramp?" Ruth said.

"Cider?" cried Gramp. "Of course! Sweet cider, freshly pressed! I almost forgot how much you like it, Hal."

They watched his slow withdrawal toward the house.

"I'm terribly sorry," Ruth said in a low voice, "that I've embarrassed you. My grandfather is not—not altogether—"

"So I guessed." The sergeant had a slow drawling voice. "If there is anything I can do—"

"He'll ask you to stay for dinner. It would be a kindness to him. After dinner he takes his nap. By the time he wakes he'll have forgotten you were here."

"I'll be glad to wait. Is Hal—I mean—" He flushed.

"He was killed in a plane crash. He died a week before we were to have been married."

"I'm sorry."

"Thank you."

It was stilted talk, but Ruth didn't mind. There was nothing she cared about any more. Her remote expression made the sergeant study her closely. Maple leaves drifted downward to the brown lawn. It was a long time before the sergeant spoke.

"I reckon you died in that plane crash yourself," he said.

Her lovely eyes were tearless. "Being dead is something you get used to."

He pushed a crimson maple leaf with his toe. "I believe you envy your grandfather."

His tone nettled her; it was suddenly sharper, less friendly. It stirred dull anger inside her. "Does it matter?"

"I don't know. It would for me."

"You and I are different."

"Maybe we are," he said. "I'm a soldier. I think there's a limit to the places where it's honorable to retreat."

"What do you mean?"

"You envy your grandfather, don't you?"

Her pale face flamed. "I don't envy your arrogance."

"How old are you?" he said. "About two years younger than I am? I'm twenty-four. Twenty-two is sure a ripe old age for a girl to want to quit living."

"I'm sorry you don't like me."

He kept watching her. The sharpness left his voice; it became again a pleasant, half-humorous drawl. "We have a camp dance every Friday night," he said. "Would you care to go dancing with me?"

"No, thank you."

"My name is Bill Stevens. I used to be an instructor in high-school physics. Now I'm a sort of assistant expert at gunnery." He hesitated. He had trouble framing what he wanted to say. "I've never been—I never was engaged to marry a girl. But if I were, and I happened to—get killed, I'd want to think—"

"What?" Her hands clenched.

"LIVING people have to go on living," he said. "That's their job. It isn't something to argue about. Hal is dead. You're not. You've got to accept both those facts from now on. Anything less than that would be—"

He grinned awkwardly, touched her cold hand. "How about it, Ruth? Will you go to the dance?"

"Why bother with me?"

"I don't know," he said. "I'd like very much to take you. That's all I know. Will you?"

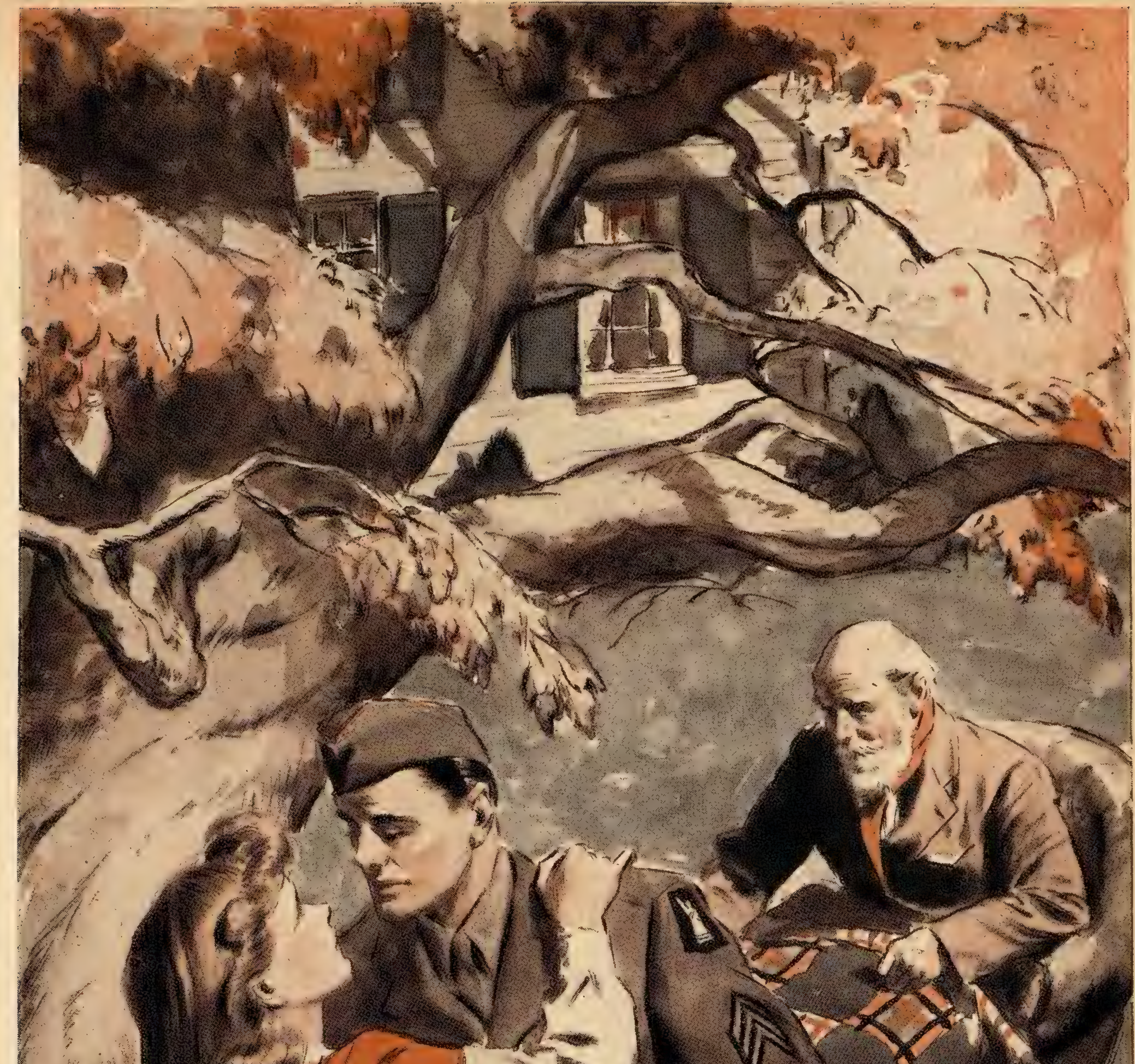
"I'll have to—think about it."

Gramp, watching from behind a curtained window, saw them coming through the slow downdrift of maple leaves. He had brought five to her; now he was bringing the sixth. He could feel the same indomitable strength within him that he had felt on that day two months earlier when he first brought his chair out to the hedge. A man had to fight for the thing he loved with whatever weapon seemed best. Ruthie was too young to be allowed to retreat into darkness. That was something for an old man—maybe . . .

Gramp thought, Maybe this soldier will be the one. Sooner or later, I'll bring the right one to her. . . .

He went to the door, opened it. He began to laugh shakily, the way Ruthie would expect him to. "Come in, Hal, come in! Here's your glass of cider!"

THE END



The sergeant saw mute appeal in Ruth's steady glance. She took him by both shoulders, kissed him.

THE MEDICS ALSO FOUGHT

The Medical Corps wins its victories too—every time it snatches a man from death. A wounded correspondent takes us into the workings of a field hospital

BY IVAN H. PETERMAN

THE third night under that hospital tent in Tunisia was the worst. Nobody slept because of the traffic, inside and out. The Army's 48th Surgical Hospital stood just twelve miles behind El Guettar, and as reinforcements and supplies cascaded toward the front, ambulances poured 416 wounded men through Admissions between dusk and dawn. Eighty-six required emergency operations; the rest, after examination, were sent back to Tebessa.

At intervals a new arrival would brush the canvas flap of our tent, his litter-bearers searching for an empty cot. At the opposite exit, doctors huddled before bundling a short-term patient into the "meat wagon." It was a hundred-mile trek to Tebessa's evacuation hospital—blackout all the way—but if the patients could stand it they moved that night, for the Axis was counterattacking and it was plenty rough up on the line. If the roll of the barrage wasn't convincing enough, you could look through the tent door and see the muzzle glare—like heat lightning on a summer horizon.

After midnight I tried counting sheep; tried counting stretcher-bearers as they passed the foot of my cot. It was no good. Heinkel bombers overhead kept interrupting.

The German pilots were trying for an ordnance dump a mile down the Gafsa road, but we couldn't depend on their aim. Once a bomb fell so close that the hospital camp shook, while the flame-red glare showed on the tent. I saw Gladys Self, a cracker gal from Anniston, Alabama, one of the heroines in overalls who nursed the lads, pause, hypodermic in hand, to call the sweating orderly:

"Willie, I reckon you'd best hang another towel across that light. 'Pears to me they're trying for this ward."

And in the dimness, while the hardworking Private Willet complied, she administered morphine by flashlight. The patient twisted slightly beneath the blanket, and I heard her murmur, "There now, boy, you'll be O. K. in half a minute."

Things got really thick about two o'clock in the morning, when a paralyzed artilleryman was carried in, an anti-personnel slug in his brain. He continued to fight off Stukas in his delirium; he shouted orders whenever the bombers, precisely on the half-hours, ranged over the area and a bedlam of antiaircraft fire rose.

"Cover the ammo—here they come!" he'd cry, struggling to rise on the pillow. He had been a truck driver with a truck driver's vocabulary, and in the days ahead we were not to forget Frank Hildenbrand.

Finally they brought in an officer with two bullets in his chest, leaving sucking wounds. They squeezed him in beside the abdominal cases, and a medical major who knew him knelt beside his cot for an hour wrestling for the man's life. Post-Operative Ward No. 7 had its characters complete for the night.

The author, Ivan (Cy) Peterman.

I hesitate now to describe the scene, for fear of being accused of overdrawing. There were the patients—twenty-four by this time — all open-eyed, although it was long past normal bedtime. There was the stove glowing under the hot-water can, its light playing upon the packing-box cabinet where Miss Self filled, sterilized, then refilled the needles. There on top were cotton and gauze boxes, blood plasma, sulfa pills, antiseptics, and physic prescriptions, alcohol and tooth paste, tin cups and temperature charts, shaving cream and Testaments. I could reach out my left arm and touch them. Corporal Clausen's chlorinated water supply stood in five-gallon gasoline cans.

From time to time the medical corps enlisted men, responding to a gesture or whispered request, filled a cup with water or passed the enameled "duck." Otherwise there was little movement, once the tent was filled, and, except for Hildenbrand's raving, comparative order prevailed.

Still nobody slept. Wide awake, I focused upon the shrouded light, trying to reconstruct the last forty-eight hours. How did I—a noncombatant war correspondent—happen to be here, anyway?

In retrospect I returned to the highway beyond El Guettar's oasis, that well shelled route down which a hundred armored vehicles and tanks—the celebrated Benson Force—proposed to smash through to Gabes. Old John Jarvie, eccentric Scotch scribe, had sold three of us the idea of going ahead of the column for a grand-stand view. Jarvie had a quaint theory that it was safer in front of the battle. He said the shells always went over.

What happened wasn't so quaint. The Benson boys were moving up when six Messerschmitts pounced upon us. As the driver, I was last out of the jeep and, in the excitement, went head-first into a wadi twelve feet deep. I landed on several boulders, breaking my arm and suffering a concussion which left me temporarily blind. Every gun in the valley was firing into the skies, but, rolling into a sitting position, the disabled arm in my lap, I waited out the raid, not caring whether the entire Luftwaffe came to bomb that particular ditch. When it was over, my colleagues helped me into the car—and here I was in Ward 7 of the 48th Surgical. The first two days had been like two months. The tent had filled and emptied twice. Now, on this third night—

Outside, the M. P.s blew their whistles, and this time we heard them shout, "Lights out!" That meant a big flight was coming, as the ack-ack almost immediately verified. I heard a laugh from George Sutherland's cot. George, big blond collegian and driver of a half-track—until it was tagged near Sened—had a gash in the abdomen where a shell splinter had gone through his intestines. But he was from Minnesota, where they grow them big and strong, and he could take it. Cracked he: "My mother always told me to be careful. What do we do now?"

That broke the tension, and when every gun around us broke loose and the bombs shook the hillside, only Hildy and one other seemed to notice.

"Cover that ammunition!" yelled the shocked artilleryman. And when the noncom pulled the pillow over Hildy's head, I felt the edge in Art Jacobson's voice:

"That's one hell of a thin bomb shelter, Bud."

Then the Heinkels were gone, and the medical major, who hadn't once looked up as he plugged the chest patient's wounds, and poured oxygen to him, and inserted tubes to detour the blood from the lung cavity back into the veins—auto-transfusion, he called it—arose at last, haggard but triumphant. He had noted a stronger pulse.

Somehow, then, we felt like cheering. But, instead, we dropped off to exhausted sleep.

As a casualty for twelve days I had an intimate view of what goes on inside a field surgical hospital—and one that was unique in this war. The 48th Surgical Hospital was the last of its kind in the U. S. Army Medical Corps. When the first American troops left for Britain, the Medical Corps was still streamlining its evacuation hospitals, making them more mobile, independent of rail transport, able to accommodate the critically wounded on the spot. But they weren't all ready.

The 48th Surgical, a sort of renovated holdover from the field hospital of World War I, sailed before it could be included in the reorganization. From the time of the African landings, its history had been a glorious one. It had met the test of the hectic winter campaign from Arzeu through the Kasserine Pass. It had played cat-and-mouse with Axis columns during February, moving repeatedly in the night.

There was the memorable night at Feriana, during the retreat from Gafsa, when the 48th escaped with 800 ambulance patients while German reconnaissance tanks plunged in pursuit only three miles behind. With Rommel's men practically breathing on their necks, the surgeons had continued to operate, while tents fluttered down and ambulances and trucks were loaded under enemy bomb flares, in preparation for the retreat. Then the unit had slipped away in the darkness and mud, its rear guard consisting of a tank manned by Lieutenant Colonel Gerald McCracken, a Houston doctor, and seven medics.

When Gafsa was retaken March 17, the 48th's mobile surgical unit, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel John M. Snyder, a University of Pennsylvania product from Slatington, Pennsylvania, and its No. 2 Hospitalization Unit, commanded by Major Francis M. Burton of Hot Springs, Arkansas, leapfrogged back from Thala. Now, on its hill a dozen miles behind El Guettar, the 48th was performing its final mission, writing its most brilliant chapter of all.

ITS self-contained set-up was well suited to handle the dreadful grist of wounded from El Guettar and Maknassy. Altogether the 48th had forty-eight officers, fifty-seven nurses, and 273 enlisted men, all but three of whom were trained technicians. Each of its two hospitalization units had 200 beds (the No. 1 unit had become the rear echelon forty-five miles up the road). There were 100 tents, several of them the circus-type three-masters. Smaller tents took care of the personnel, the nurses living two to a tent in a colony by themselves.

Commander of the 48th Surgical was Lieutenant Colonel Norman H. Wiley —now a full colonel. An Army doctor since his graduation in 1928 from Jefferson Medical College, Wiley has a stubborn capacity for getting things done. He also has the gift of being personally available despite command responsibilities, and of transmitting warm sympathy.

"Between March 20 and April 9, covering the southern Tunisian activities of the American Second Corps, we handled 5,271 cases, of which 1,840 were admitted to these wards," he told me. "Remember, we take only those so seriously injured that they can't be moved farther back. Of that total we lost fifty-seven. Twelve were dead when removed from the ambulance."

And the reason for such a good showing?

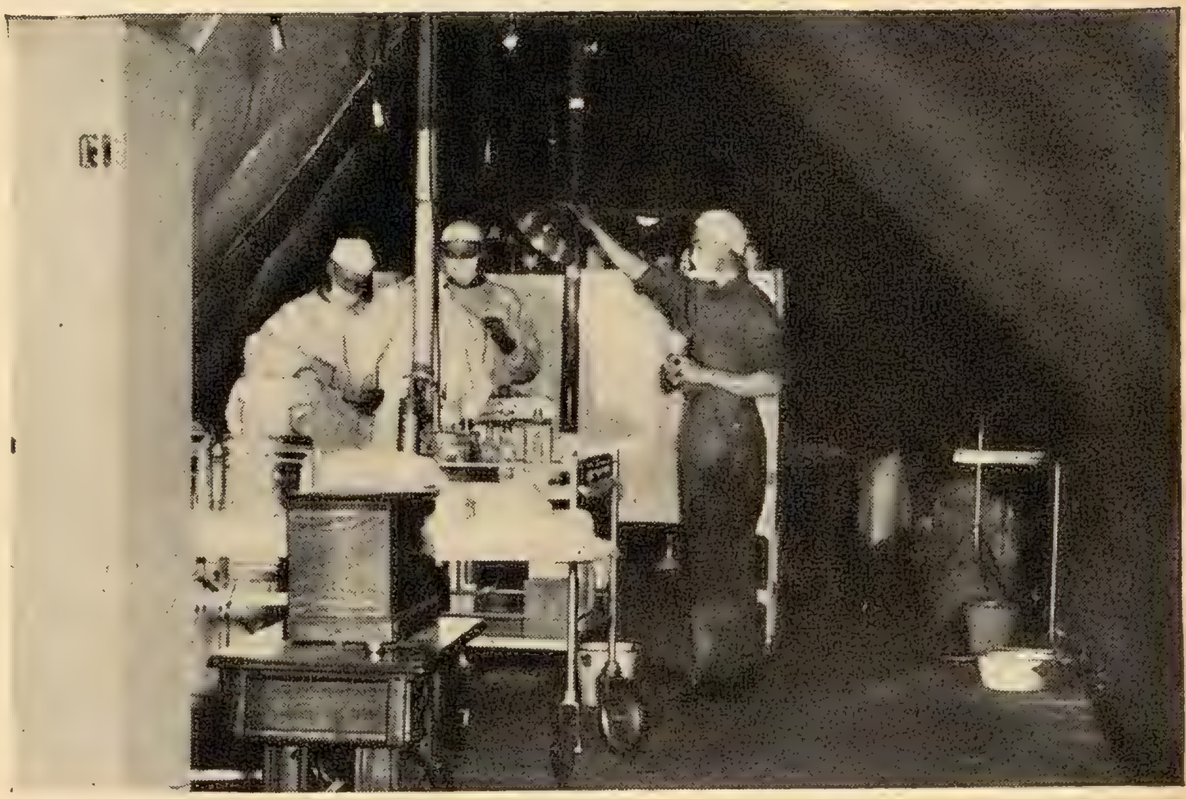
"The patients got damned good treatment," said Colonel Wiley.

I can attest to that. I watched surgeons fight a battle that seemed never to end. At the height of the action at El Guettar a dozen of them didn't go

(*Continued on page 72*)

Under makeshift lights and in cramped quarters, Army surgeons perform an emergency operation in field tent hospital immediately behind the front lines.

A critical battle casualty is brought into the field hospital. Men too badly injured to withstand the trip to an evacuation hospital are cared for there.



General view of the surgery tent in a field hospital where Army doctors perform miracles of surgery under conditions which would appall a civilian doctor.

THE REVERSE ENGLISH

Remember Alice, the lady optometrist, who made life hectic for her father? She's back again—accompanied by Percival, a one-eyed horse, probably the world's longest long shot

BY BEN MERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MULLER

"DADDY," said my daughter Alice, "I'm worried about you."

Right away I got suspicious. "Why?" I said.

"Because the life you lead isn't natural, daddy. How long can a man go on eating nothing but pickled salmon and onions and playing klabiash with those bums until four in the morning?"

"With bicarbonate and a calendar I'll find out," I said sarcastic-like.

But Alice didn't get mad like I expected. "Really, daddy," she said, "you should do something else."

"For instance?" I said.

"Like buying Mr. Wickett's horse."

"Which Mr. Wickett's horse?" I said.

Alice looked surprised. "Why, Mr. Wickett of Oakbeam Stable," she said.

I remembered the guy now. A cagey hick who made a couple of million peddling baled breakfast food. His daughter and Alice went to optometry college together. He lived in Westchester with a new wife, a private zoo, and a racing stable with fifty oat burners.

"Sure, sure," I said. "Wickett's Wonder Wheat."

"Patricia Wickett told me her father wants to sell one of his horses. Very cheap, too."

"I don't want no horses," I said. "I got trouble enough with prizefighters."

"Yes," said Alice, "I know."

She was very sad and sympathetic-like, and on her it didn't look good. She has red hair and a temper, and she doesn't go in for slush. But I noticed she had been changing toward me ever since she married Pete, a month ago. Alice's conscience was catching up with her. Before she took Pete away from me, he was mine. I was his manager. He was the best welterweight on Jacobs' Beach. Then he joined the Army. But that was all right. When the war was over he would still be in great shape and a cinch to win the championship. He would make a pile for the both of us. But before they shipped him to England, Alice married him and made him swear off beak-busting forever. She'd ruined my future and now it was on her mind.

"Daddy," she said, "I've been thinking about those four fighters you still have under contract. They're no good."

"Lousy is the word."

"Then that settles it. The only thing to do is to buy Mr. Wickett's horse."

Alice is a very smart girl, but this kind of jabber still sounded nutty to me. "I don't understand horses."

"There's nothing to understand," said Alice. "All you have to do is make comparisons. Horses don't get punch-drunk, or run out on contracts."

"Sure," I said. "But with a fighter you generally eat. With a horse, sometimes only the horse eats."

"I know horses," said Alice. "I go riding every day in Central Park. I've looked this horse over, and I'm positive he'll win for us."

"Could be," I said; "but is the horse positive?"

"This horse," she said, "has won for Mr. Wickett. So why should he discriminate against you?"

What could I lose? "O. K.," I said. "Go buy the plug."

For about a week nothing happened. Then I got a telegram, three letters, and a headache. The telegram was from Alice, saying she'd bought Mr. Wickett's horse and that he was at the Riverview Track. The letters were bills. One was from the Wickett Feed and Fodder Co., yammering for two hundred dollars for oats, hay, and bran. The second was from the Wickett Transportation Co.: "Delivery charges, one (1) horse, $100." The third was from the Wickett Livestock and House Pet Co.:

One (1) Angora goat	$325.00
Two (2) Persian kittens	50.00
Total	$375.00

The whole thing was a swindle. I went to the track to have it out with Alice right away.

Alice was outside the stable, combing the goat's hair. It was a lady goat.

"Alice," I said, "what kind of a gyp goat is this?"

"No gyp," she said. "It's a bargain."

"ALICE," I said, "I'm ashamed of you. I send you for a horse and you bring me also a three-hundred-and-twenty-five-dollar goat."

"It's an Angora, and it's not for you; it's for the horse," said Alice. "She's been with him ever since he was born. Mr. Wickett brought them over together from England. The horse would be very unhappy without her."

"How about the cats?"

"I bought them to drink the Angora's milk."

"Alice," I said, "a fifty-dollar horse which has a three-hundred-and-twenty-five-dollar goat for a stooge which has twenty-five-dollar cats for pups I got to see. Lead me to him."

She seemed kind of upset as I followed her into the stall.

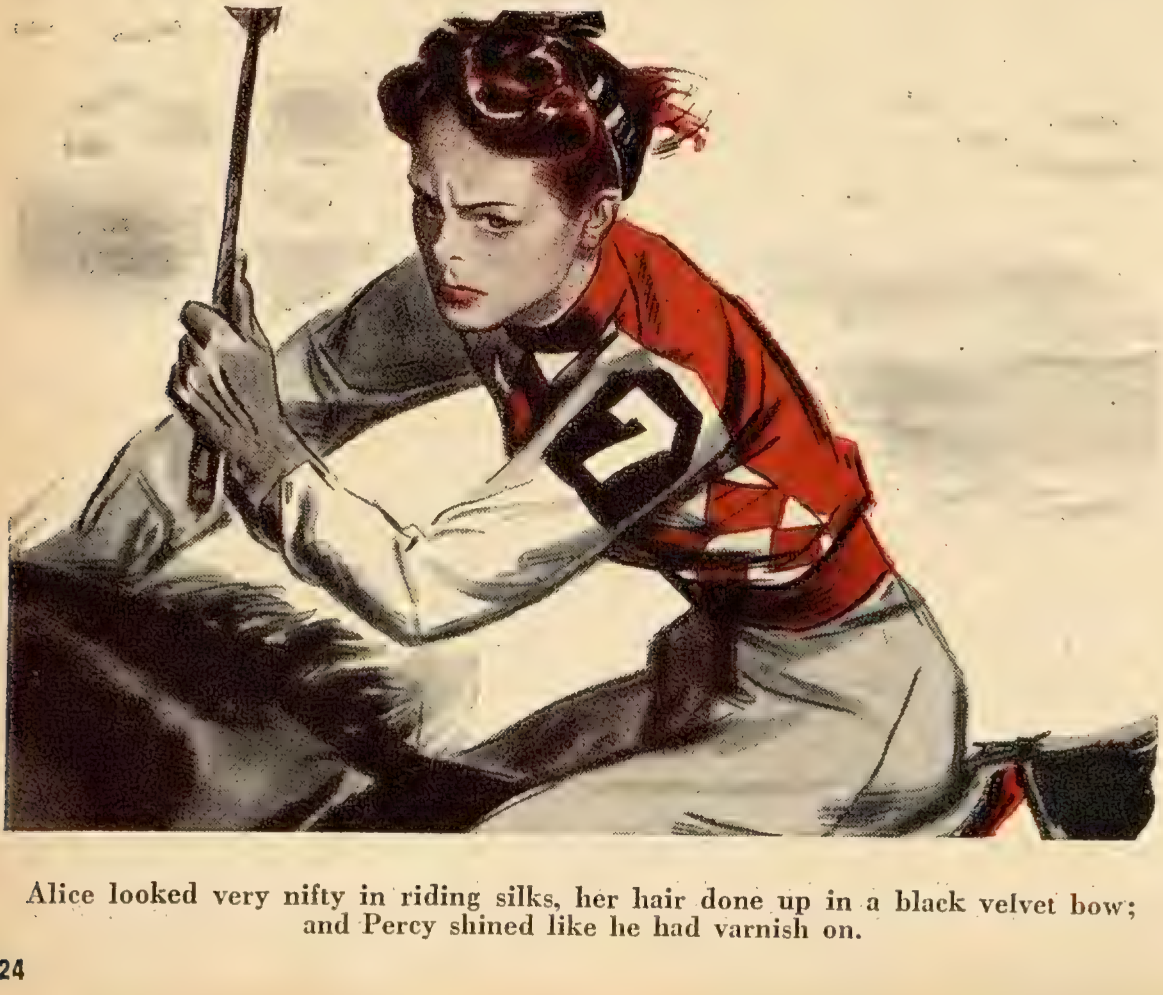
"There he is, daddy," she said, giving me a very peculiar look. The horse had his beezer stuck in the feed box, so all I could see was the non-eating side.

"Bring out the rest of him, Alice."

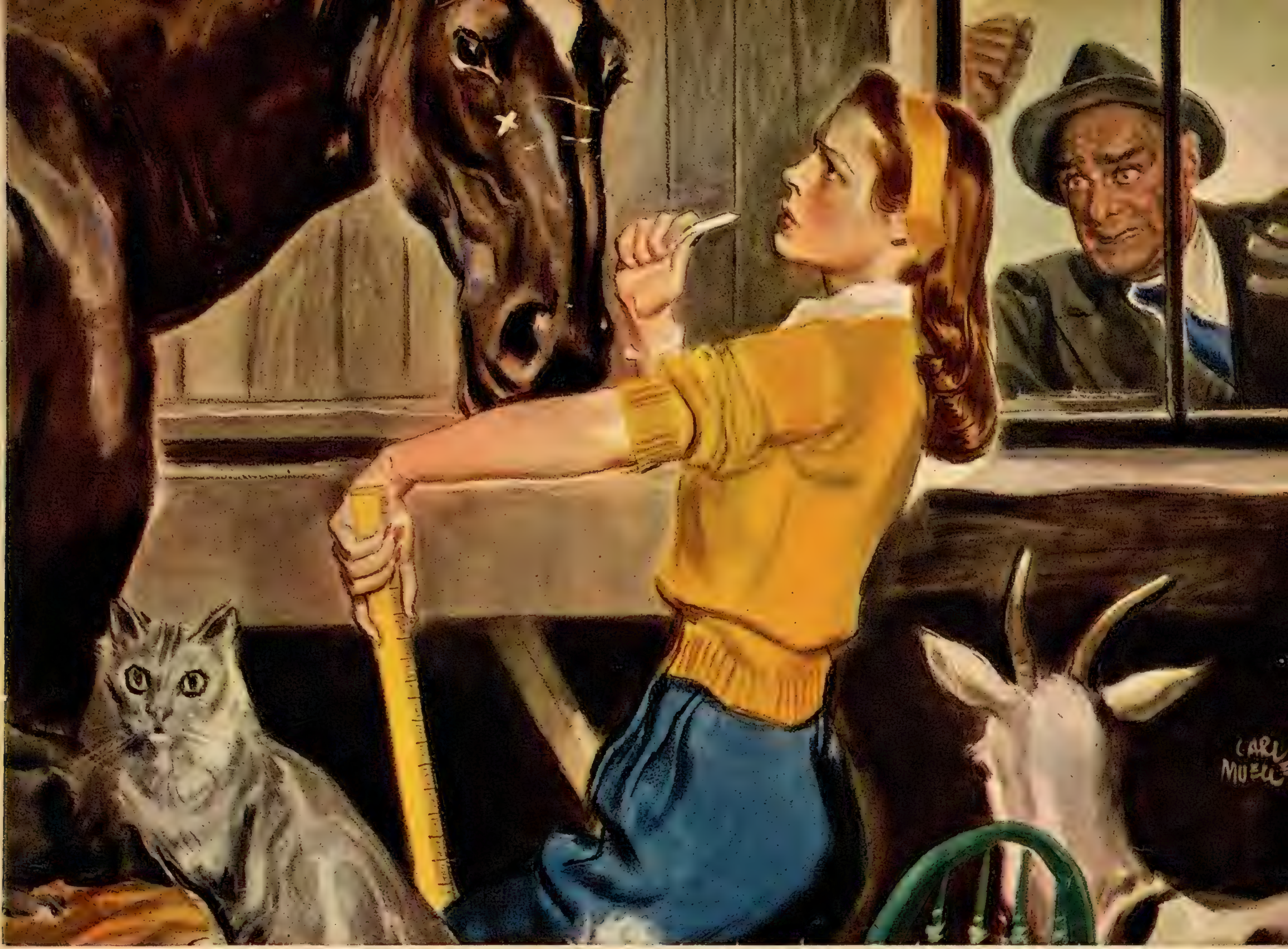
She shook her head. "We'll upset his digestion."

That made me very insulted. So I grabbed him by the halter and backed him out.

What I saw made me close my eyes.



Alice looked very nifty in riding silks, her hair done up in a black velvet bow; and Percy shined like he had varnish on.



The dopey look on Percy's face drove me nuts. "Open up!" I yelled. Alice made believe she didn't hear.

I opened them again. I still saw the same thing. The horse had a face like he was supposed to. But on the left side where there should have been an eye, there was face also. Not a blind eye, or even a hole, but a piece of horse growing just like it did everywhere else on him.

"Holy cheesecloth!" I said. "A freak!"

The horse looked very embarrassed. But not Alice. She just stuck her chin out, yanked the halter out of my hand, and led him back in the stall. Then she came out and leaned on the wall.

"Alice," I said, "you're a disgrace to American education. For a girl who's a licensed optometrist you couldn't even see this horse has only one eye?"

"Don't be funny. Of course I saw."

"Then what'd you buy him for?"

"To run. A horse runs with his feet. Not with his eyes."

She was getting sarcastic now. But I ain't no Salvation Army organist myself. "You don't say," I said.

"Daddy," said Alice, "you're jumping at conclusions. This horse won't win any beauty contests, but he'll win races. He won many for Mr. Wickett."

"What's his name?" I said.

"Percival. He's English."

"I don't like it," I said. "Imported stuff always costs money. If this Percy is so good, how come only fifty bucks?"

"Mr. Wickett said his wife is allergic to Percival's face."

"Well," I said, very doubtful, "I hope it ain't contagious."

In six weeks I was so sick of Percy that even when I saw a horsehide valise I hid my checkbook. Such bills! Big bills when he ate. Bigger bills from the doctor when he didn't. Bills for jockeys, for a trainer, for an exercise boy, a stableboy. Bills to groom the goat and for haircuts for the cats. And the entry fees! In six races we entered him. In five he finished last, and in the sixth one, fourth. But the sixth one was a four-horse race.

The sport of kings was making me a crown prince of bankruptcy. But every time I squawked, Alice would tell me, "Look, daddy, how the odds are going up. And I'm saving Percival for the Jubilee Sweepstakes. That will mean forty thousand dollars when he wins."

Personally, I thought that was hooey.

One day I went out to the track to settle things once and for all. Alice didn't even notice me when I came in. She was measuring Percy's head, and making chalk marks on his beezer like on a tailor's dummy. Finally she hopped down, stood under Percy's chin, closed her left eye and looked in the same direction he was looking.

"Alice," I said, "come out here!"

She scribbled something on a piece of paper and came out smiling. "Daddy," she said, "I think . . ."

"I doubt it," I said. "Didn't you know when you bought him that this plug hasn't won a race since England?"

"Of course I knew."

"Then why didn't you tell me?"

"Honest, daddy," said Alice, "I didn't mention it because I thought it might discourage you."

"But you it wouldn't discourage. You were afraid of nothing except that you wouldn't have a racing stable like your hoity-toity friends."

Alice's face got red almost like her hair. "That's rubbish," she snapped, "and you know it!"

"I don't know nothing," I said, "except maybe this Percy is good only for dog food in a can."

"He is good for forty thousand dollars in the Jubilee Sweepstakes," said Alice. "It is true he has certain defects. But they can be remedied."

"Listen," I said. "What a horse doctor can't do an optometrist can't neither."

"Perhaps," said Alice.

"No perhaps. I'm finished. I'm selling him."

"To whom?" said Alice, innocent.

She had me. "Anybody," I said.

"Very well," said Alice, "I'll buy him." She hauled out two ten-spots. "Twenty dollars cash."

For a minute I thought she was kidding. But she kept on holding out the dough, very deadpan. After all the money it cost me, this was strictly larceny. But I figured it was time to teach her a lesson. "O. K., daughter," I said. "Draw up a bill of sale and we'll make it legal. And maybe next time you won't go making a sucker of me."

That really burned her up. But I was so sore I didn't care.

"Come back in an hour," she snapped.

(Continued on page 53)

Not an auctioneer in a crazy house. This is referee Pat Kennedy in action.

LAY THAT WHISTLE

"HEY, get a load of this bird! He looks like an auctioneer at a screwball sale!" The man designated was Matthew Kennedy, better known as "Pat" Kennedy. But he's neither an auctioneer nor a screwball. Patrick is Mr. Big among basketball referees. As a matter of fact, Pat Kennedy is basketball!

That crack about his looking like a man with a gavel in a crazy house was touched off during a tough contest at North Carolina. One of the lads on the home team had been guilty of charging. As soon as the offense was committed, Pat Kennedy's whistle hooted five times and his booming voice almost brought down the girders: "No! No! No! You can't do that!" At the same time, Pat placed his hands on his midriff, hopped about the court, and worked his head and body back and forth as though the devil himself had taken possession of his anatomy. Perhaps a better description was the player's, "He looks like an auctioneer at a screwball sale!"

Incidentally, it was just about the first and only time Pat had ever been left utterly speechless—and probably it was because his pride was hurt. You see, players all over the country have learned to respect those swollen neck veins and that red face when Kennedy catches a foul and goes into all sorts of contortions to point it out to every one within eyesight and earshot—and that takes in a lot of territory for Pat. Most players are humble before his verbal lashings.

Pat told me about one example in particular, when a well known Southern team came to Madison Square Garden for the first time. One of its players committed a foul which was obviously unintentional. Nonetheless, Kennedy stormed into his act. His whistle shrieking like an air-raid siren, Kennedy pounced on the offender, stuck his index finger under the kid's nose, and yelled: "You, you, you—you held him!" Then, to the utter amazement and fascination of every one in the Garden, Pat wrapped his arm around his neck and apparently tried to strangle himself. Actually, all he was doing was illustrating the kid's foul.

But the scared youth gasped: "I beg pardon, sir. Honest, I didn't mean it!"

Pat laughed when he told this story, and I asked him why. "Well," he answered, "it always reminds me of another boy, the greatest all-round basketball player I've ever seen. And he once made me feel like the fool I probably was!"

"Hank Luisetti" I queried.

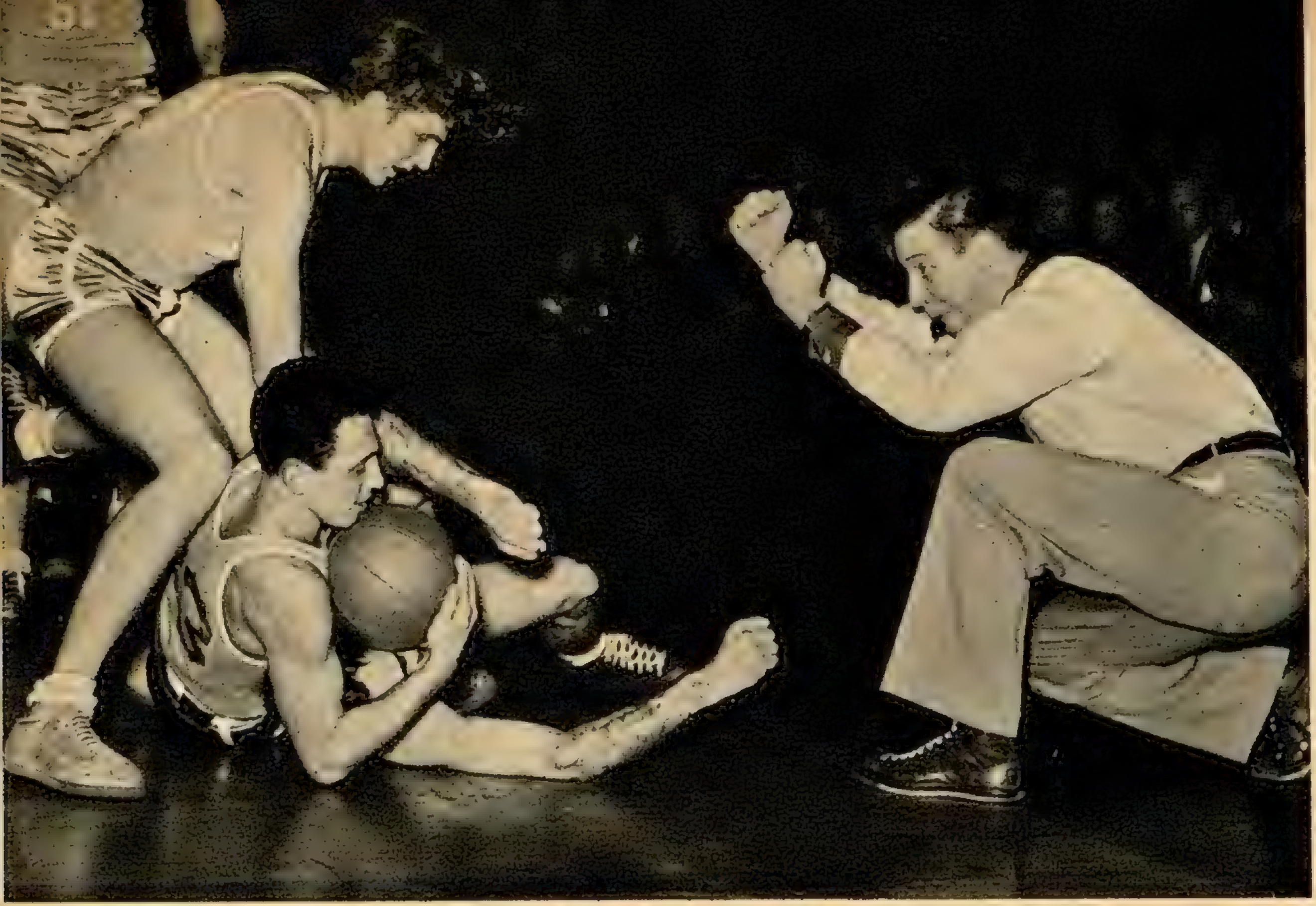
"That's right," Pat said.

Stanford's great quintet was playing at Madison Square Garden, and Pat's eagle eye had caught Luisetti in the act of "traveling" with the ball. That irrepressible whistle cut through the babble of the jammed arena. Pat's face turned crimson. Storming across the floor, he screamed into Luisetti's face: "You, you, you—you took too many steps!" Kennedy continued to rave and rant, smacking his fist into his palm, churning his legs like a football player warming up (his version of the violation). Luisetti just stood there; then quietly he said: "You know, Pat, I heard you were crazy, but no one told me you were *that crazy!*"

Frank Serany, a Duquesne star of some years ago, was once a victim of a Kennedy tantrum act. Patrick the Great had caught Serany hacking, and the resulting whistle and bellow would have knocked down the walls of Jericho. Pat pranced around the court, bringing his left arm down on his right several times in what seemed like a desperate effort to break it.

"Number Thirteen!" Pat cried. "Number Thirteen! On the arm! Number Five shoots! Two shots!"

Serany's face turned as white as



The game sometimes goes unnoticed while Kennedy's antics engross the spectators.

Players quake under his fearful blasts and crowds revel in his mad contortions. Here's how basketball's greatest referee got that way

DOWN!

BY BILL STERN

NBC DIRECTOR OF SPORTS

Kennedy's was red. "For Pete's sake," he beefed, "isn't it bad enough to scare the daylights out of a guy when you call a foul? Do you have to crucify him before the whole crowd?"

Kennedy has officiated in almost three thousand games—and has lost from five to ten pounds in each one. Not only does he know all there is to know about the game, but he is 100 per cent honest and sincere. "When I went into this game," he says, "I made up my mind that Pat Kennedy would call 'em as he saw 'em. No matter what happened, Kennedy was going to stick by his guns and his judgment."

To demonstrate that he practices what he preaches, Kennedy described one of the tightest spots of his colorful career. Wyoming came East to meet St. John's at the Garden last year, and the game, for the benefit of the Red Cross, drew one of the biggest crowds in Garden history—18,000 persons.

With less than a minute to play, St. John's tossed in three successive baskets to bring it within two points of a tie. Then, with ten seconds to go, Fuzzy Levane of St. John's let go from mid-court; the ball sailed in a perfect arc and dropped through the hoop without even scraping the rim. That tied it up and the St. John's captain motioned to Kennedy to call "time." Pat called, "Time out," but for once even Kennedy's voice was not loud enough to be heard above the frenzied hullabaloo. Just as Kennedy yelled, Ken Sailors, one of the great stars for Wyoming, scooped up the ball, tore through the St. John's team, and scored what every spectator in Madison Square Garden thought were the winning points. Now the crowd was really hysterical.

But above all this excitement and confusion came another note—that of Patrick the Great's piercing whistle.

When the crowd had quieted down to a roar, Kennedy announced that time had been called before Sailors took the ball and therefore the basket did not count. Talk about pandemonium! Not only had the huge crowd been in the "dark," but so had the official scorekeeper, the official timekeeper, Kennedy's mate, and every one else connected with the game—every one, that is, except three men. They were the captain of St. John's, Kennedy, and the man who saved the day—Everett Shelton, Wyoming's coach. Shelton had seen everything, and that night he displayed the kind of sportsmanship and honesty for which American sports are noted. He told his own team that the shot did not count, that the game was not won, and that it would have to go into overtime.

Wyoming did win in overtime, but Pat told me that he will never forget how a great coach came to his rescue in the most critical spot of his career.

But not all coaches have sided with Kennedy like that. Pat recalled an incident that occurred several years ago, when Doc Carlson of Pittsburgh took his team to Philly to play Temple for a conference title. (That conference has since been dissolved.) Pitt was a rugged club, and played that way. Whenever Pat tooted his whistle to call a foul on a Pitt player, a din of moans and boos rose from the Pittsburgh bench. And leading the "cheering" section was Doc Carlson.

Finally, midway through the first half, a dozen Pitt sweaters came hurtling out onto the floor as Kennedy signaled a foul. Patrick the Great's face flamed red; he turned to the bench and bellowed: "Technical foul against Pittsburgh!" What's more, Pat warned Carlson that if the demonstrations continued, he'd clear the bench.

Carlson was on his feet. He told Kennedy in no uncertain terms that Pat was calling penalties before any one violated the rules. One of Kennedy's rare moments of arbitration seized him. He tried to explain. But it was to no avail.

Suddenly, looking as if he were about to blow a fuse, Kennedy turned on Carlson and the whole Pittsburgh team and thundered: "Listen, you mugs! I'm just as human as you are, and I'm going to call this game my way! I'm the boss, see, and I'm running the show, and I'm not going to be made a monkey out of before twelve thousand people!"

Carlson opened his mouth to reply, but all he saw were Kennedy's heels. When the half ended, Carlson trailed Pat in an effort to clear up the situation. But Pat was all voice and no ears.

The second half was just as serene as the first half had been violent, and when Pat told me the story, he added: "And I called just as many in that second half!"

Postscript: Carlson took Pat to the station later, they shook hands, and, in Pat's own words, "We're the best of friends."

Getting into and out of tough spots is easy for Pat Kennedy. He's had a lot of practice. Ten years ago he was working a benefit game in Brooklyn between the professional New York Celtics and the crack Brooklyn Visitations before an enormous crowd, when suddenly he blew that inevitable whistle and his voice boomed out a foul. The player standing in front of Kennedy reached out, with a snarl, and grabbed Pat's shirt in both hands. Another player behind him also hooked onto his shirt, and in short order Kennedy was stripped to the waist. Now not only the face but the whole chest of Patrick the Great was red. Still, he came through with flying colors. Instead of calling just one foul, he called three. Oh, yes, Kennedy finished the game *without* a shirt!

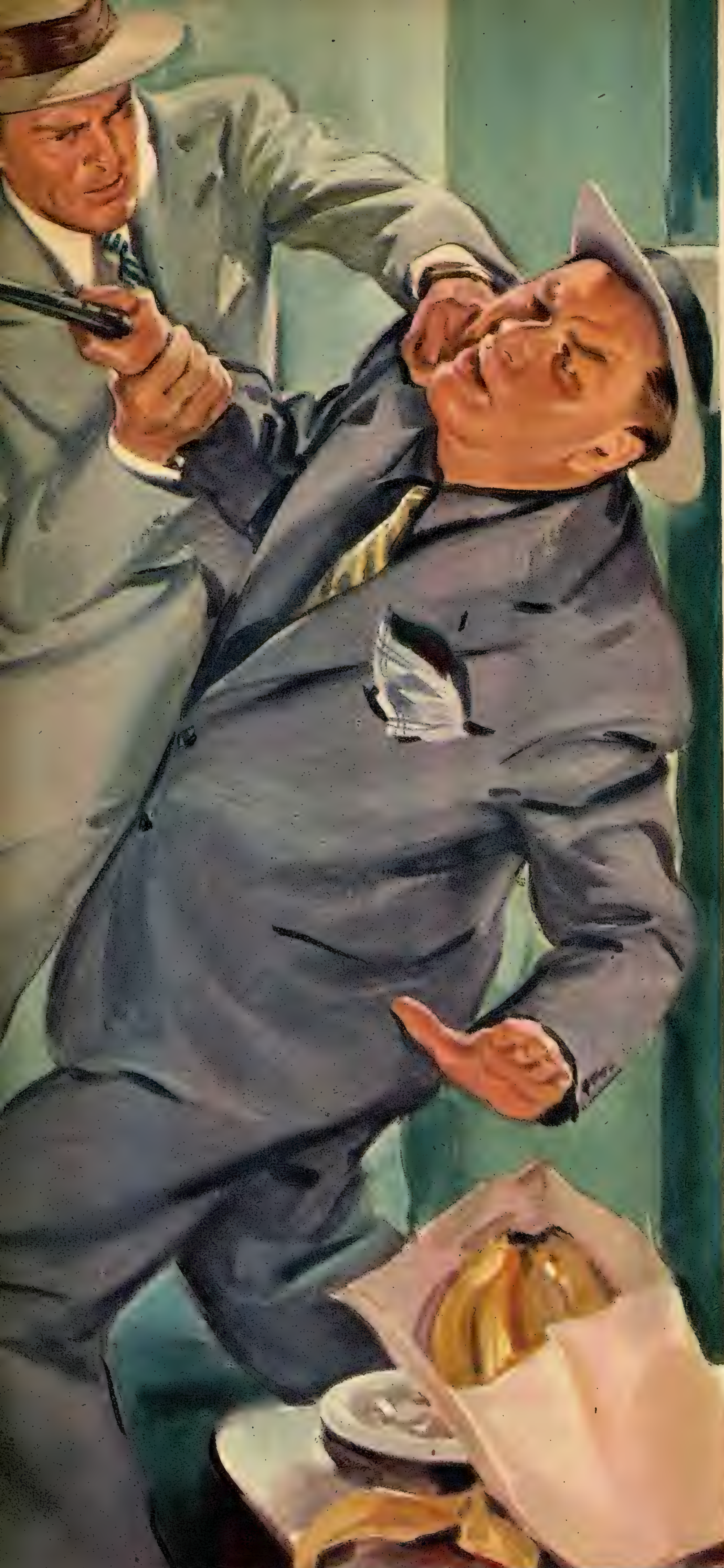
In Kennedy's opinion, the roughest game he has ever refereed was one at the Garden between St. John's and a Southern team.

"As soon as that Southern team swung into action," he exclaimed, "it looked like I was there to officiate a rugby game."

Pat just stood there and blew that whistle of his; then he blew it again, and, just for the hell of it, blew it once more. St. John's was piling up a comfortable lead. Every time a player of the losing team passed Kennedy on the floor, he'd let out a profane remark. Pat's wrath was waxing. Finally, when one of the Southern stars coined a particularly obnoxious phrase to describe Kennedy's skill as an official, Pat blew his whistle to high heaven and stopped the game cold. He asked the spectators to please be quiet; he ordered every player on the court to stand still. Then he bellowed at the Southern squad at the top of his lungs. One more cuss word directed at him or any player on the opposing team, and a technical foul would be called. And if it happened too often he'd bar the offenders from the

(*Continued on page 66*)

MR. ANGEL



WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

WHEN the Emmaline Quincy of the Gustafson Line was found abandoned outside Havana, Johnny Angel, in charge of a salvage crew, was sent to bring her in. He had a special interest in the ship because his grandfather had been her captain.

Unknown to anybody, there was a girl aboard the ship who had witnessed the mutiny, abandonment, and murders —Ann Wingate, young New York newspaperwoman. She had managed to hide and to circumvent the intended sinking of the ship, but did not wish to reveal the story until she had identified a certain man. So when officials and reporters crowded aboard as soon as the ship was docked, Ann mingled with them—she thought, unnoticed.

But Sam Jewell, with his brother Paul, proprietor of the Jewel Box night clubs in Havana and Buenos Aires, knew that Ann had not been in the Havana crowd—and thus a danger which she knew nothing of threatened her.

With the other reporters she met Johnny Angel, and that evening the two went to the Jewel Box. To Ann's surprise, coming down the stairs as they entered was Lilah Partridge, former New York night-club singer, now the wife of Gustaf Gustafson and playmate of Sam Jewell.

After a trip to New York, Ann returned to Havana, and then told Johnny the story of the Emmaline Quincy—of how his grandfather and loyal members of the crew were murdered, of how eight million dollars' worth of gold bullion was removed from the ship to a power cruiser belonging to Sam Jewell, and that Gustafson was the ringleader of the pirates, and had machine-gunned the remaining renegades from the Quincy.

At first Ann's revelation was unbelievable to Johnny. Gustafson had always hated the sea; at no time in his life had he shown physical courage; and his futile anger at his two-timing wife merely aroused contempt among their acquaintances. But Ann's certainty persuaded Johnny that perhaps constant frustrations in Gustaf's life were the motive power activating the metamorphosis.

Johnny, anxious to clear the Angel name of participation in the crime, tried to make Gustafson confess and to return the loot, but without success.

In the meantime he had persuaded Ann to accompany Miss Drumm, Gustaf's old nurse, on her yearly pilgrimage to his mother's grave. Mrs. Gustafson had met a tragic death when her son was a little boy.

PART SIX

THE Santiago train thundered across a lazy river with verdant banks. The scent of flowers from the lower end of General Domingo's private car was overwhelming. The car was done

Johnny broke the gun out of the man's hand and zipped a left to his mouth.

COMES ABOARD

BY CHARLES GORDON BOOTH

ILLUSTRATED BY
JAY NOURBEL

in gold and red plush, with crystal chandeliers, but Miss Drumm, in her mousy brown dress, didn't seem out of place. Her gray hair was puffed out in a roll above her forehead, precariously held there with a rhinestone comb. Her voice and frequent laughter contained a feckless, off-key ring. She was knitting a sweater, her fleshless fingers in furious, ceaseless motion.

"Aren't you working awfully hard?" Ann asked her.

"There's so much to do," said Miss Drumm, "and so little time to do it. It's for Gustaf." She gave Ann a quick look compounded of frivolity, shrewdness, and sentimental feeling. "It was wonderful to have him come and see me while Lilah was away. He'd been painting up in Maine. Gustaf paints beautifully."

ANN listened, her thoughts full of Johnny Angel . . . especially the way in which he had kissed her as the train was pulling out. It had been sweet of him to want her away from Havana. And it didn't make any difference that she had had reasons of her own for falling in with his plans. His feeling that Bahia de la Cruz was safe she hadn't shared. She didn't now. A cry of dismay made her turn her head. Miss Drumm was holding up her knitting.

"I've done it again!" she cried pathetically.

Except for the left arm, on which Miss Drumm had been working separately, the sweater was completed. The arm was almost finished, too, only it wasn't big enough. Miss Drumm had knitted an arm for a little boy of eight.

"I keep forgetting!" she quavered.

"That Gustaf isn't little any more?" Ann said gently.

"Gustaf was such a good little boy. He never disobeyed me. My decisions were his."

The Santiago train went on deeper into the rolling country of Santa Clara. Fields of cane fled past, the feathery tops leaning in the wind.

"Do you like Lilah?" Miss Drumm asked abruptly.

Her eyes were pale gray, shrewd and a little cold.

"She's very pretty," Ann said warily. "Do you like her?"

"No," said Miss Drumm, and resumed her knitting.

Presently the train began to slow down. Ann saw a platform, a water tower, a small station building. The train stopped. A man shouted. The train began to back. It bumped the private car, and the car, uncoupled, rolled onto a spur. A foreign-looking limousine stood beside the spur, a chauffeur behind its wheel. A tall man was coming briskly toward El Consuelo.

"That's Gustaf's limousine!" cried Miss Drumm rapturously. "It's come down from Havana especially to meet us. It always does."

The tall man emerged from the vestibule of the railway car. "Miss Drumm, I believe?" he said.

"And you are Mr. Flowers!" Miss Drumm exclaimed happily. "Gustaf told me."

"At your service," said Mr. Flowers, and bowed.

He had a rich tenor voice, a flashing smile, and lustrous eyes. He was dressed immaculately.

"This is Miss Wingate," chirruped Miss Drumm. "She's very pretty, isn't she, Mr. Flowers?"

"Miss Wingate practically ought to be stood in a vase and just looked at," said Mr. Flowers elaborately.

Ann guided Miss Drumm to the car. The driver, a stocky barrel-chested man with a battered face, secured the luggage to the running boards.

For no sounder reason than a belief that Mr. Flowers was far too smooth, Ann found herself reluctant to enter the limousine, but before she could do anything about it she was seated beside Miss Drumm, assisted there by Mr. Flowers himself. She began to long for the solid corporeality of Mr. Johnny Angel.

Ann plays a hunch and discovers the secret of Teakettle Island, only to find herself a prisoner of Jewell's thugs

"Dear me," said Miss Drumm frivolously, "all these flowers, and Mr. Flowers in the front seat—I feel as if I were riding in a hearse."

Mr. Flowers' tenor laugh blew back over his shoulder.

They sped through a village bright with color. This is Cuba, thought Ann, and would have loved it, if it hadn't been for Mr. Flowers.

From the crest of a long rise the descent fell in gentle undulations of uncropped sugar fields almost to the sea. The afternoon shadows were lengthening. A peninsula shaped like a fat bent arm, a towering fist of rock at the end of it, cradled a placid pear-shaped bay. Ann decided that the bay must be Bahia de la Cruz, where Gustaf's mother had lost her life. She said as much to Miss Drumm.

"It was her own fault!" The harshness of her voice disconcerted Ann; and then she saw Miss Drumm's lips tremble and two tears start down her cheeks. "How well I remember it!" She placed a thin hand on Ann's knee. "It was a lovely Sunday morning. The air was sparkling, but the bay was rough and I begged her not to take him because it would make him sick. He didn't want to go. But she wouldn't listen. She wanted to make him like herself." Ann felt the bite of Miss Drumm's fingers. "When they brought him back without her, his eyes were frozen in his little white face. He couldn't even cry."

Miss Drumm laughed quietly then. "Gustaf isn't at all like his mother." Ann was shocked by the triumph in her tone.

"You didn't care for Gustaf's mother, did you?"

"No," said Miss Drumm. "I did not."

"Then why all this—these flowers, these pilgrimages you've been making for thirty years?" A flash of insight invoked in Ann a deep sense of outrage. "Because you didn't ever intend to let Gustaf forget how his mother died—is that why?"

Miss Drumm smiled again and went on knitting.

The road forked. Miss Drumm cried, "Look!" A half mile short of the rock at the end of the peninsula sunlight flashed on glass. "That's the house where Gustaf was born!"

The drive ascended in a great sweeping curve, the palms on either side of it like sentries. The house, of stone, was U-shaped, with white columns in front of its main entrance. An elderly man and woman waited on the broad steps. The car pulled up in front of the couple.

Miss Drumm cried blithely, "And here are Blasco and Maria to greet us! Ann dear, we are going to be well looked after.

"You'll have dinner with us, of course, Mr. Flowers—you lucky man!" Miss Drumm fluttered archly. "Blasco, look after Mr. Flowers. And the chauffeur, too. What is his name?"

"Joe," answered Mr. Flowers briefly.

From the top of the stair, Ann looked down at Mr. Flowers rocking gently on his English heels, his hands thrust into the pockets of his whipcord breeches, his thin profile sharp against the late afternoon light.

"Who is Mr. Flowers?" she asked Miss Drumm.

"Why, he's Mr. Flowers, of course! What a silly question! This is my room." Miss Drumm indicated an open door through which Maria had just passed with the luggage. "The next one is the nursery. The corner room was Mrs. Gustafson's—you are to have that, my dear. But first you must see the nursery!"

IT was a white-walled room hung with colored pictures of every kind of craft Ann had ever heard of. On a wide tier of shelves were trains and trams and balls and ships—lots of ships!—and colored crayons and motorcars, a Ferris wheel, a set of pink dishes, books and dolls, one in white, one in blue, and the biggest box of paints that Ann had ever seen. A white bed stood under a big square window.

"He loved his paint box and his dolls!" Miss Drumm said tremulously; and then her eyes blazed. "He hated the ships! He always hated the ships, but they made him have them!"

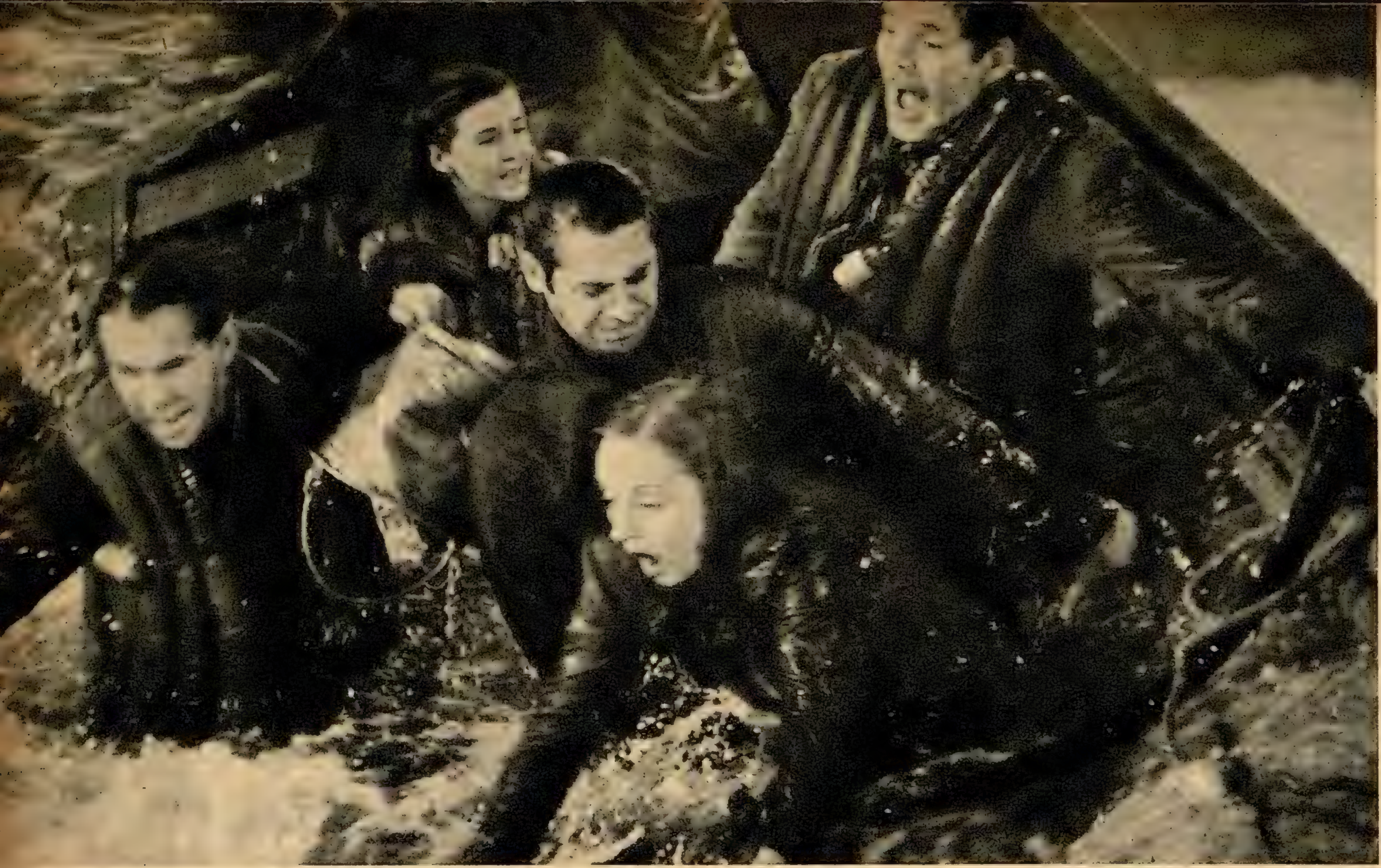
They entered the room that had been Mrs. Gustafson's, a handsome chamber done in birch. Miss Drumm's mood had changed again. Her eyes were shining as she said, "Did you bring a long dress, my dear?"

"You asked me to," said Ann.

Miss Drumm tittered. "Perhaps you'd better wear it. Mr. Flowers may expect it of us."

She left then, and Ann went over to the window. The towering fist of rock

(Continued on page 62)



Eight days were spent filming this storm scene in Lifeboat and Tallulah Bankhead was doused with 12,000 gallons of water.

ADRIFT ON STAGE SIX

Fifteen weeks in a lifeboat with Tallulah Bankhead and Alfred Hitchcock result in one of the year's top films

BY ELIZABETH WILSON

EVER since he came to Hollywood in 1938 Alfred Hitchcock, the 300-pound English director, has wanted to make a picture with all the action taking place in a lifeboat. The sea has always fascinated him—even more than railroads. "What happens in a lifeboat adrift at sea?" he asked assorted producers from time to time over platters of roast beef at Chasen's. "Wouldn't there be suspenseful drama in a story of a small group of people, all strangers to each other, forced to share a lifeboat for days on end?" The assorted producers thought not. "Ninety minutes of nothing but actors yapping?" they exclaimed. "Hell, no."

In December, 1941, Hollywood became war-conscious along with the rest of the country. Newspapers and newsreels told exciting realistic stories of the survivors of torpedoed ships. And then, at long last, Hitchcock found a pigeon. Producer Kenneth Macgowan of Twentieth Century-Fox was so enthused over his lifeboat idea that he assigned novelist John Steinbeck to do the story. From the Steinbeck original, scenarists Jo Swerling and Alma Reville (Mrs. Hitchcock in private life) fashioned a screen play that is decidedly something new under the Hollywood sun. The entire action of the picture takes place on a twenty-six-foot lifeboat. Aboard are nine survivors, six men and three women. The story is a close-up of their lives for three tense weeks.

The studio, true to Hollywood tradition, built an ocean on Stage Six—with the Pacific less than four miles away! Early in the summer of 1942 Lifeboat was ready to start rowing. All it needed was actors. Director Hitchcock read the authors' description of his leading character—Connie Porter, an international correspondent—modeled somewhat after the outspoken Clare Luce. ("Outspoken?" said husband Henry Luce recently. "By whom?")

Hitchcock read: "One solitary lifeboat drifting on the flat oil-covered ocean. As the lifeboat drifts nearer to us, we see that in it sits a woman, one of the passengers of the torpedoed freighter: Mrs. Constance Porter—Connie to her friends in New York, London, Paris, Rome, Berlin, Vienna, Prague, Warsaw, Chungking, and points east, north, west, and south. Connie is crowding forty, but Helena Rubinstein and her dauntless efforts have created

(*Continued on page 56*)

Left: Tallulah Bankhead, the tempestuous star of the film and, at the right, Alfred Hitchcock, the director who—with the filming of this picture—has doubled his reputation while halving his girth.

A
Liberty
BOOK
CONDENSATION
READING TIME
ONE EVENING

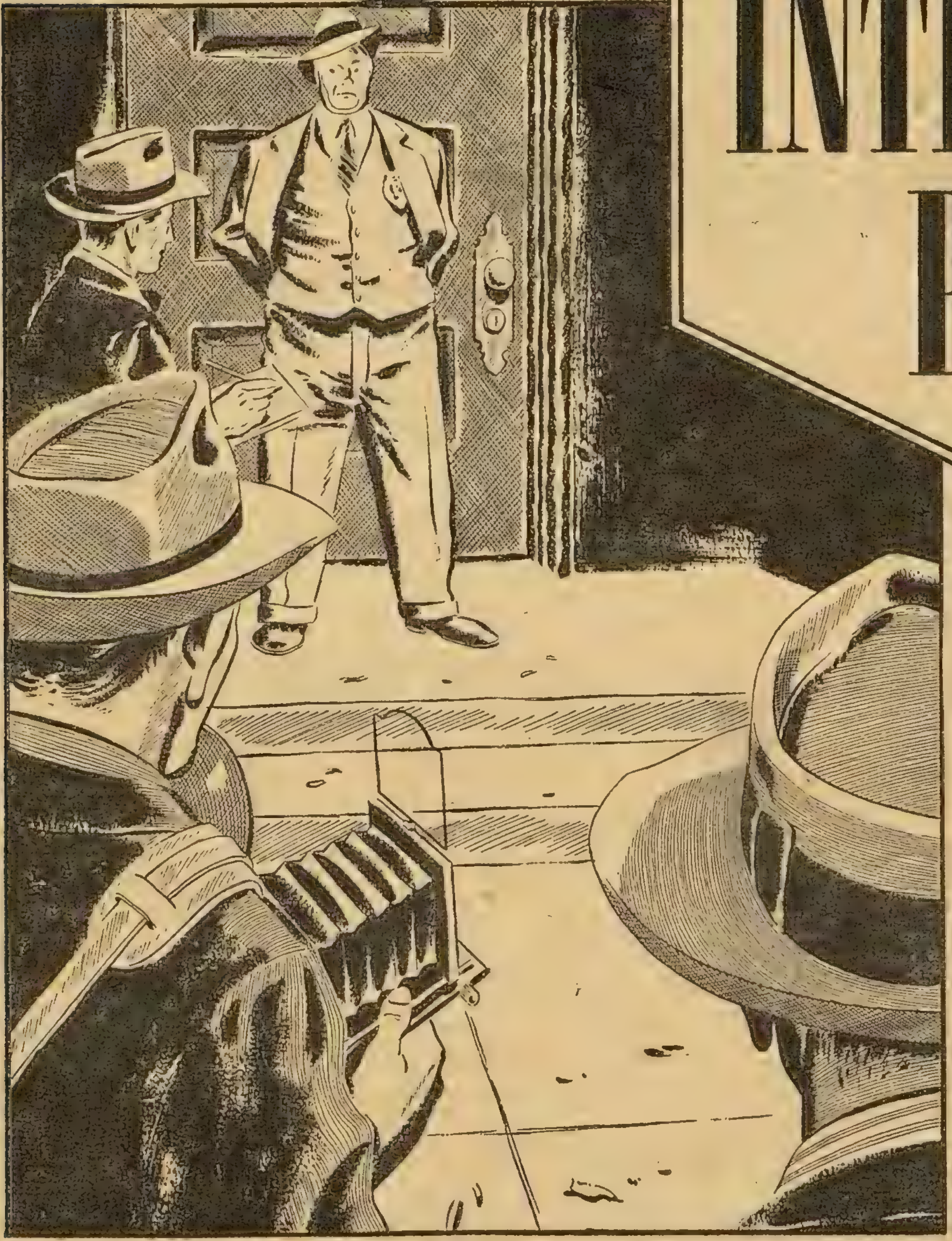
ILLUSTRATED BY
WIN HOSKINS

SUCH INTERESTING PEOPLE

By ROBERT J. CASEY

It's probably true that all the roisterers, eccentrics, and razor-tongued wits of the world are not in the newspaper business — but most of them seem to pass through it anyway.

And Casey has heard about them, or seen them pass. Here he chronicles them — in a succession of hilarious stories that will probably just skid you out of one laugh bang into the next.



THERE once was a newspaperman who by odd chance was invited to sip tea in the home of a wealthy gadget manufacturer. His hostess looked at him wide-eyed as she tried to make him feel at ease. And she said, after the fashion of hostesses to newspapermen since the invention of movable type: "It must be fascinating to be a journalist. You meet such interesting people."

And the reporter answered mechanically:

"You certainly do, and they're all in the newspaper business."

This book is the report of a lot of research along the lines of that general proposition. The oddments presented here have not been altered in any way from the form in which they now find circulation in the trade. In most respects they are true. If they seem to support a theory that the newspaper business and bedlam are the same thing, one must remember that the resemblance is purely accidental.

HE was a nervous little man in a suit of heavy gray tweed and a straw hat the color of mellowed meerschaum, and he was easily the strangest exhibit that a pair of tired eyes had discovered in Cairo. The noon sun was bright as it can get nowhere else in the world save in Egypt in midsummer. The air was filled with the smells of camel dung and cooking asphalt. The little man was red-faced and steaming and that was the only thing about him that seemed normal.

He was in a hurry, which of course would have marked him as something unusual even aside from his odd taste in clothes. Nobody hurries on a hot day in Cairo, or for that matter on a cool day—when there is one. Nobody (even in wartime) has found anything worth hurrying for in these parts since the days of Rameses II. But the little man came striding from the terrace of the Continental Hotel with quick, short steps.

His middle was ornamented by a heavy gold watch chain from which hung a Masonic charm somewhat

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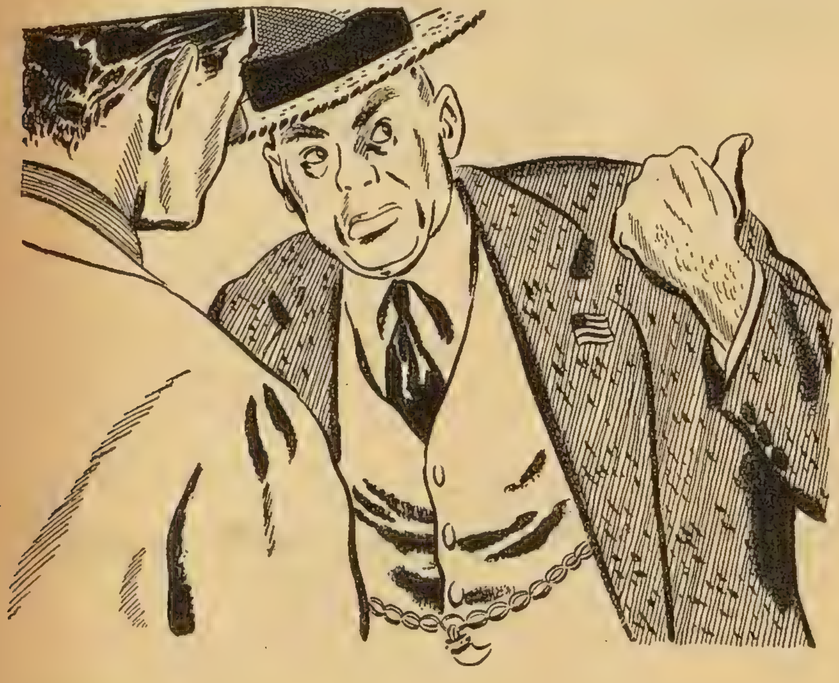
smaller than a horse weight. To the lapel of his coat was pinned a little American flag—a celluloid badge such as one used to find in popcorn balls. He halted his dash suddenly as the *gareh* driver dumped my suitcase onto the sidewalk, his face lighting with what was startlingly like a smile of recognition.

"Hello," he said. "You are also an American."

How he arrived at that diagnosis after a brief inspection of an outfit of soiled and wrinkled linens and a battered cork hat is difficult to say. Perhaps the shoes gave him a clue. They had come from Honolulu, which, after all, is by way of being American. At any rate, he seemed sure of himself.

"You have been to Baghdad," he said. "I know that. They told me at the hotel you were coming in today. I must talk to you about it. The British run Baghdad, don't they? They run Iraq? Well, then, I must talk to you about it. I am a journalist." He looked about furtively, saw nothing moving except the sleazy heat waves rising from the pavement, and lowered his voice to the pitch and timbre of the stage conspirator. "They're after me," he went on. "The British are after me! They follow me everywhere."



At the moment it appeared that the British were busy elsewhere, because he was certainly uncrowded on the sidewalk.

"They're after me," he repeated casually. "The British. I'll be back and tell you about it. My name is Eddy—Captain Eddy."

He went away under a full head of steam, easily the most incredible person in a land where the impossible is commonplace.

Nobody in his right mind would have laid a bet that Captain Eddy would ever get back from his walk in the noonday sun. He was a cordial invitation to sunstroke, if indeed he might not be considered fresh bait for the alienists. But he came back.

The British were still on his mind when he returned to the hotel two hours later, although it was obvious that if they were shadowing him they must be doing it by remote control. He was only a little hotter than when he had started out. His eyes were no longer glassy. The sun, which probably would have killed any other white man in a straw hat who ventured into that seething street, had been kind to him. He lowered himself with great dignity into a wicker chair on the terrace and ordered a large beaker of cognac, a drink which, in the circumstances, might seem to lack something as a refresher.

Then he began to talk.

Taufig Bey Maufarigge, an Americanized Egyptian with some sort of a job in the government, was also present at that first meeting with Captain Eddy. But we took little part in the conversation either then or later. We sat in silence at the unfolding of a tale the like of which had probably not been heard in the Near East since Scheherazade was a girl.

"I am a journalist," said Captain Eddy. "I was military adviser to the late Dowager Empress of China. I am a graduate physician. My father was once mayor of San Francisco. I have a news bureau in Peking [or maybe it was Shanghai]. I cable reports of news affecting industry and commerce to the great corporations of the United States—"

"And what are you doing here?" somebody wanted to know. "I am here," he explained a little petulantly, "because the British stole my passport. I can't go any farther until I get another one." He went into some detail about that. He had been robbed on shipboard somewhere between Aden and the canal. His loose change and his letter of credit had been left to him, together with other personal articles of great value. But in the final inventory the passport was gone. He was keen enough to guess at once who had taken it and why. It was the nefarious British, of course. They wanted to delay him, to prevent his accomplishment of an important mission.

"I am a press delegate to the League of Nations," he said, as if that clarified everything. "I have things to tell the League about commercial conspiracies in the Far East."

"You're a little late," commented Mr. Maufarigge, joining the discussion for the first—and only—time. "The League of Nations adjourned last week."

"We could have had reason for a special session if I had been allowed to go on to Geneva," said Captain Eddy, unperturbed. "As it is, I am temporarily defeated. I know many things that the British would like to remain secret. I have many connections in the Far East. I shall tell you something about myself."

And he did. Some of the things he told about himself were really difficult to believe.

"I have had an adventurous life," he said. "I have done a lot of good in the world, and it has been very profitable. When I got my degree in medicine many years ago, an old aunt of mine who lived in Philadelphia said she would set me up in business if I came to live with her and forgot my notions about traveling. But I figured that people got just as sick in China as in Philadelphia and I might as well see something of the world. So I went to Manchuria and opened an office in Harbin."

CAPTAIN EDDY did very well in Harbin. He made a specialty of visitors who contrived to get sick in the hotels. The captain was always strictly professional about it. He never solicited any business personally. But he overcame the handicap of such ethical conduct by hiring runners who went about recommending his services.

Even in those years when the Dowager Empress ruled in China and the World War was still far in the future, there was an undercurrent of trouble across the border in Russia. Bright-eyed young zealots were continually scrambling into Harbin to escape the rifles of the Czar's Siberian troops. Little revolutions were being incubated in every alley. The better to acquaint himself with what was going on about him, the young doctor learned to speak Russian.

"One of my best runners," he said, "was a Russian. He was a gruff, serious-minded fellow. He was always telling me about the dawn of a new day in his country when the muzhiks would be free. But I didn't have much complaint. He got to know everybody, and, fortunately, a lot of his friends were in bad health. Our association paid us both very well.

"I had no way of knowing at the time that this young man would be any different from other revolutionaries. When, after two or three years of association, we said good-by and he went back into Siberia, I actually shed tears for him. I thought surely the Czar's spies would be waiting to kill him. Not until years later did I learn how silly my fears had been. The man's right name was Stalin."

Captain Eddy achieved a fine dramatic effect with that revelation. Old acquaintances of Stalin came seldom to Cairo, and when they did they were hardly ever little men with American flags in their buttonholes.

But Stalin wasn't the only important personage he had met as a medical practitioner in Harbin. Another lad had come wandering far afield because of doctrines that his conservative countrymen did not appreciate. He too found employment with Dr. Eddy as a runner, and like Stalin he had got the knack of the job almost at once. The doctor had to learn another language in order to converse with him, but such things come easy when one is young and ambitious. The new man was brilliant, well informed, determined. He became more than an employee. Friendship grew out of that association, a friendship that continued on down through the years. He was an Italian, the captain recalled. And good showmanship would have ended the discussion right there. Nobody needed to be told the name of this pill salesman. He couldn't have been anybody else but Mussolini.

"That," said the captain, "was what gave me the idea for my news service. I have two friends at the top in the two countries from which it is most difficult to get accurate commercial reports. In addition to that I have numerous connections in China as a result of the years I spent as military adviser to the old empress. I am in a position to tell the heads of great corporations what they want to know about three of the world's greatest markets. Also I am in a position to find out things that might be embarrassing to the British. That is why they interfere with me."

He rose suddenly after that, and went away with a promise to return again some other day and tell more about his career. His audience sat in silence after he had disappeared. His contribution to the day's small talk somehow had made ordinary conversation seem like a waste of time.

That was not the end of Captain Eddy. One morning he paused on the terrace to display a Chinese umbrella. It was one of those things with which the tourist shops are littered from Port Said to Yokohama, a green, sticky affair on bamboo ribs, with decorations in the technique of a sign painter and a vigorous smell of fish glue.

"A present for you," he said, "from one journalist to another. It is very valuable. It was painted by a Chinese princess who is a special friend of mine. I want you to have it because you will appreciate it."

In such little meetings as that, cheery high spots in hot monotonous days, he revealed other things about himself. He had made a fortune as a physician, invested his money wisely, and, by strict frugality and close attention to his work as military adviser to the empress, had come to be a man of fabulous wealth.

Late in life—one gathered that it was shortly after the finish of the first World War—he had fallen in love. It was not entirely a new experience. Soon after his coming to Harbin he had married. But his wife had gone into a decline, probably accompanied by vapors, and had left him to carry on his great work alone. After that her beautiful memory had stood between him and all other women until the fateful day when he met a girl in Paris. . . .

THE story of his romance was delivered piecemeal because it involved his daughter, whom he had previously neglected to mention. The daughter, he explained, had been cared for by relatives in the United States since the death of his wife, and had married a high official in the Standard Oil Company. He thought it only fair to let her know that he was about to provide her with a stepmother. So he did. He was heartbroken when she failed to send him so much as a picture post card in reply.

"I really loved that little girl in Paris," he said dreamily. "I really did. I bought her jewels and furs and an automobile, and she said she thought we would be very happy together. She wanted a marriage settlement, but I didn't think much about that. I was a rich man and that was the French way of doing things. . . ."

Then had come a denouement that might have had a tragic effect on his life. Without any word to him, his daughter had come to Paris. She had followed him from his hotel to a café and there had got a close look at his fiancée. She had followed the fiancée and had seen her meet another man. She had trailed them to a hotel. . . . It was a sordid story that she had come at length to lay before the infatuated captain, but her proofs had been good.

"My whole life seemed ruined," he admitted. "But what was I to do? I could see how I had been tricked. Almost I had thrown away the wealth that I had intended some day to leave to my daughter.

" 'There's no fool like an old fool,' I told her. 'But I'll not put your rights in danger again.' So we went to a bank that afternoon and I turned over all my property to her—that is, everything but my news agency. I went back to China a poor man."

That, of course, might have been the end of the story had Captain Eddy been like any other man. But Captain Eddy was different. Back in Germantown was the old aunt who had urged him to practice medicine in Philadelphia. None of the family save Captain Eddy had ever paid much attention to the old aunt. None had suspected her of owning anything more than enough for her simple daily needs. But just about the time the captain got back to Shanghai or Shangri-La she died and left him a million dollars in bonds. So everything turned out all right.

So it went during the captain's stay in Cairo. Every day a new surprise—every day an increasing fear that the psychiatrists might get to him ahead of the threatening British. It was easy to feel a bit sorry for him. After all, he was such a little man in such a strange and inhospitable country.

THERE came another day when he talked of his daughter and of his abiding love for her. Taufig Bey Maufarigge, who was at the table with me, was in no mood for this recital—nor was anybody else. As usual, we listened.

"For years," the captain said, when he got around to it, "I have been collecting pearls for a lavaliere for my daughter. I have traded here and there, always trying to get better ones. Now I have three that are as beautiful as anything in the world. They cost me a fortune, but I don't care. Few people have ever seen anything like them."

Maufarigge sniffed. "And where do you keep them—in your pocket?"

Captain Eddy did not seem to notice the Egyptian's impoliteness.

"They are in a vault at the bank down the street," he said. "The British didn't get them when they took my passport."

"All right," said Maufarigge. "Let's see the pearls. Go and get them. That oughtn't to be much trouble."

The situation was unpleasant and promising to get worse. But Captain Eddy saved it.

"All right," he said, rising from his chair. "I'll get them. I'll be back in fifteen minutes. Order another double brandy for me."

He went out into the street, and Maufarigge, too, pushed back his chair. "Excuse me," he said, "but I've got an idea. I don't know anything about pearls, but I know a man who does. He imports the things. I'll bring him here—"

The jeweler, a hawk-faced Egyptian, was at the table when Captain Eddy came back. He was obviously annoyed at being dragged out of his shop and just as obviously convinced that he was wasting his time. He sipped ice water and drummed on the table with lean fingers.

The captain hardly noticed him as he sat down. He took a considerable gulp of brandy, then extracted a wad of tissue paper from his vest pocket. He unrolled it carefully and spread on the table three pear-shaped pearls as big as marbles, the loveliest things that anybody at the table had ever seen. The jeweler picked them up reverently, studied them one at a time against the light, and set them down again. He looked at Captain Eddy in deep amazement.

"If you would sell them," he said in slow, careful English, "I shall give you fifty thousand pounds for them. They are worth more, but that is all I can afford."

The captain wrapped them once more in the wad of tissue paper, put them back in his vest pocket, and went away in silence.

That, so far as this chronicler is concerned, ends the saga of Captain Eddy. For days afterward he was about the hotel, whispering to people behind the potted palms, still wearing his straw hat and tweeds, still dashing in great haste out into the sun. But somehow he had changed. He was a man who told strange stories, but he was also a man who carried a fortune in pearls in his vest pocket.

It probably serves no good purpose to bring up the story of Captain Eddy, except that it may illustrate why people stay in—if not why they get into—the newspaper business. You meet such interesting people.

It is part of the fable of this queer trade that one starts into it with a great singleness of purpose. Urging him on are the spirits of countless crusaders who righted the wrongs of mankind with flaming words. Ahead of him are the paths of sacrifice that he will pursue heroically until he has accomplished his great mission and sits down in Omsk or Nagasaki to compile his personal record. Well, maybe. . . .

THE sawmill in which I went to work when I found out that there were reasons why I could never be a chemical engineer was about as far from a city desk as the most inveterate visionary could imagine. But it turned out to be the reason why at least one person got into the newspaper business.

This mill was in Rapid City, South Dakota. I hadn't wanted to be a bookkeeper any more than I had wanted to work in a sawmill. I didn't know anything about bookkeeping. But even in the few months that had intervened between my college diploma and the first snow I had learned a great deal about economic necessity. I have since come to the belief that economic necessity plus opportunity may explain why most men are what they are and not something else.

Bookkeeping, many of my friends tell me, is not such a bad profession. But I am forced to admit that I found it lacking in variety, save for the totals which never came out the same way twice.

It was bitter cold that year, eighteen and twenty below most of the time, and I lived a mile and a half from the mill. The walk was bad enough in the wintry twilight when enough folks were abroad in the town to lend first aid if you slipped and broke your leg. At ten or eleven at night (which was the time you usually arrived at a balance if you arrived at all) it was an expedition. I began to hate bookkeeping with considerable intensity.

One night, when everything seemed to be working out beautifully, I found that I had one cent in the cash drawer more than I had on the books. Other, better bookkeepers no doubt had had similar experiences. I am informed that in such cases it is customary to tinker with the books until they come out even with the cash. But I had had enough tinkering with books. I struck a balance by the simple trick of throwing the penny into the coal scuttle.

After that I went home. I didn't know it until a week later when the auditors got through their work, but I was even then on my way into the newspaper business.

The city editor of the Des Moines Register and Leader must have been too tired for argument when I came in to see him after my career in the sawmill. There could have been no other reason for his hiring me.

"What makes you think you could be a reporter?" he inquired.

"Because," I told him frankly, "I don't know anything about keeping books."

"Were you the editor in chief of your college daily?" he wanted to know.

I told him the truth about that, too. "Our college didn't have any daily."

He was pleased, and said so. "That's a break. Everybody who's been in here in the past two months has been editor in chief of his college daily. Do you feel that a job as a reporter is what you want most in the world?"

"I want to be a chemical engineer," I said. "But I've only got one lung."

"One lung's enough," he commiserated. "I'll put you on. Next Saturday you'll get eighteen dollars for the week or you'll be fired."

Save for a case of amoebic dysentery, life on the Register and Leader doesn't seem much different in retrospect from that on any other newspaper. The hours were long, but nobody had to do much work. The criticism of the desk was biting but undoubtedly deserved. The pay wasn't much but it was better than it had been in the sawmill. The paper was prosperous, influential, and well edited.

Bob Wright, the city editor, had serious, even forbidding manners but innate patience and a great gentleness. He may have felt like firing me many times, but he never got around to it. He never made any pretense of running a school of journalism, but he had a few simple rules, easily mastered, such as: Write on only one side of the paper. Tell something of what the story's about in the first paragraph. Try to get the names right—some people are sensitive about such things. Don't leave the office to go chasing after fire engines unless you are sent.

Of course numerous things happened during those months in Des Moines, but none so important to me as when somebody found out that I could keep a box score. I was made sports editor.

Sports reporting promised well but was not an unqualified joy. The budget provided for only one sports editor for the morning Register and Leader and the afternoon Tribune, and in consequence days that had been long before got longer. Save for baseball, if the local club's performance could be called that, there wasn't much going on in the way of athletic effort during the summer. Nobody thought there was any news in golf, and only men with time on their hands could get out to the golf clubs anyway. Tennis was generally classed as a symptom of mental deficiency. Power-boating on the Des Moines River was suspended because there wasn't enough water to lay the dust. Prizefighting was illegal and nobody appears to have thought of calling it boxing. It was difficult to get much suspense into a story about a game of Kelly pool. Frank Gotch, Iowa's own wrestling champion, had already been interviewed on every possible subject from crop prospects to the state of the Republican Party.

In those days, and for that matter until not so many years ago, newspapermen were a migratory lot. They were also carefree, undisciplined, and independent. If you didn't like your job, if you objected to the policy of the paper or the climate or the slant of the city editor's ears—well, what of it? You could always get another job in St. Louis, in Kansas City, in Akron, in Denver, in Scranton. Maybe you'd get more pay—you weren't likely to get much less. You'd have all the broadening experience of travel. And eventually you'd land in New York.

It was Chester Cogswell who first put the yearning for green fields and pastures new on a practical basis.

"All towns are the same," he contended, "and all city editors were sprouted in the same greenhouse. There's no use trying to better yourself by jumping around. But maybe if a guy traveled south he could save the price of a new overcoat."

I went south in a light-weight rubber raincoat, and very nearly froze to death. I had been in correspondence with one Harry Warner, managing editor of the Houston (Texas) Post. As the summer faded he must have begun to believe my direct-by-mail advertising, for he telegraphed the offer of a job. It arrived, fortunately, the day after I had printed a half-page portrait of Bombardier Wells, probably the world's worst heavyweight, in the Sunday sports section, for want of anything better to fill space.

IT'S funny how quickly a confident young man can graduate from the kindergarten class in the newspaper business. When I came to the Houston Post I was no longer a cub: I had had three or four months' experience. I didn't have to be told to write on one side of the paper or to refrain from chasing fire engines unless assigned. I knew enough to get the names and initials of people into the stories I wrote about them. And, so far as I could see, a managing editor didn't have to know much more. With the amazing gall of youth I would have taken on any job from dramatic criticism to the cotton market—and frequently did, with results that pleased me if nobody else. When in the course of years I accumulated a bit of modesty, it was a comfort to find out that this brashness had not been peculiar to me. Any young reporter knows that he can do anything. The pity of it is that so much of his life is spent in demonstrating that he can't.

Houston was not a bad place to work in, but not what I had hoped for climatically. The winters, after one got used to them, weren't bad. The summers were, though, and I decided not to martyr myself to them. My next stop was the Chicago Inter-Ocean (morning, daily and Sunday, Republican).

It is difficult for any modern newspaperman to envision what sort of periodical was the old Inter-Ocean. Physically its offices were quiet enough. The published product was a study in perfectly edited dullness. Inwardly, it was a joyful madhouse, architect's model for all the Hollywood journals ever screened. The staff had the permanence of a crowd in a railroad station. Nobody ever took his hat off or sat back in his chair. Nobody ever knew who actually worked there, except perhaps a clerk in the payroll department, and one never heard his testimony. His big day of the week, naturally, was payday—and on that day he was usually in hiding, along with the cashier and the business manager.

Presumably the Inter-Ocean had some kind of circulation. It seemed best to the management never to talk about it. There was never enough advertising to make news space a problem. Any reader, if one admits for the sake of discussion that there were any readers, could see that for himself. The Inter-Ocean would have been forced to operate entirely without money were it not for the fact that it had an electric power plant in the basement and peddled current to neighboring Loop buildings. For this service it collected cash.

CITY editor of the Inter-Ocean was Jim Crown, who had brought to the business great executive gifts and an impressive bellow. He had a genius for handling raw material. Somehow, drunk or sober, his reporters contrived to produce.

Outstanding in his weird crew was one Si Clare, who even then, in spite of all temptations, was a good reporter. Mr. Clare had ingenuity and a nice approach and, moreover, he could write. The only trouble with him was that he would get drunk, and whenever he got drunk he would go to Dubuque.

Neither Mr. Clare nor anyone else was ever able to explain his yearn for Dubuque. He had never known any one who lived there. He had never seen the place save through a thinning alcoholic haze. But he would go to Dubuque and, having arrived, would telegraph Jim Crown for enough money to come home on.

One evening he returned, sober and chastened in spirit, to hear what Mr. Crown might have to say about his most recent hegira. Mr. Crown, in his best voice, said plenty.

"I'm sick and tired of it," he roared, "and I'm giving you just one more chance! Get up on your dogs and go out and keep the death watch on Wayman. Don't come back until I tell you, and if you get drunk don't come back at all."

Charles Wayman, who had been state's attorney, was dying. In the composing room of the Inter-Ocean a dummy front page announcing his end and recounting his various works was in the form, ready for the stereotypers. Si's job—to give the word that would release the dummy—involved the tedium of a possible all-night vigil. It was an office boy's job, but as discipline for a reporter just returned from Dubuque it had its points.

Wayman's house stood in a new subdivision, virtually alone, the boards, bricks, and other backwash of building activity scattered about it. Si Clare arrived to find reporters and photographers shooting craps under the front porch.

They offered him a drink of bourbon, but Mr. Clare wasn't having any. With a wave of new-found virtue, he resented the offer. The boys meant well, but he had no illusions. So long as they had liquor to give away he would not be able to trust himself to sit down under the porch. He went up the steps and rang the bell.

A detective answered the ring—a detective whom Si recognized.

"Listen," said Mr. Clare. "I can't stick around here. I've got to find a phone. Do me a favor. When Wayman dies, pull down the front-parlor shade and raise it twice to give me a signal."

The detective agreed. Si turned away to establish a base of communication.

There was a telephone in the house across the street, but an Examiner reporter stood at it, keeping the line open. Mr. Clare moved dispiritedly toward the corner, where things looked better. Set back in a wooded lot, but still within view of the Wayman parlor window, was a large house with no signs of life about it. Back of the house was a garage and into the garage led a telephone line. Mr. Clare crossed the street. Through the garage window he could see the telephone on the opposite wall.

The simple trick of burglary involved in opening the window was nothing to bother a person of Mr. Clare's talents. In less than three minutes the lower sash went up and Si hoisted a leg over the sill. He was well inside when a hand was laid on his shoulder. He turned about, to confront a policeman.

"This," said the policeman, "is breaking and entering or I ain't John Spiegelbuehler. You come along with me."

Mr. Clare protested vigorously. He explained everything. The policeman was not impressed.

"It's breaking and entering," he said. "Come along."

"Listen," pleaded Mr. Clare. "This is a big opportunity for you. You know you can pound a beat for years and you'll be just an ordinary cop until the day you die unless you get publicity. I can give you publicity. I'll get your name in this story—right there on the front page. Everybody will see it. Your captain will see it. He'll have to take some notice of you."

CITY EDITOR

Policeman Spiegelbuehler considered the offer while Mr. Clare sweated.

"All right," he agreed at length. "You get my name in the paper. But no monkey business, see, or I'll run you in."

Just then the curtain went down and up twice in the living-room window of Mr. Wayman's house. Si rushed to the telephone and called his office.

He hadn't much to do except say, "Wayman just died." But he felt the thrill of the occasion even though he had had no part in producing it. Jim Crown took the call in the composing room and Clare could hear the resultant turmoil.

"Let 'er go!" he could hear Crown yell. And he held onto the phone listening to the racket as the form was wheeled across the iron floor. Now the stereotypers would be rolling a dry mat onto the type. Now they would be casting. Presently the presses would start. . . . Mr. Clare was still in something of a reverie as he put the receiver back on the hook and looked up into the face of an angry policeman.

"Listen," urged the policeman. "I heard every word you said. And you didn't say nothing about me. My name ain't going to be on no front page."

"My error," said Mr. Clare hastily. "I guess I was excited. But I'll fix it up right away." Once more he called Mr. Crown.

"Sorry, Jim," he said. "But there's something I forgot to mention. I've got an add to the Wayman story. Get it right. It's important. I'll dictate:

"While the great man was dying, Officer John Spiegelbuehler—S for Samuel, P for Patrick, I for Isaac, E for Edward, G for George, E for Edward, L for Louis, B for Benjamin, U for Useless, E for Edward, H for Henry, L for Louis, E for Edward, and R for Robert—Spiegelbuehler. You got that—Spiegelbuehler? . . . All right. While the great man was dying, Officer John Spiegelbuehler was walking his beat."

Mr. Crown's long-distance bellow shocked Mr. Clare's ears. Tenuous but sharp came the anguished cry of the city editor as he turned away from the telephone.

"Get back that form!" roared Mr. Crown. "Get back that form! Si Clare's drunk again."

It was obvious that such a newspaper as the Inter-Ocean could not last forever. But it is human nature that one never expects the inevitable, especially when it has been postponed from day to day over a period of years. We were distinctly shocked on the night when we came down to work as usual and found a neat sign on the front door: James Keeley had bought the paper and was about to junk it. The Inter-Ocean would go to press for the last time that night.

Somebody hired a German band to stand in the lobby and tootle all during the deathwatch. From eight that evening until two in the morning the band played a single tune: I'm on My Way to Mandalay. It wasn't good music but appropriate and we enjoyed it. We enjoyed everything, for that matter. All jokes sounded uproariously funny. All the old humdrum of getting out the paper suddenly had become high comedy. We had a fine time until the palsied presses began their futile rattle and the last edition was in.

Then the printers began to come down the iron stairs from the composing room. For the first time we discovered that few of them were youngsters like ourselves. Most of them were gray and bent and slow of step. We remembered having heard that some of them had worked in that shop upstairs for thirty years. Nearly all of them were in tears, and looking at them we began to wonder what we'd been laughing at.

IT has been said, not without some reason, that the late John Eastman, publisher of the Chicago Daily Journal, was the last of the great personal editors. There may be some argument about whether or not he was great, but nobody who knew him will deny that his methods were personal. His S. O. B. list—the roster of names that in no circumstances were to find themselves in print in his paper—was one of the longest ever seen north of the Mason and Dixon line. He could read veiled insult into the transcript of a speech by a candidate for dogcatcher. He could be roused to picturesque indignation by an obscure ordinance relating to the removal of garbage. However, it must be admitted that life in his vicinity was never dull.

Old John was born in Easton, Ohio, in 1862. He was educated as a civil engineer at Ohio State University, and came to Chicago in 1890 as a reporter for the Herald. In 1898 he went East as advertising manager of the New York Journal, where he impressed Mr. William Randolph Hearst with his numerous qualities. So when Hearst decided to come into Chicago it seemed logical that he should pick Eastman to do the spadework. John returned to Chicago and founded the American in 1900.

Some time afterward Hearst and Eastman quarreled. We never got the straight of it. We never asked anybody. It seemed natural that people should quarrel with Hearst then, just as they seem to have been doing ever since. And as for John, he wasn't any too easy to get along with.

There is a legend about the Hearst-Eastman feud that has many marks of truth about it, although years of research have failed to verify it. Mr. Eastman's mother died, so the story goes, and her obituary was printed in the American—forty-five words on page 26. Old John's pride was hurt. He thought that an old-time friend had intended a personal affront, and the name of Hearst went onto the rapidly lengthening list on the copy desk. Then Mrs. Phoebe Hearst died, and old John adjusted the score.

"Mrs. Phoebe Hearst died today," read Mr. Eastman's contribution to the obit column. "She was the mother of a newspaper publisher and weighed ninety-five pounds."

Once John had a little row with City Attorney Harry B. Miller. John thought he had been unkind to us in the matter of a libel suit that grew out of the action of one of his assistants. Years later Mr. Miller wanted the Journal's support in his campaign for state's attorney. He mentioned his need in an interview that started off with smiles, handshaking, and a great amount of sweetness and light.

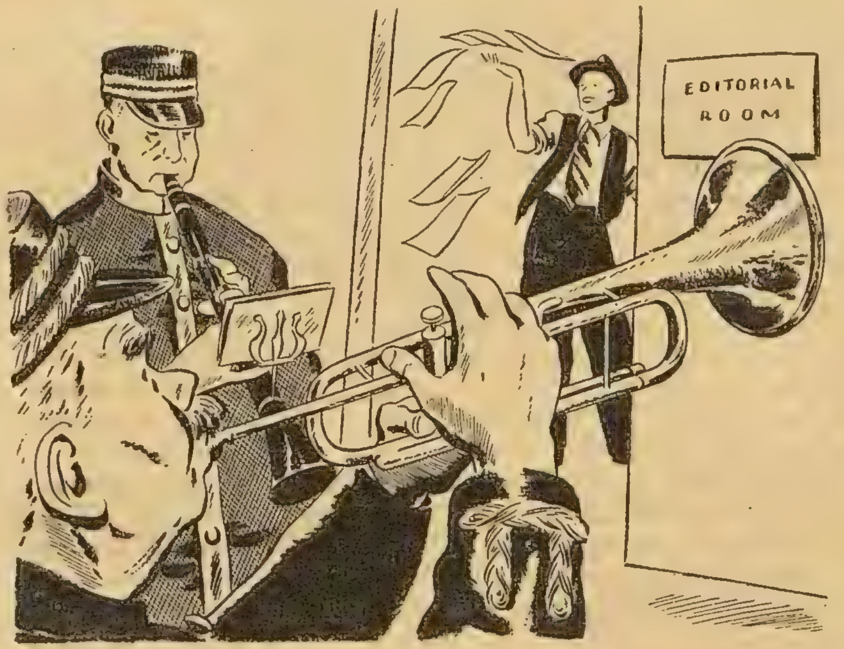
"I think you know me, John," said the candidate. "It's hardly necessary for me to go into my record with you."

"Of course not, Harry," replied John cheerily. "I've known you for years. You're the S. O. B. who threw me down in the Whosis case."

I spoke of this afterward to Mr. Eastman—when the votes were counted and Mr. Miller's defeat was comfortably assured—and he explained his philosophy. He had lighted a cigar and was broadly expansive and pleased with himself.

"A newspaperman can get even with anybody in the world if he lives long enough," he said. "I just sit here quietly with a bouquet of roses in one hand and a sockful of night soil in the other. And my friends and my enemies pass under my window."

In honest inventory I can see that my own contributions to the brightness and sales appeal of the paper over a period of some six years did not amount to much. When the war came I was doubling as automobile editor and sports paragrapher. After I got back from France I was a rewrite man—and I might have been a sports writer, perhaps even a moderately good sports writer. For that fall Dick Finnegan and Sherman Duffy connived to give me my opportunity. I was assigned to help cover the World Series.



Possibly I should have been hardheaded and realistic enough to appraise what happened afterward. But—I offer it as my only excuse—I looked on Sherman Duffy as the greatest judge of sports I had ever known, and if he didn't suspect any venality in this world-shaking event, there seemed no reason why I should. I laced myself into my shining armor and went out with Joe Foley, the baseball writer, to look upon the third game of the series between the Chicago White Sox and the Cincinnati Reds.

The performance seemed amateurish, not to say putrid. I marveled at the way fly balls bounced out of the glove of shoeless Joe Jackson, and I wrote down the White Sox as a fourth-rate baseball team—no better and no worse than other fourth-rate baseball teams with which I had at times been associated. But I saw no evil.

Along about the fourth inning of that game, Foley and I got duplicate telegrams from John Eastman, who was doing something in Cincinnati: "HAVE INCONTROVERTIBLE EVIDENCE THIS SERIES FIXED STOP WHAT ABOUT IT QUESTION."

I don't know what Foley said, but my reply was a fine tribute to my innocence and credulity: "SUCH THINGS ARE NOT DONE IN THE BIG LEAGUES."

One draws a veil.

There is one other story I cherish of my days on the Journal. It is about the printer who sold the Journal's fire escape. Workmen had taken it down for extension and repair, and a junk dealer saw it just as he saw this printer picking his teeth in the front door.

"How much?" inquired the junkman.

"Fifty bucks," said the printer, without knowing what he was talking about. So the junkman gave him fifty dollars and took the fire escape away in his wagon. Such larceny occasioned less comment in that neighborhood than you might think.

IN the past fifteen or twenty years numerous clever authors have toyed with the idea of writing books about the Herald and Examiner.

Nothing came of it for reasons that became obvious after the most superficial research.

"It would be easy to write such a book," was the burden of their song. "But who would believe it after you got it done?"

Who indeed! The Examiner was never, properly speaking, a newspaper at all, but something out of the Red Queen's dream.

It may not have exerted much influence on Chicago. Its circulation was never big enough and it was never out of the red from the day when Hearst in an optimistic moment founded it to be the morning companion of the Evening American. But it undoubtedly had its effect on journalism in the United States. Those who know best say that anybody who was able to spend a year in its local room and retain his sanity was *de facto* qualified to work on any newspaper in the world.

The difference between the Examiner and other journals began right at the top. It generally had three managing editors. One might do well to stop and examine this phenomenon. The managing editors did not function on any sliding scale of authority, one in command and the two others answerable to him. They were of equal ranks, and in the period of their finest flower each had his own ideas and his own staff.

Mr. Hearst, who was certainly in his prime when he inaugurated the three-platoon system of managing editors, may have thought to pursue the policy of Louis XI, who learned how to divide and conquer. It was impossible for any one managing editor to loaf on the job when he knew that two others were waiting for a chance to harpoon him. That, presumably, made for a high degree of efficiency in the executive department. It was somewhat confusing to the rank and file.

Latterly, when times got tough, there were not so many of them. Sometimes there was only one with the official label. But that did not deceive anybody. Behind the man with the badge there was always somebody to dispute his decisions and keep the plant in a state of effervescence. It had been ordered so in the beginning, and so it continued.

There was one wonderful era—there seem to have been only two supreme executives at the time—when it was the custom of the day managing editor to leave a complete newspaper written, edited, set up, and in the forms ready to roll, for the man who took over at 6 P. M. The night managing editor, without looking at this gift, would toss it into the hellbox and proceed to get out a paper of his own.

There was a night managing editor during the war years who survived, despite the precarious tenure of such jobs on the Examiner, because nobody ever scooped him.

His method was simple but adequate. He would stay in his office until the final editions of the Herald and the Tribune had come in. If they contained anything at all that his own paper had missed, he would clip out such material, have it headed and set, remake his front page, and run off a few copies of a new and better edition of the Examiner. By that time all the wagons would be out and the newsstands would be loaded for the day's sales, but no matter. This final-extra-final edition was private but important. That was the edition that went into the mail to Mr. Hearst.

My own tour of duty with the Examiner was brief and uneventful. I found my way to the copy desk there after the finish of the Inter-Ocean, and remained only until I was able to get a job as a reporter somewhere else. But, short as was my stay, I learned much about high-tension journalism.

Multiple managing editors and kindred blights may have been a sore burden to the constantly changing local staffs of the Herald and Examiner, but they never caused any lasting woe. If a reporter hasn't the ability to adjust himself to queer conditions he shouldn't be a reporter.

The lads had a downright affection for Mr. Sam Makaroff, who was by turns office boy, assistant city editor, and "roving city editor." Mr. Makaroff's education was sketchy and his acquaintance with the English language purely platonic. To the best of his ability he maintained a dignified front and he seemed conscious of his position. But he made a nice foil for the stuffed shirts and so came to enjoy lasting popularity.

He became something of a legend around Chicago when he tried to board a special train bearing a lot of society notables on an errand which the world, unfortunately, has forgotten.

A calm and dignified gentleman tried to shoo him off the observation platform.

"I'm Charles Harkness Harkness-Clifford," said the gentleman sternly.

"You're a son of a bitch-bitch," returned Mr. Makaroff.

His gifted repartee naturally made him famous overnight. But it was really his sense of phrase in the routine exercise of a desk job that got him his lasting place in the sun.

A weeping woman had appeared at a coroner's inquest into the death of her husband, and Mr. Makaroff wanted to make sure that the rewrite man understood the story's pathos.

"Soften it up," he directed. "Get in something about her widow's tweeds."

And once there was the matter of a story that had suddenly blown up.

"Not much on this," he ordered. "Give me half a paragraph."

One of the itinerant managing editors appeared one night with acidosis and an abiding scorn for the talents of his staff. "The trouble with this paper," he informed Mr. Makaroff, "is that nobody dares to be original. Every story in the proofs tonight is filled with old expressions—platitudes."

So Mr. Makaroff went out and shot the adrenalin into his loyal workers.

"The boss says we got too many old platitudes," he told them. "You gotta snap out of it and get a lotta new platitudes."

SI CLARE, biographer of Policeman Spiegelbuehler, came to the Examiner with other wreckage of the old Inter-Ocean and rose to great prominence. He no longer went to Dubuque when he got drunk, or rather he went there only once. On that occasion he went through his routine of telegraphing for help to Jim Crown, City Editor, the Inter-Ocean, Chicago. But there was no Inter-Ocean and there wasn't any Jim Crown in Chicago. So Mr. Clare arrived at sobriety in a police station and was two days convincing anybody that he ought to be brought home. From then on, Dubuque seems to have lost its glamor.

The desk next to Mr. Clare's was occupied by Mr. Earl Ackroyd, another of those geniuses who drift unsung through the newspaper business. Mr. Ackroyd in some previous existence had learned how to take a typewriter apart and put it together again and his mechanical skill had remained with him when he became a rewrite man for the Examiner.

One afternoon, with time hanging heavy on his hands, he noticed the sad state of Mr. Clare's typewriter and was seized by a generous impulse to fix it up. He sent a boy across the street for a ten-cent screwdriver and went to work. When he had finished, the typewriter was mechanically as good as before but it was different. The ingenious Mr. Ackroyd had changed the position of quite a lot of the type bars without disturbing the keys. He put away his screwdriver and sat back expectantly. He had the feeling that Mr. Clare, fresh from the inspiration of a cooling saloon, would have a lot of fun with his typewriter.

Mr. Clare came in at five o'clock as expected and in the cheery state that Mr. Ackroyd had foreseen. He sat down and wrote:

By Si Clare

Gang guns blazed again today on Chicago's West Side and in the thinning smoke of black powder the police discovered the bodies of Tony ("The Flea") Raspucci and John ("Bowlegs") Iskovitch . . ."

Or at least that is what he thought he was writing. When he looked at his copy he read:

Qn Lo Eswkt

Uwfu uxfl qswmtr wuwof zgrwn gf Eioewug'l Vtlz Lort wfr of zit zioffofu ldgat gy qswea hgvrtk zit hgsoet rolegctktr zit qgrotl gy Zgfn ("Zit Ystw") Kwlhxeeo wfr Pgif ("Ogvstul") Olagcozei . . .

Mr. Clare showed alarm. He tore the copy paper out of the typewriter and handed it to Mr. Ackroyd.

"Look at that," he urged. "Does that make sense?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Ackroyd, who knew in advance what assignment Mr. Clare had been covering. "It's about Raspucci and Iskovitch. They got shot."

Mr. Clare tried it again with no better result, arose in sudden panic and started out of the office.

"The hootch has got me," he announced hollowly. "I can think swell but I can't write anything that I can read. I'm going on the wagon right now." But he didn't. Instead he got a new typewriter.

THE Chicago Daily News, when I came to it from Mr. Hearst's American in 1920, was probably the strangest newspaper in the world.

The main-floor room looked like something you remembered having seen in a woodcut . . . golden-oak counters, curly grilles, old gas fixtures unconvincingly wired for electricity. And in the midst of this, trim, corseted, and aloofly dignified, were graying women who had been girl clerks when Victor Lawson began this amazing experiment with a penny newspaper. There was an atmosphere of Dickens about it—or of Cruikshank, I never could decide which. And it was fortunate that this exhibit was right where you could see it the minute you came in from the street. It gave you an accurate idea of what the rest of the place was like.

The newspaper itself at the time was still being printed in letters a little bigger than agate. There was a conservatism in the make-up that even a war and reluctant juggling of eight-column headlines had never quite eliminated. From the look of the outer office, the help, and the front page, you might have thought that the paper was turned out on a hand press, and maybe it was. Circulation was limited in those days by the capacity of the venerable equipment in the basement. So was the size of the paper, and because of that restriction so was the amount of advertising that could be accepted for publication on any given day. The Chicago Daily News was then the only paper I had ever worked on or ever heard about that threw ads into the hellbox to make way for news.

In one of the coops on the third floor Bob Andrews, now one of the more successful Hollywood scenarists, toiled all day long writing editorial-page features in longhand. Somebody asked him one day why he didn't learn to use a typewriter, and he blew up.

"Sir," he said, "I was state typing champ of Minnesota for three consecutive years. They won't let me use a typewriter because it annoys the other editors."

There were about four telephones in the local room aside from those on the desks of the managing and city editors. One of them had a hand ringer and was probably the last of its type in Illinois.

Mr. Lawson was getting on in years when I came to work for him. If he felt that I was bestowing any boon on his declining years by entering under his roof he never gave any sign. One pretty country-weekly custom stayed with us until Mr. Lawson died—Christmas turkey distribution. It probably started out as a bit of hasty remembrance when there were probably a dozen hands on the payroll including the night watchman. But by the time I found a place in the old building something more than twelve hundred turkeys—and some of the finest ones I ever saw—were being carted over each year. If you didn't want a turkey you could take a five-dollar gold piece instead, and everybody was quite happy about the whole arrangement except Frank Spalding, a quiet man who was head of the copy desk. Spalding never accepted his turkey and went into a flat spin whenever anybody mentioned it to him. He used to make an annual speech to the effect that this was a relic of feudalism and that he declined to wear Lawson's iron ring around his neck and be a serf.

The staff readily sympathized with Spalding's attitude. If a man wanted to be an individualist, this was certainly the place for it. And if Spalding wanted to buy his own Christmas turkey as a matter of principle, that was certainly all right with everybody. About the only thing that came of the great annual turkey refusal was that Mr. Spalding didn't get any turkey.

It probably is needless to mention that Mr. Spalding, our only turkey-protestant, wasn't alone in his tendency to be different. It was fairly easy to be different at 15 North Wells Street, because, paradoxically, if you weren't different you were quite likely to be considered odd. We had a police reporter who was a part-time evangelist and a rewrite man who operated his own still. We had one lad covering trials who was perfectly deaf—a blessing that would have been of more use to him on the American. We had Carl Sandburg and the youthful Ben Hecht and Rube Goldberg and more briefly Henry J. Luce and Vincent Sheehan.

Con Rourke was also with us in those improbable times and for many a day after our transfer to quarters of chrome and enamel and matched furniture. Con was a tall, gaunt, quiet-mannered soul who moved like a ghost, spoke seldom, and had more friends than anybody else on the premises. It is said that he once fell asleep in a private dining room at the Great Northern Hotel, and awoke to find himself unnoticed in the middle of a strike committee of the railroad brotherhoods contemplating war. That may be apocryphal, but it is certain that he had a sort of subconscious perception that enabled him to take his rest in improbable places without missing much that was going on about him.

For example, he could sit through a whole session of the City Council apparently asleep, and arise at the last gavel to give an intelligent résumé of the proceedings over the phone. There was one hitch to this talent. Once he had delivered his report, he could no longer recall a single thing he had said. On an occasion when an inexperienced rewrite man called him back to verify some detail, Con didn't know what he was talking about.

Con used to be a faithful attendant at newspapermen's funerals until the day the whole town turned out for his own.

On occasion he would recall in mournful fashion the obsequies of one Fred Busch, a Record-Herald reporter, who had died in a North Clark Street rooming house, alone. Fred had no relatives or church connections, so his comrades took over his funeral without what they called professional interference. An amateur preacher from the Record-Herald staff undertook to conduct the services at the graveside, and might have done fairly well save for the fact that it had rained all night and the clay of the graveyard was sodden and slippery. In shifting his weight from one foot to the other, the preacher slipped and shot under the coffin into the grave.

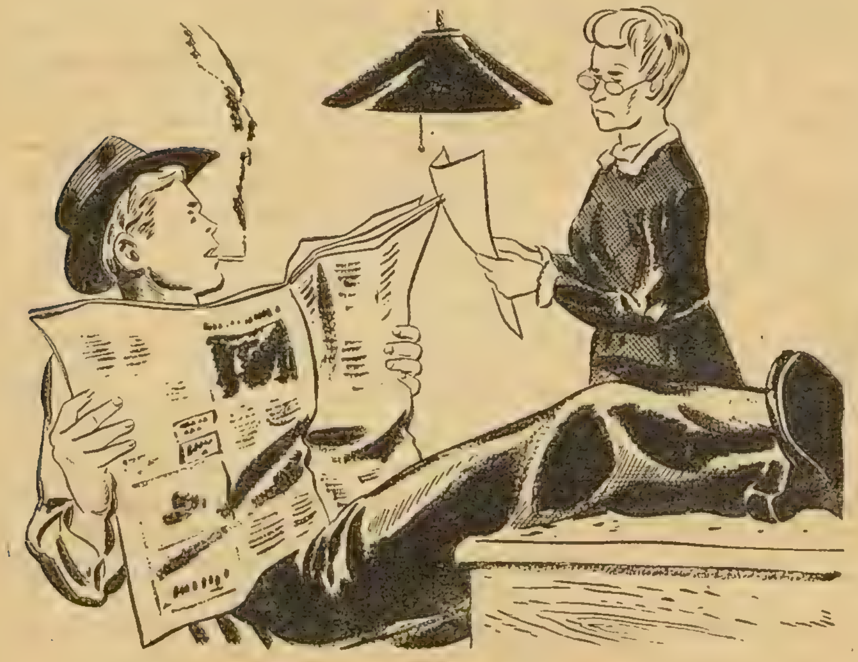
"It was very confusing," Con had said. "Half the mourners didn't see where this guy had gone, and the other half were in favor of burying him along with the corpse."

THE Ghost Catcher was probably the most permanent institution about the News, if one excepts a couple of broken-down presses. He remained with us until he went away somewhere shortly before the beginning of the current war. And then everybody had to remember back to the day when there had been no ghost catcher.

As a matter of fact, he arrived at the old building in Wells Street one summer day in 1921, and was turned over by the doorman to Ray Quisno, who appreciated him. Mr. Quisno in turn gave him to me.

The visitor turned out to be a medium-sized person, a little stooped, a little dusty. He wasn't well shaved; his clothing—which looked like a relic of somebody else's elegance—didn't fit him. He was wearing a stubble-colored straw hat which continued to top off his costume as long as I knew him. He said that his name was Professor Otto Reichmann. He explained that he was a ghost catcher of considerable talent and that he'd like some work in this field.

He spoke with a pronounced German accent and sputtered somewhat at high speed, but eventually I managed to make out that he had once been hired by the Tribune as part of a claque that went around exposing spirit mediums. He had been paid five dollars a night for his part in this interesting crusade, and had just about decided to make it his life's work when the supply of mediums ran out. He hadn't looked in on a séance for months, and it had occurred to him that maybe we might think it time to revive the racket. He came fully equipped for the work—which is to say, he had some little bells on thin threads, some wax to attach the bells where ghosts might trip over them, a flashlight, and cards on which he described himself as a professional ghost catcher.



We couldn't give him a job, but we did what was worse: we gave him a lot of publicity. After that he was a daily visitor. He had his mail addressed in my care. He wrote his letters on the rim of the copy desk and permitted the telegraph editor to mail them for him. He loitered about the local room pretty much as he pleased, chattering to anybody who would listen to him. He asked Arline, the beautiful telephone operator, to marry him, but she said no.

During the first months of his connection with our lives he had a night job somewhere on a German weekly or in a German job-printing plant or something. But along toward winter he quit mentioning his work and began to tell us about the difficulty of getting a job. One day he confided that he was pretty hungry and I staked him to the price of a meal and after that he was ours completely.

I used to marvel during those winter months that he brought me flowers every morning. At first I thought he might be saving some of the few pennies he collected every day to buy these things.

Then he told me that he was doing a little janitor work for a florist friend. And then one day I found a card on a nice bouquet of lilies: "With sincere sympathy of the Goertz family."

He moved with us to the new building, where he found things much better than in the old. Walter Strong was then publisher of the News. The new building was one of his creations and he was remarkably proud to hear people tell him that it was the finest in all the world.

The crowning compliment to his magnificent work came one day with a delegation of South American publishers and editors. They had visited Washington for some sort of Pan-American congress—but from Washington to Chicago they had come for the single purpose of looking at Walter Strong's clean and glistening print shop.

The delegation, under the escort of Mr. Strong, reached the local room right after the opening markets edition had gone to press. Three copyreaders had taken the opportunity to dash down to the drugstore for a cup of coffee. Three hadn't yet reported for work. One was in the lavatory. The slot man was down in the composing room. Mr. Strong, thrilled as always at the sight of a local room that was at once efficient and as clean as a hospital, looked about him expansively. He and his guests had reached the copy desk before his eye swung back to the horseshoe.

There, all alone on the rim, sat a soiled old man in a grease-spotted overcoat and bilious-looking straw hat, writing something on a sheet of copy paper.

Mr. Strong, overcome with emotion, touched him on the shoulder and said: "I beg your pardon, but who are you?"

Professor Reichmann turned around with an odd combination of surprise and indignation.

"I, sir," he cried, leaping to his feet, "I am the Ghost Catcher!"

That, of course, was the official end of the Ghost Catcher, although he lasted unofficially for a long time afterward. Walter Strong never quite forgave us. But we probably could have worked up a vote of thanks from the visiting publishers. I'm quite sure that they saw nothing else in the News building that interested them so much.

The year of the passing of the Ghost Catcher was also the year of the Tarn River floods in France, the evacuation of the Rhineland by the Allies, the fall of the Bolivian government, the closing of the Bank of the United States in New York City, and the coming of Abraham Mahoney.

ABEY MAHONEY isn't so hard to say when you learn that the second name is Lincoln. But it was some time before we knew that, and we puzzled over Mr. Mahoney—a thing we were still doing years later.

Mr. Mahoney was large and dark and very mysterious, with a deep impressive voice and a hypnotic eye. He carried about with him an atmosphere of ominous portent and even the old-timers on the staff waited momentarily for him to toss a miracle.

Nobody was surprised when he was one of the first reporters sent out of the office on the morning of the St. Valentine's Day Massacre. Nobody would have been surprised had he come back with all the killers or all the corpses. But that wasn't the way it turned out.

John Craig had told Mr. Mahoney what he was to do. He was to take a taxicab to the scene of the shambles. He was to spend five minutes getting what comment he could out of the officials who happened to be present. Then he was to hop back into his taxicab and return to the office Mr. Mahoney did all that and, as might have been expected, a bit more.

"I talked to Dr. Bundesen, the coroner. I talked a little to Joe Mullins of the homicide squad. And I came away like you told me. But on the way out I got a chance to swipe this coat off the hook right above where the bodies were lying. I haven't had a chance to look at it, because the taxi driver was nosey and maybe suspicious. But here it is—"

He held out a gray coat from the pocket of which he extracted a wad of paper.

"May be evidence," he said. And he opened the packet to read: "Care of the four-month-old baby . . ."

"O. K.," said Craig. "Now you know who owns it, take it back." Mr. Mahoney, it seems, had stolen the coroner's coat.

As may have been stated elsewhere in this record, there is no reason to suppose that delirium tremens is more an occupational disease of journalism than of, say, tuck pointing. Of recent years the cloying atmosphere of virtue has hung thickly over the local rooms of the land. It is even recorded that the warden of the Illinois state penitentiary complained to a startled editor that a reporter had visited his establishment in a state of inebriation. But, to be quite frank, it was not always so. Whether the newspaper business made its old-time votaries alcoholics in self-defense, or whether old-time journalism was the product of alcoholics, may long be argued, but there is no denying that mellow whisky and mellow journalism were somehow mingled and interdependent. The results of that relationship were just what you might expect.

On one occasion the fact that Walter Howey is reported to have only one eye combined with alcoholic consumption to make memorable the story of a trip to Milwaukee made by the late Gilman Parker, one of Mr. Howey's pupils and principal admirers.

Mr. Howey at the time was publishing the Herald and Examiner. Mr. Parker was theoretically a reporter. The expedition to Milwaukee came about because Mr. Parker in making a round of the local bars had come upon some unidentified character who wanted to go to Milwaukee. Mr. Parker went along, lost his new-found friend, and reluctantly came back to consciousness on a bench in a railroad station. In his emergency he paid a visit to the managing editor of the Milwaukee Sentinel.

He had never in his life seen this managing editor, nor did he know anything about him. But he assumed, correctly, that the managing editor would know the famous Mr. Howey. The managing editor looked at Mr. Parker's soiled person, critically at first, and then, as Mr. Parker's battered charm unwound itself, with deep sympathy.

"I don't deserve decent treatment," Mr. Parker said convincingly. "It isn't that I went out and got drunk and wandered away from my assignment. That's bad enough, but it's not the worst. I'm ashamed of myself because I've thrown Mr. Howey down. Mr. Howey trusted me. He gave me responsibility. And then I go out and do a thing like this." Mr. Parker broke into tears.

The managing editor was visibly touched. "You've got the right stuff," he said heartily. "I think I can see why Walter Howey would have faith in you. And don't worry, he'll be glad to get you back."

So then the managing editor took over the great work of rehabilitating Mr. Parker. He took him out to the press club and administered a pick-me-up. After that he offered breakfast, a haircut and a shave, a clean shirt, and a loan of ten dollars. Mr. Parker said truthfully that he had never met such generosity before, and for a moment he was tearful again.

The managing editor smiled.

"I've fixed it up," he said. "I've written a telegram to Mr. Howey and I'll send it from the office downstairs. I'd like you to look at it."

Mr. Parker looked.

"I am ashamed of myself," he read. "I don't ask my job back. I want only the chance to set myself right in your eyes."

"Swell," said Mr. Parker. "I can do only one little job of copyreading on it." He pulled out a pencil and crossed out one letter—the "s" at the end of "eyes."

While we are on this interesting subject we should give a thought perhaps to one of the last of those giants who made the alcoholic era what it was. This one was named George Rowe—or something similar—and his sin was not so much drunkenness as a sort of general helplessness. Nobody ever knew where he was going to be at any particular time on any particular day—not even in what town. He was definitely the most undependable specimen produced by a craft that specialized in his like. In addition to that, he was one of the best rewrite men who ever contrived pieces for a newspaper. It goes without saying that he was immensely popular. He had all the ingredients for popularity.

Mr. Rowe, at the time of this history, was one of the more temporary liabilities of the Chicago Daily Tribune. He was well paid—better than most men in similar jobs on the other newspapers in the town. He had a modest flat up on the near North Side and no family to support except a wife. It was hard to see how anybody in his position could get himself classified as the head of one of Chicago's fifty neediest families. But George achieved this.

Almost before his friends on the Tribune knew what was happening, his furniture had been repossessed, his telephone cut off, his light turned out. He hadn't any gas or coal. He had no credit at the grocer's. He and his wife were sleeping—when and if they slept—on the bare floor.

They weren't eating at all.

When word of this disaster was brought to Mr. Rowe's employers and associates, there was immediate action. The employers filled Mr. Rowe with nourishing food such as good hot soup. The associates filled him with nourishing drink. The city editor or somebody sent a deputation out to the Rowe flat to transfer Mrs. Rowe to a warm hotel pending some more permanent adjustment. And then, unknown to Mr. Rowe, the reporters, photographers, rewrite men, copyreaders, and editors took up a collection to pay off all the debts that had brought their comrade to such a pass. The loot totaled several hundred dollars. Mr. Rowe was close to tears when they gave it to him.

The presentation, if I remember correctly, was made about a week before Christmas. The spirit of the season was rampant in the land and Mr. Rowe's redemption seemed to be its finest manifestation.

THE Tribune staff allowed Mr. Rowe to be the administrator of the happiness which they shared vicariously and distantly. They never even looked in on it until the night before Christmas, and then they weren't crass about it. They sent a couple of gentlemen with nice manners and plenty of finesse up to make sure that the Rowes were actually living their own lives once again. These worthy visitors got to the Rowe address without any difficulty. With a little more effort they found the right doorbell and rang it. Mr. Rowe, who was taking a night off, came to the head of the stairs to invite them in with hilarious enthusiasm.

They felt then that their work was done. They'd been asked to find out whether or not Mr. Rowe was happy and they had found out that he certainly was. They felt a little sheepish about intruding further, but Mr. Rowe was insistent. They climbed the stairs and followed Mr. Rowe into his flat—at any rate, they took it to be his flat. They couldn't see very well because the lights were out, but the sound of their echoing footsteps told them that there wasn't any carpet on the floor. Mr. Rowe led them blindly through a couple of doors, and then they found themselves in what had been a parlor. A dozen candles were burning brightly in bottles on the mantelpiece. There was no furniture in the place except for one piece that stood squarely in the middle of the floor. That one was a billiard table.

"Sorry about the lights," Mr. Rowe apologized, "but when I got around to paying the Edison Company I was out of money. I wasn't able to get the furniture back from the guys who took it, but that doesn't make any difference. I figure we can get along this way until I make enough money to buy a lot of new furniture. And as for the telephone, I don't need it, really. Nobody ever calls me except the office, and it's easy for Bob Lee to send a boy over if he wants me."

The spokesman of the visitors' committee gasped.

"But the billiard table," he mentioned. And Mr. Rowe beamed.

"Yeah! It's swell, isn't it?" he said. "I just got it. They made me pay $600 cash for it, but it's really worth a thousand. And it's just what I wanted. I figure that if I have a billiard table at home and an icebox, I won't go out nights and I'll save a lot of money."

There were no more collections to restore Mr. Rowe to solvency. Wiser counsel prevailed and somebody got him a job in New York. It was a cheaper solution.

MR. GEORGE DIXON, the eminent sociologist of the New York Daily News, once suggested the founding of a school of journalism in which the compiling of expense accounts and the avoidance of libel suits would be the principal subjects. He does not seem to have gone far with his idea for the reason that folks who matriculate in schools of journalism have their own ideas about what they ought to study. By the time they get to work on a newspaper staff and realize the unimportance of the old curriculum it's too late to do anything about it. For instance, as Mr. Dixon points out, they have learned to spell all names correctly, whereas the misspelling of names is a sure protection against suits for damages. And as for expense accounts—

It is an axiom of the trade that nobody ever came out even on an expense account. If you're careful and honest you always spend more than you can account for. If you're careless this evaporation of company funds may easily class as an expensive luxury. There is a neat balance in the properly prepared expense account but the fine judgment required to arrive at it is a gift that has never been promiscuously distributed.

In the first place, an expense account should have verisimilitude. In that respect it is unlikely that anybody will ever improve on the widely quoted record of Mr. Gene Fowler on the occasion of his hunt for some lost aviators in the arctic wilds of northern Canada. Mr. Fowler appears to have lost the daily notes of expenditures which all reporters keep with meticulous care. Lacking such important data, he made no effort to get an expense account together until after his arrival in New York. Then, of course, he had trouble remembering things—particularly three thousand dollars' worth of things.

Little by little he worked it out—all the charges for pemmican and whale blubber on which northbound correspondents have frequently existed for days and days—snowshoes, skis, parkas, sleeping bags, dog sled, dogs . . .

He was still a couple of hundred dollars short when he came to the dog item. But in putting the figures down on paper he was reminded of other things. There had been a death in the dog team, he recalled—Pogo, the lead dog, had gone west. That accounted for the delay at Skoogiac and the expense of sending three men in a kyak for an Eskimo dog doctor of some repute. But the dog had died anyway and had been buried after the consumption of a lot more whale oil and pemmican. And still that left Mr. Fowler sixty dollars short.

There is no telling what a lesser genius might have done in such an emergency, but Mr. Fowler was no lesser genius. Just when things looked blackest his memory rescued him. Once more he saw the touching funeral of the dog at Skoogiac and heard once more the moaning in the arctic night. As in a flash he saw what he had done with the missing money. And he set it down where all the auditors might read: "Flowers for bereft bitch . . $60."

The victim of a tighter supervision over outgoing funds was Mr. Fred Hurley of the Chicago American, whose trouble may be said to have started somewhere in the neighborhood of the Brown Hotel, Louisville, in the flood of 1937. He struggled with the rising waters for a week or so, and returned with a fine cost sheet on which he had noted such items as the rental of boats, automobiles, and airplanes, and the purchase of such necessaries as clothes, tents, food, umbrellas, etc.

In other words, everything seemed to be in perfect order until Harry Reid, the current city editor, happened to notice a reference to a diving suit.

"Fred," he inquired, "what about this diving suit?"

Mr. Hurley looked at him pityingly. "What about it?" he repeated. "Why, it was a diving suit. I got it to go down in the Ohio River looking for things. You know—looking for things in the flood—"

"Of course," said Mr. Reid. "I understand all that. I wasn't asking you about what you use a diving suit for. What I wanted to know is, where is it?"

Mr. Hurley looked at Mr. Reid with an odd light in his eye, for it was unusual for city editors to be interested in the whereabouts of diving suits.

"It's at home," he said. "I couldn't see any reason for wearing it down to the office."

"Fine," said Mr. Reid. "You bring it down tomorrow morning."

Mr. Hurley, for the first time in a long career, looked nonplused.

"Bring it down?" he questioned. "What for?"

"Because you are through with it," mentioned Mr. Reid. "And of course you understand that, now you are through with it, this diving apparatus is the property of the Evening American, or, more properly, of Mr. Hearst."

"What does Mr. Hearst want with it?" asked Mr. Hurley.

"That we won't go into," stated Mr. Reid. "The point is that I want it here on my desk tomorrow morning at eight thirty o'clock. We advanced you the $635 that you spent for it, and we want it. Do you understand what I mean?"

Mr. Hurley got the general idea that Mr. Reid wasn't fooling, and with some indignation he announced that he would bring the suit in the following morning. But he didn't. Whatever his impression of the urgency of the situation, he forgot. He was almost apologetic about it when he so informed Mr. Reid. Mr. Reid looked at him icily.

"I'm not going to take any run-around in this business, Hurley," he said. "You'll have that suit in here tomorrow morning or you're fired. I don't care much which."

Mr. Hurley cursed, but that didn't alter matters. He felt, despite all bluster, that he was definitely on a spot. And the worst feature of the unpleasantness was that Mr. Hurley didn't have any diving suit. The entry had been merely a synonym for "miscellaneous," a word which auditors had come to frown upon. But how was he going to explain that to a pigheaded guy like Reid? Throughout the day Mr. Hurley dragged his feet and the expression on his ghastly white face was that of a man who had looked upon Death.

In the morning Mr. Hurley came to work at ten minutes to nine and he dumped onto the desk of the city editor a diving suit complete with lead-weighted shoes. For just a moment Mr. Reid seemed surprised.

"Very good," he said after a while. "Put it in my locker and I'll try to think up a lot of aquatic assignments for somebody."

Mr. Hurley did not seem to be pleased. "Do you mean you want to keep it?" he inquired uneasily.

"Of course," answered Mr. Reid. "What did you think I wanted to do?"

"I beg pardon," said Mr. Hurley, and his voice was hardly more than a whisper.

Three nights later the diving suit was mysteriously stolen out of Mr. Reid's locker. Mr. Reid discovered his loss just about the time that he noted the absence of Mr. Hurley. A moment later the telephone rang.

"This is Captain Anderson of the Coast Guard," announced the caller. "One of your men borrowed a diving suit from us to have some pictures taken or something three days ago. He said he'd return it right away, and it's not back yet—"

Mr. Reid sighed as one does who recognizes defeat.

"I think you'll be getting it back this morning," he said. One gets to be clairvoyant when one is a city editor.

THROUGHOUT a long career most of which has been spent in close collaboration with the comptroller I never lost hope that some day I might write a place for myself in the lore of expense accounts with a bit of repartee of that sort which newspapermen remember longest because they envy it most. But only one episode seems of the proper dimensions. I had been assigned to cover a feature story of a wolf hunt by the farmers of southern

Illinois, and was about to leave the office when I learned that the expense account for this undertaking was limited to ten dollars. The reason for that, as I later found out, was that the city editor had originally asked the Statehouse reporter at Springfield to cover it and for a trip of a few hours south of Springfield the ten dollars seemed adequate. But having accepted the assignment, I couldn't with any grace unaccept it. So I drove to Springfield, rented a taxicab for the rest of the journey, and saw the shooting of a dog in what turned out to be a case of mistaken identity. Then I turned in my expense account:

Wolf Hunt

To rent of Packard car, Chicago-Springfield....	.02
Gas for same....................................	.01
Oil for same....................................	.05
Garage for same.................................	.01½
Tip for attendant...............................	.00½
Rent of taxi Springfield-Litchfield..............	.04
Oil—.01, Gas—.02................................	.03
Newspaper to get news of wolf...................	.02
Rent of Horse Litchfield-Hillsboro..............	.01
Rent of Bicycle Hillsboro-Schram City..........	.02
Rent of Roller Skates Schram-Irving............	.01
Garage for taxicab	
Barn for horse	
Rack for bicycle	
Hay for horse	
Oil for bicycle	
Grease for skates	
Rent of opera glasses to look at wolf	

. . . and more of this for 175 items, which, unfortunately, added up to only $9.90. I decided that itemization had gone far enough. So, instead of splitting up the remaining dime, I gave it all to one entry: "Wolf-bane.... .10."

The cashier had no quarrel with this document. He paid my $10 and hung the account on his wall, where it stayed for many years. It was a fine example, he said, of how an expense account ought to be written—so full of detail, so patently honest. I was glad, of course, because he was glad. On the expense account covering my next assignment I made one notation: "Balance due on wolf hunt....$37.78." And I got that, too.

THERE used to be an actor of singular talent on the rolls of one of the departments in the County Building—may still be there, for all I know, unless somebody has killed him. He was short, swart, fat, bucktoothed, unshaved, and poorly clad, all of which may have made some difference to him as a tax collector or whatever he was in civil life but certainly didn't interfere with his act. This genius, whose name was something like Dubinsky, had only one role: the uncouth foreigner. He spent a large part of his time going about annoying court attachés who couldn't understand him, walking on the feet of exasperated aldermen, bellowing double-talk in the ears of information clerks.

His acting job is best described as "the giving of the rib." And he was adept at it. He would come roaring into the office of some ward heeler's nephew, frothing at the mouth and spitting bubbles of mild soap, and his charge, "You ruined my sister!" could be heard well out on the road to Dubuque. There was a lot of conversation after this disconcerting bellow, conversation that was loud and horrible even if nobody was ever able to make out a word of it. Stooges would intervene just as Dubinsky seemed on the verge of throttling the clerk or sometimes when the clerk was about to throttle Dubinsky. And while he left no corpses in his wake, you could always tell where'd he'd passed by the look of panicky hatred in the eyes of his carefully selected audiences.

Dubinsky was the greatest of his kind, and this is why he has been picked here above all other professional ribbers to prove a point about the interesting people of the newspaper business—that in addition to hearts of gold they also have nerves of brass. For Mr. Dubinsky's one failure in a long triumphant career was when he tried to shake the poise and dignity of an intelligent police reporter, one Otto Markheim.

Mr. Dubinsky wasn't the only one who made a mistake in Mr. Markheim. The distinction was shared by all the reporters present at the time in the City Hall press room. In secret caucus they had unanimously elected Mr. Markheim as "the likeliest fish" for the experiment. They assured Mr. Dubinsky that while he might possibly be able to distinguish between heat and cold, that just about ended his intellect. "A set-up," they assure Mr. Dubinsky. "He'll be a perfect scream."

Mr. Markheim was reading a newspaper at a desk in the middle of the room when Mr. Dubinsky came like the echo of a land mine.

"You ruined my sister!" he screamed. And Mr. Markheim looked up at him nervously.

"What's her name?" he wanted to know.

It comes as a natural corollary that in a business where there are such agile mentalities as that of Mr. Markheim you will find also a quota of earnest jokers. There is a large file of literature on the subject in every local room.

There were the helpful lads on the Evening American who taught Mr. Ivan Heidelbaum, the ghetto chronicler, how to spell. Mr. Heidelbaum one morning blurted out to a crowded local room: "How do you spell pinochle?" They told him. And he wrote the lead that still hangs on the bulletin board as a perfect specimen: "Mr. Kleppermann," Mr. Heidelbaum wrote, "has reached the pinochle of success."

IN such a vein of innocent merriment were the pranks that grew out of Henry Justin Smith's superstition about pins. Whenever he saw one he'd stop to pick it up, and batteries of pin scatterers made life a lucky hell for him every time he'd start out to the composing room before the edition.

There were the patient workers in the old News office who devoted the better part of an afternoon to cutting the bottoms out of a thousand envelopes which the Associated Press correspondent used to send his copy through the tubes to his office. They say it was worth the sacrifice to see his mounting rage as he would slap a fold of paper into one after another and watch it come straight through.

There were the sleepless ones of the detective bureau press shift who found that a man named Upjohn had a telephone and thereafter called him in relays all night long, inquiring, "Are you Upjohn?"

There is, on the other hand, the incomparable story about one of the Chicago Tribune's city editors who paused in the day's occupation to give good advice to a murderer.

There is some excuse for him, perhaps; for the murder, despite the fact that all the world was talking about it, was strictly a New York product. Veronica Gedeon, an artist's model, had been slaughtered in her apartment, along with her mother and somebody else, by an erratic boarder named Robert Irwin. Irwin had moved out of New York without bothering to sort the corpses, and the police of the hinterlands had received calls to be on the lookout for him. They were still looking for him, it is to be presumed, when he got tired of it all one Sunday afternoon in Chicago. He walked into a telephone booth in the Morrison Hotel and called the city editor of the Tribune. The city editor may have been new to his job, but it is apparent that he was not new to the newspaper business and that he understood the finer nuances of "the rib." So, when Mr. Irwin said that he was Mr. Irwin and that he was wanted for the murder of Veronica Gedeon, the city editor laughed unpleasantly.

"Go home and sleep it off," was his advice. "We're too busy here to monkey around with low-wits—" Or words to that effect.

Mr. Irwin had another nickel left, and with that he called the Herald and Examiner. The Examiner's city editor was less coy. He held the murderer in conversation while a reporter traced the call and another reporter went over to the Morrison to take charge of Mr. Irwin when he stepped out of the booth.

There were hundreds of such episodes in the still unwritten book of Chicago, but even as you lay them out for inspection you realize that they are, after all, puny efforts compared with those of the brethren in, say, New York. New York people seem to have a greater gift for elaboration, richer imagination—and possibly more time—than the rib impresari of the Middle West. There is the story of Mr. George Dixon and Mr. Fish.

Mr. Dixon was sitting that night on the city desk of the Daily News (New York) when he came upon a typographical error in an early edition of the Herald Tribune. There was a small headline, something like: HAMILTON FISH WARNS UNIONS. Which would have been all right, except that the story underneath it read something like this: "J. B. Cadwalder, assistant curator of the Shedd Aquarium, Chicago, today issued a new bulletin on the care and feeding of tropical fish." Mr. Dixon, aware that such disasters always come in pairs, looked farther and on page 18 found another headline: FISH SENSITIVE, SAYS EXPERT. And another story which in effect went: "Reds in control of labor unions are to be the chief concern of Hamilton Fish . . ."

Mr. Dixon then picked up the telephone, called the city desk of the Herald Tribune, and identified himself as Mr. Fish. Vaguely, through a fog of humming noises, he could hear the thin voices of several slightly nervous men. The city editor shifted him to the managing editor, and presently he heard a pleasant voice in apology.

"I know what you are calling for, Mr. Fish," this editor told him. "We have corrected the mistake and it will not appear in other editions."

"I can't understand it," said Mr. Dixon.

The editor laughed unconvincingly. "It's no surprise to people in this business," he said. "You see, Mr. Fish, the difficulty is that the text of a newspaper article—which we call the 'story'—is not set up by the same printer who sets up the headline.

"In order to identify each head with its proper story we attach to each of them what we call the 'slug line,' a key word which can be easily read by the printer who assembles the type. As it turned out, we had a story about tropical fish, and the key word for a story like that was, of course, 'Fish.' Then, from a different source, we got a report of your address, Mr. Fish, and as a slug we used your name. So, you see, there were two stories on the bank slugged Fish and two headlines slugged Fish, and the printer made what I think is an understandable error."

"Oh, that will be all right," said Mr. Dixon, and he went back to work.

At midnight Mr. Dixon had finished his shift and was relieved by another bright young man named Dolan. He reported to Mr. Dolan all that had gone on during the night, including his complaint to the Herald Tribune about the Fish story.

Mr. Dolan reached for a phone and called the Herald Tribune.

"They'll be changing shifts now," he said, "and I think we ought to carry this further."

After a while the Herald Tribune city editor answered him, and Mr. Dolan identified himself as Mr. Fish. The city editor—like Mr. Dolan only recently arrived at work—began an explanation.

"I saw that error on my way down to the office, Mr. Fish," he said, "and I think I can tell you how it happened. You see, on a big newspaper the body of a story is not set up by the same printer who sets up the head. So, to identify them and make it possible to link up each story with its proper head, we give each of them a slug line . . ." He paused and Mr. Dolan could hear a lot of muttering voices. When the city editor spoke again there was something queer about his voice.

"Mr. Fish," he asked, "didn't you call us about this error earlier this evening?"

And Mr. Dolan's answer was filled with dignity as he replied: "I should like to ask, sir, to whom you think you are talking?"

"Why," said the city editor, "Mr. Hamilton Fish."

"But this is not Mr. Hamilton Fish," roared Mr. Dolan. "This is Mr. Tropical Fish."

It is to the Herald Tribune, too, that I am indebted for my favorite example of the revolt against the anonymity with which this business is cloaked. I can understand him as no one can who has not spent a lifetime listening to other people's worries, cheers, and bright ideas.

The case is that of one whom we shall call George Robbins, who in his proper identity was for many years the crack rewrite man of the New York Herald Tribune. Mr. Robbins was a smart technician, as goes without saying in the case of anybody able to hold that sort of job and become a star, and in addition to that, it should be stated at the outset, he was a man of regular and temperate habits. He was probably the most dependable man in the Herald Tribune office. So finally he blew up. . . . And why wouldn't he?

It is to be noted that in all such cases as this the calm citizen about to go berserk always gives some hint of his intentions. Like a geyser, he has an indicator which an experienced observer may read. So you wonder why his first pitiful outcry about a telephone interview was not properly interpreted. He had been asked to get plenty of detail about what one Mr. Jesse Weaver thought about the economic condition of the United States, and he was clearly rebellious.

"I went to school with that lug, and he doesn't know anything about anything," he said. "Why a guy ought to be an authority on banking and economics just because his grandfather died last week and left him a million dollars is something I can't figure."

But his city editor was obdurate, probably on the principle that the best interviewees are always lugs who don't know anything about anything. In deep gloom Mr. Robbins returned to his telephone, listened to Mr. Weaver, and wrote an interview that made the interviewee sound like the greatest financial authority since Croesus. Then he went down to Bleeck's interesting barroom in the same building and took what steps he thought to be necessary.

Nobody noticed any change in him when he came back to his typewriter. There was nothing very important about any of the assignments passed along to him during the next couple of hours, so nobody pressed him for copy. Thus there was nothing to interfere with the complete surprise of the city editor when the bulk of Mr. Robbins' night work was brought over to the desk at once. There were five stories, beautifully written as always, on a wide variety of subjects: Somebody had put forward a possible cure for cancer. The city was threatened with a milk shortage. A leading banker had suggested insurance of scrip to tide over one phase of the depression. Sally Rand was about to take up skiing. The American Museum of Natural History had just placed on exhibition the skeleton of an Eohippus. In none of them had Mr. Robbins deviated from the general theme, but, as the city editor saw at the first glance, he hadn't changed the theories evoked by Mr. Weaver.

Roughly, the leads went something like this:

"George Robbins, the city's leading authority on cancer, today was asked by Drs. Goldsmith and Kelly to give them the benefit of his experience in laboratory experiments on the new electronic therapy. . . ."

"George Robbins, the milk expert, today was asked by the cows what he thought about the proposed milk shortage. . . ."

"George Robbins, the financier, today suggested that the way out of the depression was for each bank to issue a lot of two-dollar bills which nobody would want to spend anyway. . . ."

"George Robbins, the fan dancer, today instructed his manager to complete arrangements for a ski race at Bear Mountain course, the other contestant to be Sally Rand, for a side bet of a couple of baubles. . . ."

"George Robbins, the city's only surviving Eohippus, told reporters today that he was leaving his fine berth at the American Museum of Natural History. 'I have ambitions,' he said. 'I can do it if I try. I'm going to quit being an Eohippus. I'm going to be a horse.'"

The city editor watched George almost enviously as he got his hat and coat and started for home. It is so seldom that any rewrite man ever does what all rewrite men have always wanted to do.

Out of New York also came the story of the talking dog, and you might sense the hand of Messrs. Dixon and Dolan in it, too, save that the case was on record before their time. The late Edward Dean Sullivan, who saved the story for a possibly unworthy posterity, was sitting in a police press room in lower New York with sundry other characters on the day when the talking dog first came in for editorial attention. The day city editor of the Journal called up his correspondent on the premises and said that a tipster named Jakey Kitz had found a talking dog at an address far down on the East Side.

"And what do you want me to do with a talking dog?" the Journal man inquired, for it was a hot day and thinking was difficult and futile.

"Interview him, you dumb sap," ordered the city editor. "Ask him what he thinks about prohibition or the Einstein theory. And get going."

The reporter scratched some notes on a bit of copy paper, found his hat, and got going.

As he had mentioned previously, it was a hot day, a day scented with burning asphalt and distant fish, a day, in a word, such as you'll find in downtown Manhattan on the fag end of a heat wave. There was no more hope for a crosstown streetcar then than there is now, and taxis hadn't yet become numerous. The reporter took his coat off, hung it over his wet shoulder, and walked. In about an hour he arrived at the address Mr. Kitz had given his city editor and rang the bell. A bearded Pole came to the door, and the reporter looked at his records and asked for Mr. Jarek.

"Jarek, he's gone," said the man in the door.

"Where?" inquired the Journal man.

"Staten Island ferry."

"Going to Staten Island?"

"No. Got friend there. Gateman. Name Pulaski."

"Did he take his dog with him?"

"Sure take dog."

"I hear this dog talks. Is that so? Does this dog talk?"

"Sure. Smart dog."

So the reporter about-faced and bored through the quivering heat another two or three miles to the ferry building. After some time he found Mr. Pulaski and sought news of Mr. Jarek.

"Gone to Joe's place," said Mr. Pulaski. And he named an address across town and farther north. The reporter felt ill.

"Did he have his dog with him?" he asked mechanically.

"He always has dog," said Mr. Pulaski.

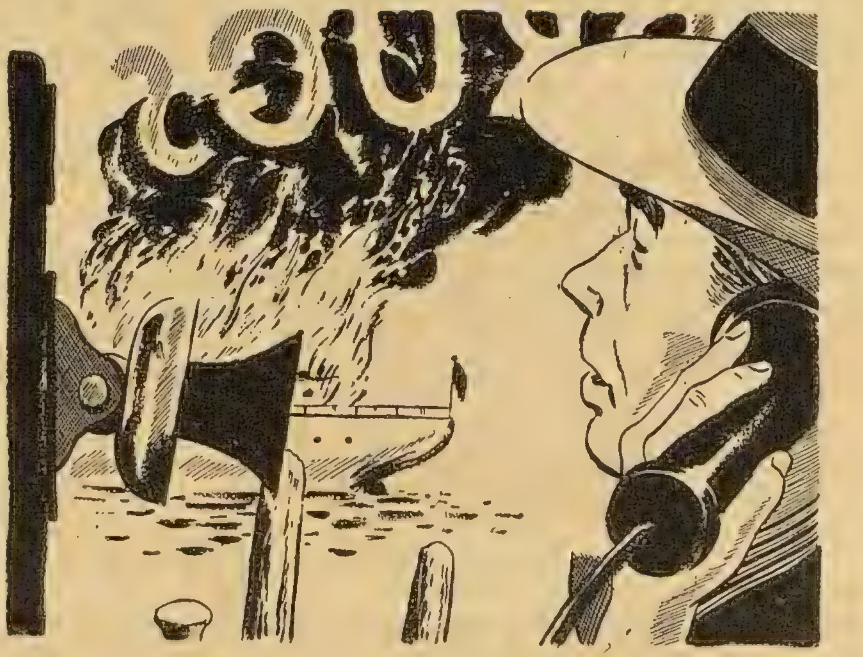
"Does the dog talk?"

"I didn't ask him."

The reporter stumbled out into the breathless afternoon. In one blistering hour he reached Joe's place and repeated his question. But Jarek was gone. He had taken his dog with him. Joe didn't know much about the dog, but thought that maybe Mr. Jarek had taken him home for a language lesson. Of course it was possible that Jarek might stop at the Visnuski Arms on his way, and Joe described how to get there.

The reporter went to the Visnuski Arms, and from there to a speakeasy a mile and a half back in the direction of the ferry. From the speakeasy he went to the home of another pal of Mr. Jarek, and there got positive information that Jarek and the dog that Kitz the tipster had discovered were on the way home. It was about time. The sun was going, leaving the heat behind, and the Journal man had just about walked his last step.

He was so tired that he refrained from all emotion when at last he discovered Mr. Jarek sitting on the front steps of the house he had visited. The dog, a large collie, was asleep at his feet.



"You Mr. Jarek?" asked the reporter. Jarek nodded.

"I'm from the Journal," said the reporter. "This the dog?"

"This the dog."

"Does he talk?"

"Sure he talks."

"O. K. Tell him to say something."

"O. K., Yippo—I call him Yippo because that's his name. O. K., Yippo. Tell the gent'man your name."

Yippo stretched, blinked an eye, and said "Woof."

"How old are you?" asked Mr. Jarek.

"Woof," said Yippo.

"Where do you live?"

"Woof."

"Who's mayor of New York?"

"Woof."

The reporter turned from the dog toward Mr. Jarek.

"His vocabulary isn't so hot, is it?" he asked.

Mr. Jarek looked pained. "He's a dog; he ain't a college professor," he explained, and the reporter, painfully dragging his feet, moved on toward a drugstore which might be expected to have a telephone. In a few minutes he was talking once more with the day city editor.

"You find the dog?" came a snarl over the phone.

"Yes; I found him."

"And he talks?"

"Yes, he talks."

"Good! Come right on in and write your interview. We'll splash it all over page one. Biggest dog story of the year—"

"Wait a minute," said the reporter sadly. "I didn't get any interview with the dog."

"Why not? Didn't you say he could talk?"

"Of course he can talk," said the reporter patiently. "He can talk, just like I told you. But only a son-of-a-bitch like Kitz could understand him."

From the same locale and from an inventive brain that did much to set the style for a whole generation of inventive brains in New York journalism comes the story of the mysterious fire aboard the French cruiser La Gloire as she lay at anchor in the Hudson.

It is not, of course, necessary to introduce Frank Ward O'Malley. You remember the story of how the city editor called him over and said, "Look here! I've got a swell headline: 'Hocus Pocus in Hohokus.' Get a story to fit it." And how Mr. O'Malley went to Hohokus, New Jersey, and got the story as ordered. Well, that's the man.

Mr. O'Malley seems to have got along with no particular effort against the competition of his time, and few of his contemporaries recall that he was ever in any great disfavor with his editors and employees for his unconventional approaches to the news. But whether their acquiescence came before or after the demonstration of La Gloire's fire, information is lacking. It is said, however, that shortly before that catastrophe some managing editor had been discussing with Mr. O'Malley—in a purely academic way, of course—the close relationship between truth and the news, and implying that error in the printed word could be ascribed only to the deliberate intent of the writer.

Mr. O'Malley had taken the position that facts are sometimes deceptive in their nature and that human interpretation of them is bound to have its defects. He was still brooding on this matter over a glass of beer in a saloon overlooking the broad river when his eyes suddenly lighted on La Gloire. With no hesitation whatever he went to the telephone and called the City Press, and after that most of the managing editors in New York, including his own. His speech in all instances was the same:

"Zees is Captaine Rolland of La Gloire. Eet is not true we have ze explosions, ze fire on my sheep. Eet is not ze trut' we have feefty men keel . . ." And in all cases he hung up the receiver before anybody could ask him for details.

His telephoning finished, he returned to his beer and passed a pleasant afternoon gazing out over the waves and watching boatload after boatload of his colleagues being pushed away from the gangplank of La Gloire by a lot of irate and mystified Frenchmen who thought probably that the gangs of New York were trying to take over their ship. He was pleased to note, some hours later, that the stories of the incident in all the newspapers confirmed his theory that fact may somehow contrive to get itself all mixed up with fiction, and vice versa.

Taking inventory of all these tales, one is forced to admit that they fail to prove much about the newspaper business except the opening thesis that in it you meet such interesting people.

ONCE the good people of the United States had nothing to worry about except the depression and the drought. I don't recall that the Sioux Indians did anything about the depression. But after the Dakotas, and for that matter most of the Mississippi and Missouri Valleys, had burned up for two straight years, they dug out their ceremonial robes and called conclaves at which all surviving medicine men tried to recall the lore of the sun dance. After a couple of rehearsals Chief Little Bull, relative of the late Sitting Bull, announced that he and a troupe of carefully chosen dancers would revive a lot of the old rites and make some rain near Belle Fourche, South Dakota, on the following Sunday afternoon, and at Fort Berthold, North Dakota, a couple of days later. I was assigned to cover these experiments and to lend to Little Bull all possible aid.

It was a long ride from Chicago to the Cheyenne reservation where the Indians assembled for their first sun dance in fifty years, and it was hot and dusty. For a hundred miles after you crossed the Missouri at Cheyenne Agency there wasn't a single sprig of green. The dust hung over the prairie in a yellowy haze. The fields were brown. The trees along the washes that sloped toward the Missouri were blackish gray. And the whole landscape quivered in the indescribable heat.

Into this came Little Bull and his ancient braves. All through the terrible afternoon they stomped and wavered and sang their chants. And, to render the aid that I had been assigned to render, I stepped out of my car and opened an umbrella.

The Indians were pleased with the umbrella. They said that it showed the right spirit. But nothing came of any of this. When the sun had gone down over in the neighborhood of the Black Hills, a flat brassy disk, the Indians packed up their equipment. The spectators started out through the dust for home. Most of them had not expected rain, anyway.

The experiment in North Dakota had no more success. I wrote a dispassionate report of the proceedings and prepared to go back to Chicago, and then I got a telegram advising me that the President had left Washington in a special train to investigate conditions in the drought area and suggesting that I join the party at Bismarck. So I went to Bismarck.

Save for the fact that the Indians didn't take part in it, the scene here was just about what I had seen in Little Bull's conclaves—the dust and the heat and the despairing faces of men who wondered how they were going to support their families through a foodless winter. Hundreds of farmers—many of whom hadn't been able to find enough water to wash in for a couple of months—crowded the streets around the railroad station. When the President's train rolled slowly in, there was no stopping them. They spread out across the platforms and across the track, where they closed in in the wake of the train and marched forward with it in silence. Out onto the observation platform stepped the President, noticeably impressed.

If he had wanted to see the effects of the drought he need travel no farther than this. It was in the hundreds of soiled, sweaty, disheartened faces that peered up at him through the swirling dust. In deep emotion he held up his hand and made a speech that was obviously unrehearsed.

"My friends," he said, "I see you today in pitiful trouble. But you must not despair. Your government has not forgotten you. Your government is constantly mindful of you. Your government knows that something must be done for you. Your government *will* do something for you . . ." He stood for a moment with his hand upraised.

Then the heavens opened and there was the most terrific cloudburst that North Dakota had seen in twenty years.

Mr. Ted Alford of the Kansas City Star made the keynote speech for the occasion.

"Humph," he said. "Little Bull couldn't make rain, but Big Bull certainly can."

I don't really know why I have set down this story here unless to justify a hitherto unexpressed belief that the miracle workers are never very far from the newspaper business, in or out of it. It isn't that only the miracle workers can succeed in it—it's that only the miracle workers can survive in it. As John Craig once said, when his secretary asked an office boy to save her the trouble of looking at the clock, it takes all kinds of people to make a newspaper office, and they're all in it.

If there were giants in the old days in journalism, there are no fewer now, nor will there be tomorrow. There was a New York correspondent of a Boston paper whose technique came right from Macbeth's witches. He got an important interview with Governor Curley in New York, then slipped a bit of chloral into the governor's drink so that he wouldn't be able to talk to any of the local boys when he got to Boston. There were the godlike boys who in ages past and present of the newspaper business refused to recognize disaster socially. The news editor of the Houston Post put the first story of the Titanic on an inside page. The news editor of the Chicago Tribune put it on a spike, where it stayed until some underling rescued it. The editor of an Arkansas newspaper threw away the bulletin on the blasting of the Maine. His only explanation was that he didn't believe it.

END PAPER

Every now and then, when you come back to the country from wars and similar distractions, somebody will tell you that a great change for the better has come over American journalism. The juvenility has gone from the conduct of the earnest young workers who fill the local rooms. Journalism at last has become a serious profession and Peter Pan is no longer on the payroll.

Once in a while, however, you begin to have some doubts. So many things in the local room look as they always did before the world became adult and virtuous. So many things you hear in conversation sound so much like things that you've heard before. A couple of days ago Pete McEvoy, who once made an indifferent electorate aware of Dr. Townsend and who now is a sergeant in the Army, wrote to me about a mutual friend who knows all the policemen in Washington, D. C.

Recently, according to Mr. McEvoy, this friend was arrested for menacing traffic while in a dizzy condition. He was locked up in the Eighteenth Precinct jail. Shortly thereafter another reporter—also a mutual friend—got arrested in the Ninth Precinct. He called the office to get into touch with the man who knew all the policemen, and so was connected with the Eighteenth Precinct and explained his trouble.

The occupant of the Eighteenth Precinct cell was much disturbed.

"Arrested for intoxication!" he repeated with an air of disbelief. "That's certainly an outrage! What do you want me to do about it?"

I was carrying the sergeant's letter into the local room to share it with our local of Alcoholics Anonymous when I heard Clem Lane, the city editor, mumbling wrathfully in his beard.

"And what does he think of my intelligence?" he wanted to know. "I could take a bum excuse for the eighth time he was late—but the lug brings in his alarm clock to show me how slow it runs."

And down the hall Howard O'Brien, the eminent columnist, was looking at an advertisement for a drill press and lamenting the fact that recent bills had made the price of $29.75 look like an extravagance. The telephone rang, and the chairman of the Men's Club of St. Paul's Episcopal Church asked Mr. O'Brien to speak to his organization on the following Wednesday.

"We haven't much money," this gentleman said, "so we pay a fixed fee of $25."

Mr. O'Brien laid down the picture of the drill press. "Make it $29.75 and I'm yours," he said.

So I went back to my desk and looked up maps and timetables, reassured. Everything changes and nothing changes. And the most fey of all professions will maintain its integrity without any help from me. It's still fascinating to be a newspaperman—the interesting people are still interesting.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

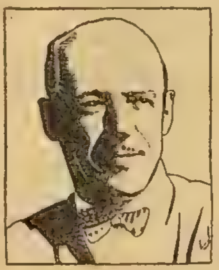
By E. A. PILLER

GENE FOWLER, whose own exploits now approach the legendary, who has been honored by his fellow craftsmen in the newspaper profession as one to quote and reminisce about, has written a fine book about a kindred spirit and a great friend.

It is called **Good Night, Sweet Prince; The Life and Times of John Barrymore.** It is a remarkable achievement, a combination of good biography and fitting salute to a man whose memory might have stirred a less able reporter to a biased and shallow appraisal. But not Mr. Fowler. His biography seems to be a mirror of his subject—brilliant, erratic, humorous, roistering, and, in the end, tragic.

Gene Fowler

Most of us think we know the story of John Barrymore well. His exploits, especially toward the end, were bannered often enough in daily papers. We saw him on the screen, we heard him on the radio. It is an unfortunate trick of memory that we recall him as the Great Lover, the Great Profile, and often (forgetting all but the last years) the Great Buffoon. He was perhaps all these, and Mr. Fowler makes no pretense of hiding any of the less praiseworthy facets (including that of the Great Drinker), but he also brings to light another man whom the press and our own memory often overlook. John Barrymore was a great actor—something of a genius—as those who remember his Hamlet and Richard II will vouchsafe. He was a lonely, gallant man who never flinched from the payment of a debt, whether in cash, health, or suffering of the spirit. He was honest, he was charming, he never overrated himself or the world.



Charles Jackson

Gene Fowler shows him as he was—the good with the bad. And in doing it he has fashioned a book that brings to life not only the man himself but a portrait of several eras. For John Barrymore's story begins with the early days of his family's acting in America. It is a history of the Drews as well as the Barrymores, and it touches most of the American theater's great for several generations.

Fowler has made the most of that as well as of his own quixotic subject. He has sprinkled his book with the salty humor and anecdotes which naturally abound in such history. It is a bright book as well as a tragic one—a good mirror and a well written story.

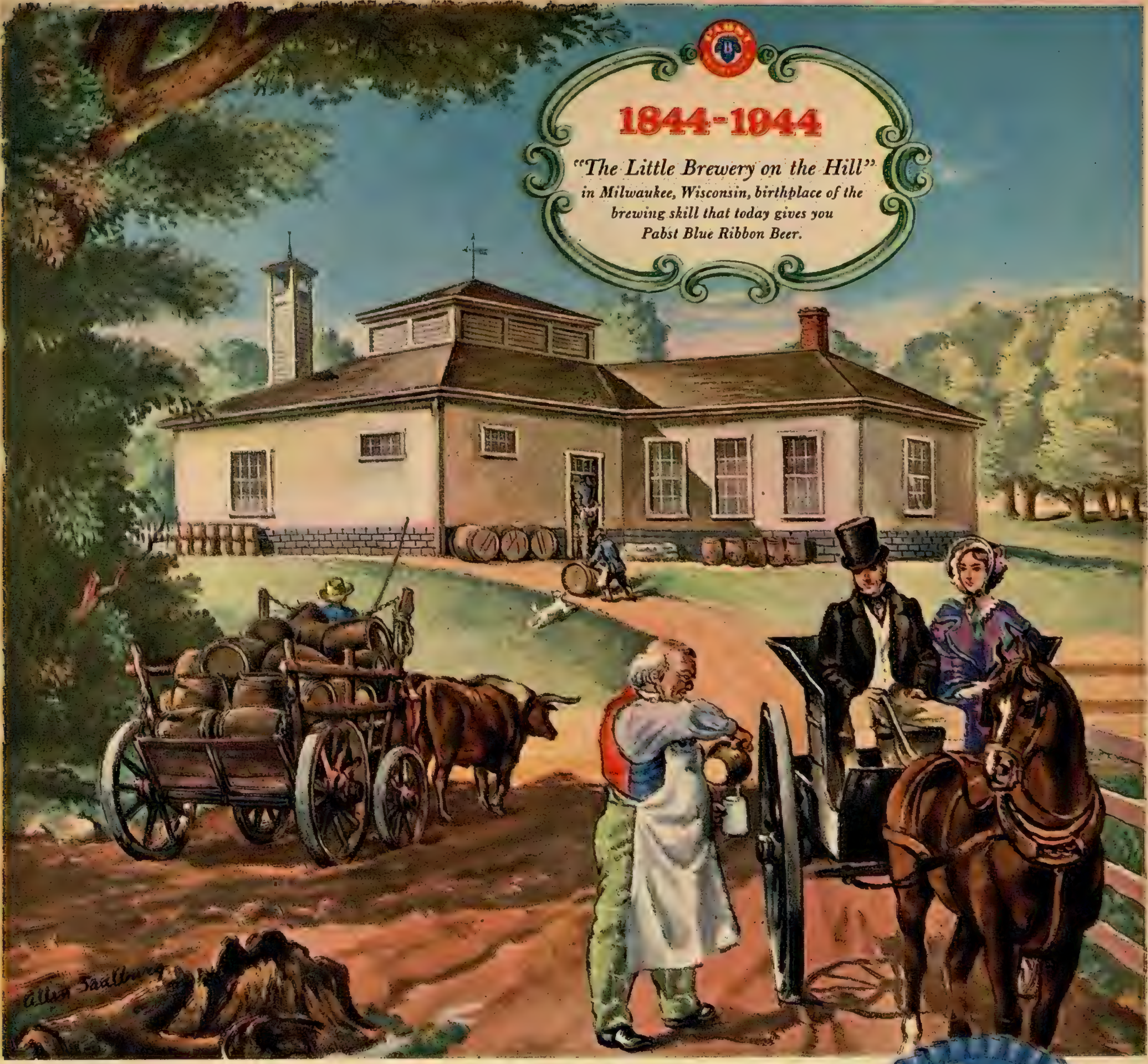
Published by the Viking Press, New York. Price, $3.50.

AN interesting addendum to the reading of the Barrymore biography is a fictional *tour de force* called **The Lost Weekend,** by **Charles Jackson.** It is an attempt to get inside the mind of an alcoholic during a week-end when he has been left alone in New York by his brother, who up to that time had evidently attempted to keep a pretty close watch on him and to curb his swiftly approaching collision with the d. ts.

As a story there isn't much to tell. The bottle addict merely proves that neither his brother, nor the girl he loves, nor a psychiatrist (who has tried professionally), nor lack of money, nor a turn at Bellevue can keep him from lapping it up. The psychiatrist had told him that an alcoholic in search of a drink will stop only at murder if necessary. The week-end proves the psychiatrist right.

The book is interesting because its attempt to present the workings of a man's mind comes off pretty well—and because it has considerable shock value—if you like shocks.

Published by Farrar & Rinehart, New York. Price, $2.50.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UNDERCOVER DYNAMITE

Continued from Page 17

the house phone with the request that Mrs. Carey see us. We were asked to come up.

I felt as though my suit were wrinkled and untidy when we stood in the large foyer of the apartment. This place was real swank. The maid, in white apron and cap, gave my camera and plate case a down-the-nose look which suggested she had had dealings with newspaper photographers before.

"If you'll come with me, Mrs. Carey will see you," she told Max.

Max and I followed her into a large living room.

MRS. LAURENCE CAREY was sitting on the arm of a couch. She didn't look a day over nineteen, but I suppose she could have been four or five years older. She had on a beautifully tailored pair of gray gabardine slacks and a white silk shirt. There were heavy bracelets on her wrists and a huge amethyst ring on her left little finger. She wore no wedding or engagement ring. I saw all these things fleetingly because the girl herself fascinated me. She had golden hair cut in a shoulder-length bob. Her eyes were green, and they had a curious smoldering quality. She was smoking a cigarette in a paper holder with a celluloid mouthpiece. She smiled as we came in and I saw that she had small pointed teeth, dazzlingly white.

"Hi," she said. She waved at us and the bracelets jangled.

"Good morning," Max said.

"I haven't the faintest idea who you are," she said. "but Sundays are dull."

"I'm Max Chandler."

"Should that mean something to me?"

"Probably not," Max said. "I'm a radio commentator."

"Oh," she said.

Max gave the girl a pale thoughtful look.

"Sit down here on the couch." She slid down off the arm and indicated a place beside her. She looked at me. "You might be interesting," she said, "—but later. Don't you want to read a book or something? This place is lousy with books. What's your name?"

"Rod Buchanan," I said, nearly choking, "and I never read on Sundays."

"Mrs. Carey, do you know Roger Bounty?" Max interrupted.

"Everybody calls me Iris," Mrs. Carey said. "Let's have a drink." She jumped up from the couch and went to a sideboard. "Scotch, bourbon, rye, brandy?"

"Brandy, straight," Max said.

"What about you, Rod?"

"I never . . ." I began.

". . . drink on Sundays," she said, laughing. "You'll take brandy and like it." She came back with three highball glasses half filled with brandy. "Roger Bounty is a jerk," she said, and swallowed a terrific slug from her own glass. Then she smiled at Max disarmingly.

"He's very nearly a dead jerk," Max said.

"That doesn't break my heart," she said. "Do you know what? I invited him up here for dinner. I did practically everything but swoon in his arms. Do you know what he did?"

"He didn't go for it," Max said.

"I'll say he didn't. You'd never guess in the world what he did do."

"I could try," Max said. "My guess is he talked politics."

The green eyes widened. "What is this?" Iris said.

Max didn't answer. I saw he was looking past her at the picture of an Air Force officer in a silver frame. "Your husband?" he asked.

She nodded. The pointed white teeth caught at a scarlet lower lip.

"Killed in action?"

"Pearl Harbor," she said in a flat voice. "Like a sitting duck. We were swimming at the beach and the Japs started dropping bombs. He said he'd be back as soon as they were polished off. He was the one who was polished off." She picked up her brandy glass, finished it, and went over to the sideboard to fill it again.

"About Roger Bounty," Max prompted her when she was seated again.

"Very juvenile. Very unworldly," she said. "I hate unworldly men."

"When did you meet Bounty?" Max asked.

"A couple of weeks ago. So help me, I worked on him as if he were really important. He was just a jerk."

"How did you happen to meet him?"

"Oh, he wanted a job. You're not drinking your brandy."

Max lifted his glass and sipped it. "What sort of jobs do you have to give out, Iris?"

"I am the general secretary of a thing called the Party of the Founding Fathers," she said. She looked up sideways at Max to see the result of this statement.

His face didn't show anything, but I knew he was startled. The Party of the Founding Fathers is one of the most vicious of the undercover race-hatred, Fascist organizations in the country.

"How did you get to be general secretary?" Max asked.

"Because I gave them so darn much dough," she said. "They talk a lot of rot, but they're headed in the right direction."

"I'm surprised that politics interest you," Max said.

"I hate politics." She stubbed out her cigarette and promptly fitted another one into her holder. "I mean I hate Republicans and Democrats. They got caught with their pants down at Pearl Harbor." Her green eyes strayed for just a second to the silver-framed picture. "They're weak. These people are strong. I mean strong-minded. They're going to get at the heart of things and scoop out all the rot."

"That's great," Max said. "Colonel Coventry for President, eh?"

"Naturally. He's a strong man. I could go for him."

"What did you do about getting Roger Bounty a job?" Max asked. His voice was surprisingly gentle.

"I sent him to Joe Garrity."

"Who's Garrity?"

"He's the organizational chief of the Founding Fathers. You ought to see him. He's very earthy. Very exciting. But I got tired of him."

"Did you?"

"He's a kind of a jerk, too. Right in the middle of making love he would start talking about the Jews and how they're trying to Communize the world and how we have to exterminate them."

"And you didn't like that?" Max asked.

"Of course he's perfectly right," she said casually, "but there are times and places to talk about it." And she smiled.

AT that moment something walked in the door of the room. It was meant to be a man. It had stringy black hair, bright with pomade. It wore glasses so thick that its eyes were magnified and bulging. It had a thin straight mouth that suggested innate cruelty. It wore a silk dressing gown with a white scarf at its throat.

"Go away, Don," Iris said.

"Who are your friends, Iris?" he asked.

"This is some one named Max Chandler, and this is Rod Something-or-other." To us: "Don Symington is one of our most brilliant younger writers."

I saw a muscle ripple along Max's jaw. "Alias John Justice, alias Ben Franklin, Jr., alias Patrick Henry, Jr. I know Mr. Symington's work well," he said. I knew it too. He was one of the worst of the race-hatred pamphleteers. Some of his stuff had been on Roger Bounty's desk.

"I know your work, Chandler," Symington said. "What's he doing here, Iris? He's just another Jew lover."

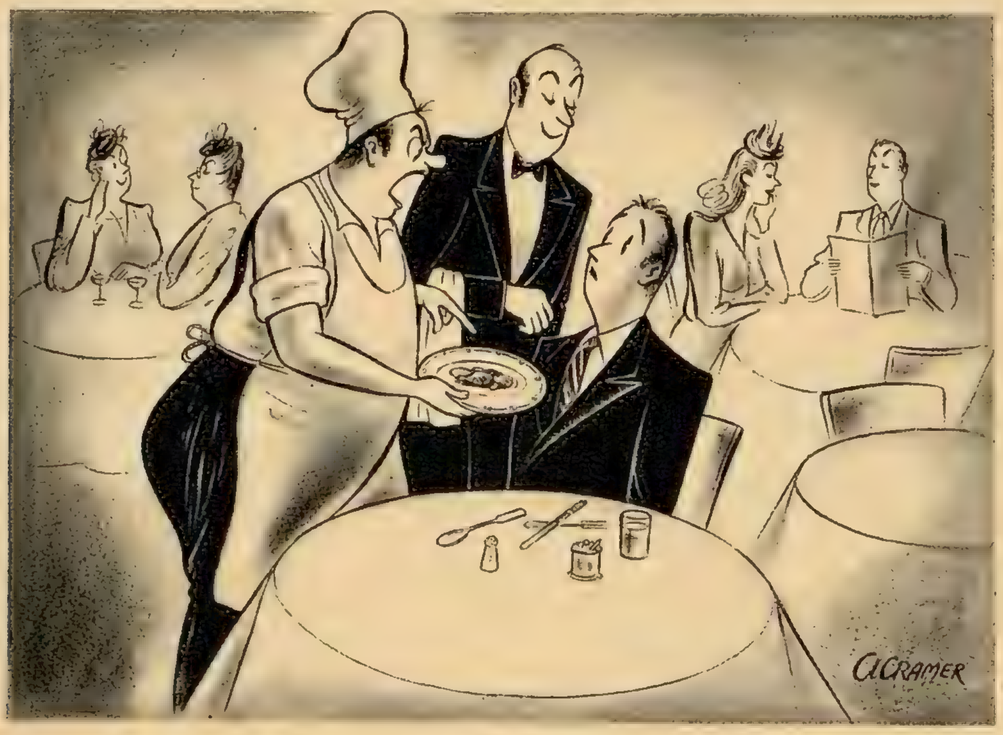
Max paid no attention to Symington at all. He spoke very quietly to Iris. "I'd like to take you places," he said.

Her green eyes lighted. "When?"

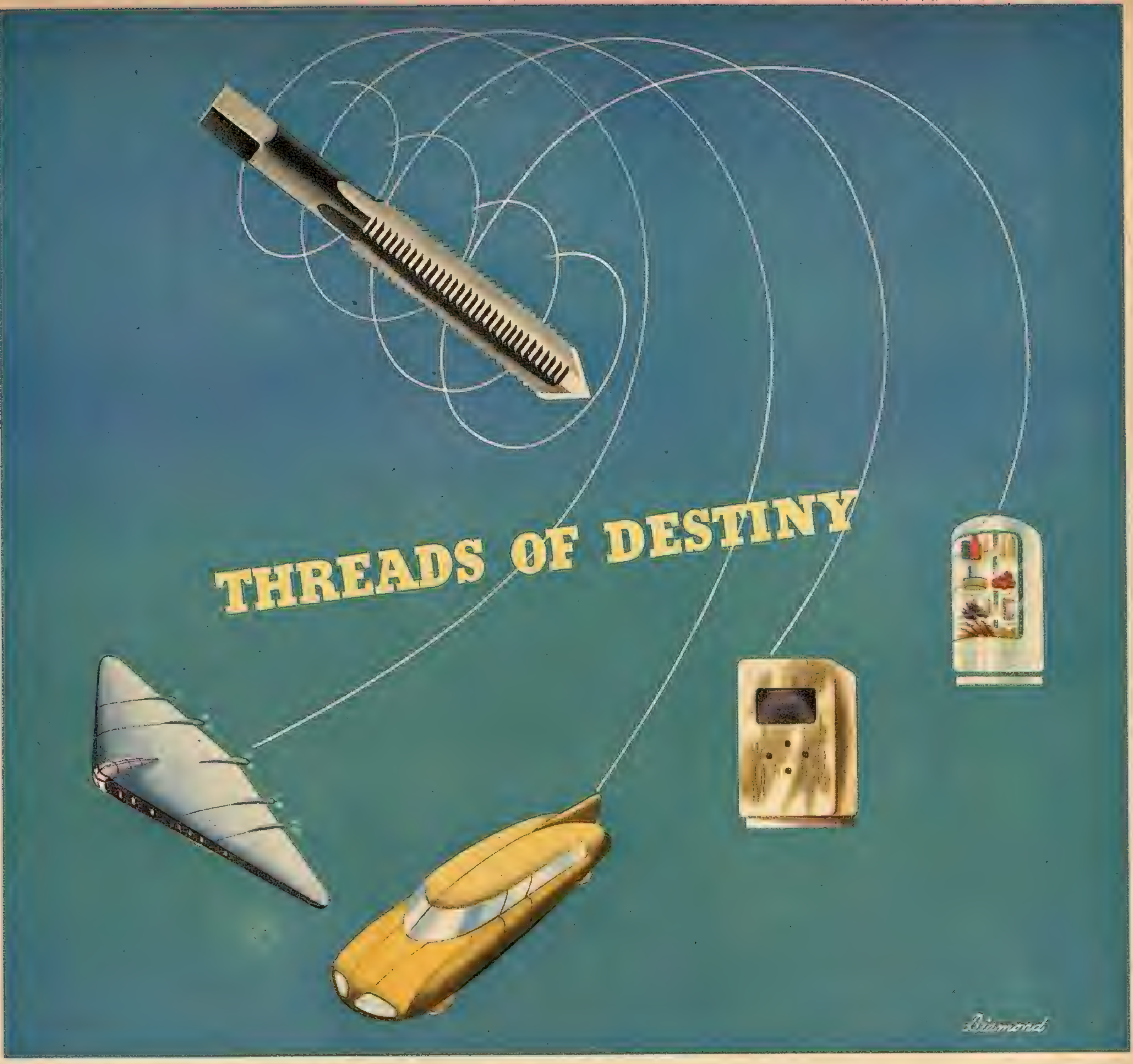
"Now," Max said.

"Iris, I want to talk to you," said Don Symington.

(*Continued on page 50*)



"There's nothing wrong with that grub. You eat it or I'll cram it down your throat!"



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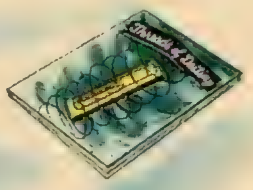

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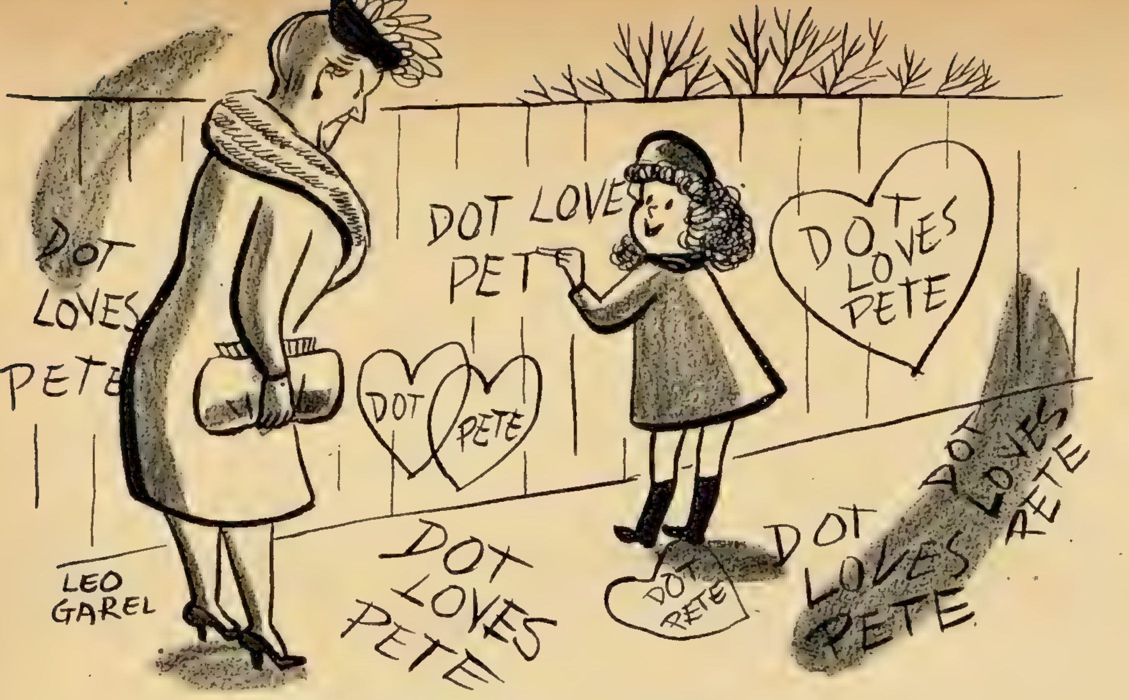

"I'm not doing it out of spite. I'm Dot."

(*Continued from page 48*)

Iris said, "Can I go like this?" She indicated the slacks.

"Yes," Max said.

"Then what are we waiting for?" She stood up, holding out her hands to Max.

"Iris!" Symington's voice was sharp.

"Don't be a jerk!" she said. She slipped her arm through Max's.

We went out. She didn't say anything till we hit the sidewalk and Max had hailed a cab. Then she looked at me. "Does he have to come with us?"

"Yes," Max said.

"Then I'm not going."

"I want you to come, Iris," Max said. He was holding open the door of the cab.

She shrugged. "Anything for a laugh," she said.

We got in the cab, Iris in the middle. She put her hand through Max's arm. Her pointed red fingernails suddenly clawed at his wrist. "You're really not interested in me, are you? You're really not!"

"Not the way you mean, Iris," he said, still very gentle.

It happened so suddenly I couldn't believe it. One arm went around his neck and her face buried itself against his shoulder. She began to cry. I never had heard any one cry like that. Her whole body was shaken from head to toe. Max's protecting arm held her close.

He glanced over her head at me and his eyes were bleak. Suddenly I had a vision of planes in the sky, of bombs and flame, and of a golden-haired child waiting for a husband who was never to come back.

The cab let us out in front of the West Tenth Street house. We went up to Apartment 4C. Lee opened the door.

MAX took Iris by the hand and led her into the room, straight to the bed where Roger Bounty lay, still unconscious. He didn't say anything. I saw the knuckles of Iris' hands turn white.

She drew a deep breath. "Who did it?"

"Iris, this kid was beaten up by friends of yours. Your Founding Fathers friends. They found he'd joined them to get information about the set-up which he intended to make public. They meant to kill him, I think."

She stared down at the bed, breathing hard. "He was really sweet, Max. I said he was a jerk. He wasn't. He was the only one I've really liked since I started over. I guess that was why I got sore at him. He wasn't interested."

"Sometimes a man's job is so big, Iris, he has no time for anything else. He can't let himself feel things he would like to feel."

I glanced at Lee. Max was really telling his own story.

"Iris, you've fallen into a trap. I know what's gone on in your mind and heart. You were bitterly against all the forces you felt were responsible for your husband's death."

"He was coming right back after he got through knocking off the Japs," Iris said. "He thought everything was all right, but it was all wrong."

"THESE friends of yours have persuaded you they're fighting your enemies," Max said. "They're not. *They* are your enemies. They fought Germany's war for her here before we got into it. Now they hope to take advantage of postwar confusion. They mean to do it by force and violence.

"They don't mean to let any one stand in their way," Max went on, his voice grim. "Certainly not the Roger Bountys of the world, or you, or me. Your husband died fighting these very people and their way of thinking."

Iris' voice shook. "He was just a kid. He didn't . . ."

"He died to protect the rights of all races and creeds," Max interrupted. "He didn't die to make the world safe for Jew haters or any small power-drunk minority. Your Colonel Coventrys, your Don Symingtons, your Joe Garritys are a far more dangerous enemy than the armies in the field. We've got to hunt them down, expose them, wipe them out."

"A very eloquent speech, Mr. Chandler," a voice said behind us.

We all turned. A tall broad-shouldered man with bright red hair and a smile that did not include his eyes jumped catlike down from the window-sill. He had come up the fire escape. He had a gun in his hand. He said, with mock politeness, "Would you mind opening the door? I have friends outside."

Nobody moved toward the door.

Iris stood next to Max, her shoulder pressed against his arm. "That's Joe Garrity," she said. Her eyes were wide, excited.

Garrity slid along the wall and opened the door himself, never once taking his eyes off us. Four men came in . . . four big tough-looking men with bright hopeful eyes. Then Don Symington appeared.

"Nice work, Iris," he said.

I looked at her. She had moved away from Max. She was smiling. Her eyes were big and round.

"You wanted to find Bounty and you've found him," Iris said.

"Yes," Garrity said, "we've found him."

My heart began to pound against my ribs. There was a kind of cold insanity about these people. I had seen it at Bund rallies before Pearl Harbor.

"WE are not usually so inefficient," said Garrity. "As you suggested, Chandler, he was not meant to live."

Max said nothing. He made a small gesture with his left hand which was a signal to me. Part of my standard equipment is a tiny speed-lens camera which I carry under my vest. We take pictures with the big camera if we're allowed to, and when we're not allowed to, we take pictures with the small one.

"We were all worried about what had become of him," Symington said. "He was left for dead, you see. It was a laugh when you came to Iris asking about him. Fortunately Iris maneuvered you into a taxi which is operated by a friend of ours. He reported the moment he'd brought you here. We'd already looked for Bounty in his own apartment. We hadn't thought of looking for him here."

"How does it feel to find out you're just a dumb jerk like everybody else?" Iris asked Max.

Max's eyes were hard as cut gems. "I accept the accolade," he said. "I deserve it."

Garrity gestured toward the bed. One of the four men moved forward, pulling a leather-covered blackjack from his hip pocket.

Lee screamed. One of the men grabbed her from behind and clapped a huge paw over her mouth. Max seemed to be frozen, his face dead white. I somehow managed to move . . . to turn just slightly toward the bed. One of the men grabbed my left arm and twisted it behind my back. Fortunately my right hand was free, and I got a picture of the most brutal and cold-blooded action I have ever seen. The man with the blackjack deliberately slugged Roger Bounty four times over his bandaged head.

I turned away, sick at my stomach. I saw Iris, hands jammed in her pockets, her little white pointed teeth grabbing at a scarlet lower lip. There was a kind of fever in her eyes. Some day we would square accounts with her, I thought. And then it dawned on me that we weren't going to square accounts with any one. Garrity would never have had Bounty finished off in our presence if he intended us to live.

Garrity said, "We're going to need two cabs to move this outfit. Spike, go down and tell Ed to pick up another driver he knows. We'll wait."

One of the thugs went out. Garrity sat down on the arm of a chair, his gun nicely balanced in the palm of his hand.

There was just one pay-off, and I began to try to figure ways and means. I had somehow to get rid of my little camera in the hope that some one would find it and get the film developed. If that happened, Garrity and his pals would be caught dead to rights, even if we weren't around to enjoy the hanging.

"You people are just unlucky, Chandler," Garrity said. "If the boys had done a proper job on Bounty in the beginning you'd never have been mixed up in it."

"Bounty must have had you cold," Max said.

"He did," Garrity said. "Too damned cold, and we don't intend to let any one stand in our way. Unfortunately for you, that's exactly where you stand."

Iris giggled. It turned my blood cold. "Somebody give me a cigarette."

One of the thugs passed her a crumpled package and she took a cigarette. I felt a fierce anger rising up inside me as I watched her tap it on the back of her hand. Her husband had died fighting to save something that she was calmly and deliberately attempting to destroy. We three, Max and Lee and I, were going to die without any chance to fight at all. The three thugs and Symington and Garrity were obviously all armed, though Garrity's was the only gun out in plain view. There literally wasn't anything we could do.

Iris turned to Max. "Give me my holder out of my handbag there," she said in her imperious little voice.

I thought Max ought to throw the bag in her insolent face. He didn't. He picked it up and opened it. Then all hell broke loose.

MAX had a tiny pearl-handled revolver in his hand and he stood there methodically pumping lead into Joe Garrity. Garrity staggered up, a surprised look on his face, and I saw the automatic slipping from his fingers. I made a dive for it. So did Iris. I never slugged a woman before, but I felt swell when I clipped her on the side of the jaw and knocked her kicking. I grabbed Garrity's gun just as the three startled thugs closed in on me. The thing went off like a cannon and I saw one of the men make a clawing grab at his shoulder. I managed to scramble up and get them covered.

"Take their guns away from them, Lee," Max said.

Lee was ghostly white but she was game. She took away three holstered automatics and put them down on the table near Max. He exchanged the toy revolver for one of them.

"Stand with your backs to the door," Max ordered the three thugs. "You too, Symington. If your friends come up the stairs shooting, we'll need a little protection."

Symington was shaking, and sweat stood out on his forehead. "I'm not responsible," he said. "I've never laid a finger on any one. I . . ."

"Shut up," Max said. "I'm happier about you, Symington, than any of the others. You work on the mind with lies. Well, this is once when lies aren't going to do you much good. You're going to fry, Symington."

"Don't forget Sister Susie," I said, nodding at Iris, who was still stretched out cold on the rug. "She's the one I'm going to get a kick out of."

"Rod, sometimes your dumbness appalls me," Max said.

We heard heavy footsteps on the stair. The guys with their backs to the door began to sweat. A heavy fist hit the panel.

"Open up. It's the police."

It was—prowl cops summoned by the superintendent when the shooting began. The fourth thug had evidently taken it on the lam.

As soon as the cops came in, Max put down his gun, picked Iris up and put her on the couch.

"Get some water," he said. Lee went for it.

"She played it like a trouper," Max said. "She tipped me to the gun just as Garrity came in the window. She had to make him think she was still on his team, or I wouldn't have been able to get it. She played it perfectly. Garrity knew she always used a cigarette holder. God knows what we'd have done without her."

Max bathed Iris' face and presently her eyelids fluttered and she looked up at him.

"Everything's under control," he told her.

She lifted her hand to her jaw and winced. Then she looked at me and said, "You really *are* a jerk!"

IT was swell to laugh again. "Maybe you've got something there," I said. "You're too good an actress. You had me fooled."

Her eyes clouded and she turned them toward the bed. "Roger . . . is he . . .?"

"He's dead," Max said.

Her whole body shook. I saw her scarlet fingernails biting through the tweed sleeve of his jacket.

"He was a fighter, Iris," Max said gently. "He knew how to fight and he knew what he was fighting for."

She raised her eyes to his, and they were puzzled and a little frightened.

"We're going to teach you how to fight, Iris," Max said. "Lee and Rod and I have been at it a long time, too."

He glanced at Lee, and there was something in his face I'd never seen before. I felt good. Lee's world was going to be all right when the fighting was done. I think she understood.

THE END

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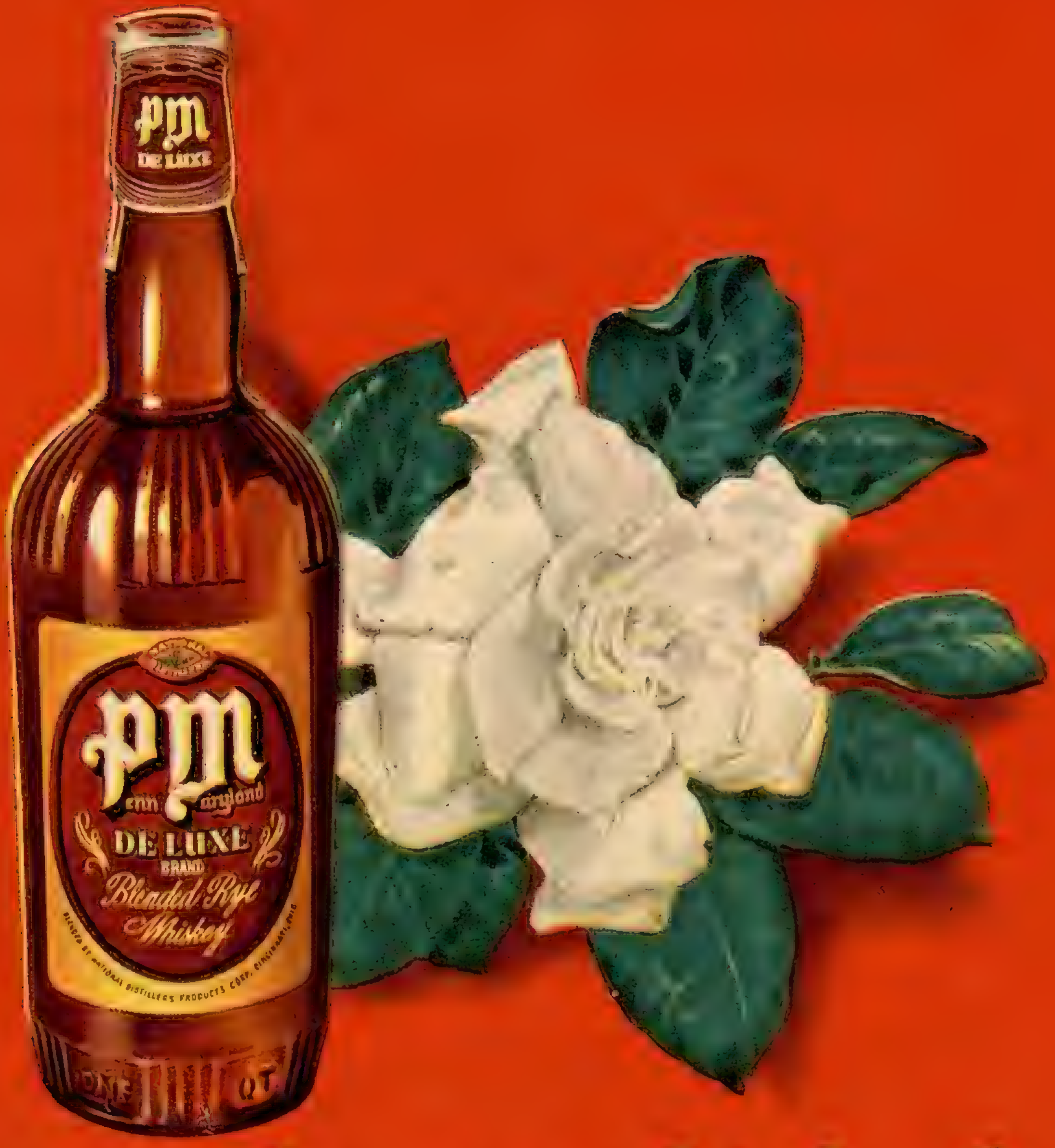
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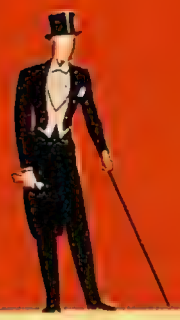

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THE REVERSE ENGLISH

Continued from Page 25

When I returned, the bill of sale was ready. I signed and wished her luck. She didn't say a word, and I walked out.

Getting rid of that horse was right away lucky. In the evening the twenty bucks I got from Alice became a century.

I got home very late feeling exceptionally fine. There was a light in Alice's room, so I peeked in. She was chucking stuff into a valise.

"What's this?" I said. "Moving?"

She just went on packing.

"Alice," I said, "stop this craziness."

She snapped the valise shut, turned around, and glared. "Out of my way, Mr. Benson!"

"Listen, Alice," I said. "You can't do this. You're a married woman, even if your husband is in the Army. Where are you going?"

"I am moving in with intelligent company, Mr. Benson."

"Meaning?"

"Meaning I don't stay with a father who accuses his own daughter of cheating him."

"So where do you go?" I said.

"Where you're not welcome—out to the stable."

"Take it easy," I said. "I'll be out in the morning to talk it over."

"Just try it," she said, slamming the door.

But the next day I didn't go to see her. When Alice gets a peeve, it is better to leave her alone. She didn't have much money; only the percentages from Pete's Army pay. So it was a cinch she couldn't keep supporting the horse and his menagerie. She would be back soon, I figured.

For a while the only things I heard about her was from the newspapers. Always it said the same thing: "Also ran—Percival." What I couldn't dope out was how she could even scratch up the entry fees.

THEN one day on Seventh Avenue who did I meet except Oatmeal O'Brien, the stableboy. He was now a commission broker, Oatmeal told me. Ten per cent for every policy slip, and no penalty if he sold a winner.

"So you walked out on Alice to work for a syndicate?" I said.

"I didn't walk," said Oatmeal. "I got throwed. I guess she's really busted, because she fired everybody in the dump. I hear she's doing all the work herself."

That explained it. She was using what little cash she had for entry fees.

"And it looks like the jockey's gonna pack in," said Oatmeal. "The horse is drivin' him nuts. He says it must have come off a merry-go-round."

"Meaning what?" I said.

"No matter what post position the horse gets, he busts toward the right, the outside rail, the same side what his eye is on."

"That's terrible."

"Terrible?" said Oatmeal. "It's lousy. You know a horse what runs on the outside has to run farther than a horse what runs inside, or in the middle."

I got a bright idea. "So let them put on a blinker," I said, "and the horse won't see no outside rail."

"It don't help," said Oatmeal. "The jockey tried it."

Oatmeal knew what he was talking about when he said Alice was broke. Because on Sunday I saw an ad in the Times classified: "FOR SALE CHEAP—Two Persian cats, half-grown. Alice Benson. Riverview Race Track."

A couple of days later I read that she got from the Jockey Club stewards a license to ride as an amateur. Then she entered Percy four times in races and four times scratched him. Probably hoped to save money by riding him herself, but she couldn't even dig up the fee for these cheap-skate events.

I was beginning to feel real sorry for her when I read something that struck me as very fluky. It was the list of starters in the Jubilee Sweepstakes next week. This was the forty-thousand-dollar jackpot Alice was always talking about. And in the list was Percy's name. To enter in that race cost five hundred, cash.

I was still twisting it in my mind when two messenger boys delivered a long, heavy package. For a half hour I unwound yards of newspapers. Then it came out—a terrible big sailfish mounted on Italian marble from Rome, N. Y. In the fish's kisser was an envelope, and on it was written, "To Baldy Benson—a True Sportsman." Inside was a letter from Mooch Finkle, who for seven years has been owing me five grand for a heavyweight I sold him.

"Dear Baldy," the letter said, "accept the fish as a token of my great opinion of you. To settle my debt for ten per cent was very sporty, even if that bum you peddled me quit cold after winning only thirty fights in a row. But your daughter told me you took that in consideration when you sent her up here to square the bill. Give her my regards. She's a fine girl."

So that's how she got the entry fee!

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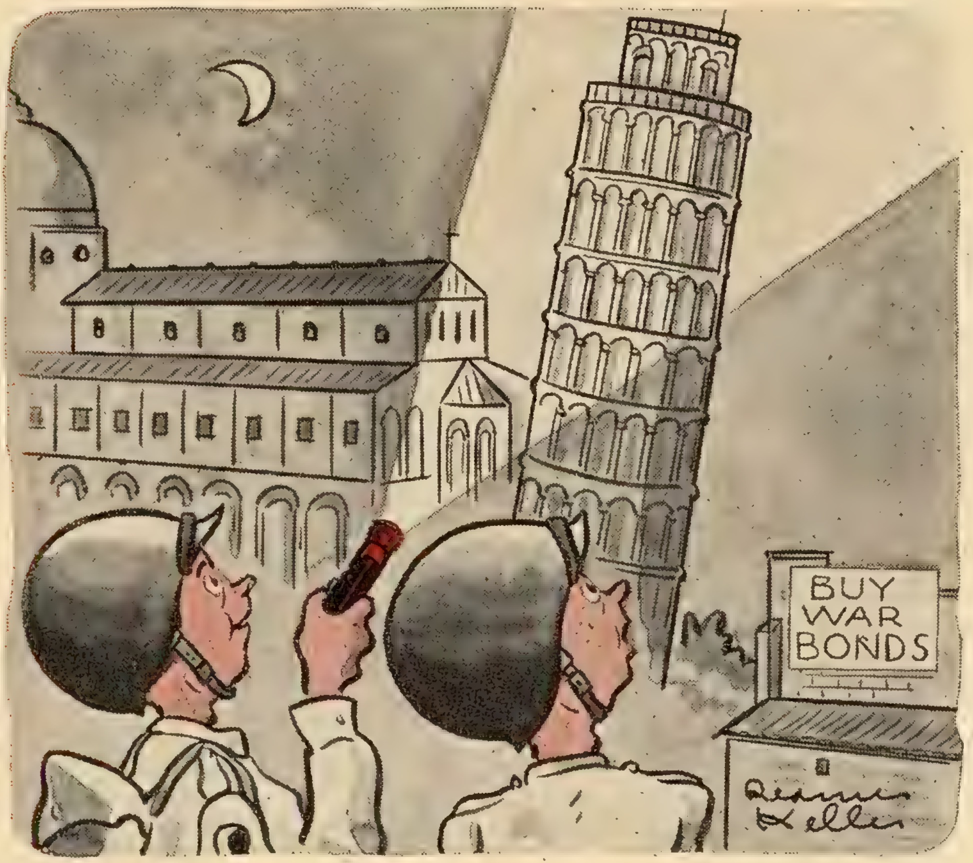

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There was horsewhips in my heart and lawsuits in my mind when I got out to the track an hour later. Alice was expecting me. The stable was tight shut. To all my hollering and banging she gave no answer. Then I looked in the window. It was again like last time. There she was in Percy's stall, measuring his face with a ruler. Next to her was the goat.

The dopey look on Percy's face drove me nuts. I rattled the window. "Open up!" I yelled. Alice still made believe she didn't hear. I picked up a stick, busted the glass and stuck my head through.

Alice gave a whistle. I ducked. Just in time. Out through the window flew the goat. Lowering its beezer, the goat rushed, low and dirty. But I sidestepped. The goat smacked the wall and fell down. I fell on top. It was like falling on a trolley-car spring. Up I bounced and landed on my hands and knees. And then the goat broke the rules. It began to buck me from the rear. Twenty yards later Alice gave another whistle. The goat stopped, turned around, and jumped back through the window.

"I'm sorry, daddy," Alice called after me while I crawled away.

FOR six days I sat in the house on ice. On the seventh day I graduated to a pillow and was feeling much better when I almost had a relapse. It was Alice on the telephone.

"Daddy," she said, "come out to the track—and bring your bankroll."

I slammed down the receiver.

At first I wasn't even going to see the race. Then I changed my mind. I remembered her amateur jockey license. Now maybe she'd have to make the bluff good.

My calculations were correct. The minute I sat down on my pillow in the grandstand, they put up her name with the other jockeys'. To the crowd it didn't mean nothing—"A. Benson." But to the guys who shuffle the odds it did. In nothing flat the price on Percy went from 50 to 1 to 99 to 1. I was arguing with myself should I throw away two dollars. I decided no.

The time came for the Jubilee. The horses, eight of them, paraded past the grandstand. When the crowd found out A. Benson was a girl, they went goofy, hollering and cheering and tossing away programs.

The plugs got into the starting gate. All of them except Percy. His position was number one, right next to the rail. Any real horse would give a bale of hay for this. Instead he gave out with bucks, kicks, and noise. I could see Alice sweating bullets while she hung on. Finally the stewards got disgusted and stuck Percy outside the gate, way over to the right. There they held him.

To me it looked like they were still holding him at the break. To Percy it must have looked the same. Because with a double swish he slapped the stewards on their kissers with his tail and ambled off after the pack.

The other horses were ten lengths ahead, out like a fan from the rail. On the inside was Blue Barrel, the favorite, and next to him, Rambler. Both were owned by Mr. Wickett.

I put down my glasses and lit a cigar. Then the crowd began to yell again, and I took another look. Something had got in Percy. He was double-crossing his glue-factory relatives by putting on a small sprint. But he must have been so surprised that he lost his sense of direction. Because he was shaking his skull and going toward the inside rail, on the blind side, where he never went before.

Percy's sprint had brought him right up behind the others. But they were lined up, so he couldn't get through. That went on all the way to the half-way mark. But what got me was how he kept running inside.

Then the horse in front of Percy got a hotfoot or something and galloped ahead. The others spread out. The box was open. If Percy didn't drop dead, maybe he could get out of last place. Alice leaned over and tapped him. Percy moved up next to Rambler, Mr. Wickett's stooge horse. Alice tapped Percy again. He strained but didn't go faster. The jockey on Rambler had locked legs with Alice. It was an old gag. Alice leaned over and banged him with her bat. The jockey let go and the crowd applauded.

Even though the box was open, Percy by now was seven lengths behind. He had passed Rambler, but the other six horses were rounding the far turn, with Blue Barrel still leading and swinging wide. It looked like Percy would need wings to catch up with the competition.

Alice stood up in the stirrups and gave a yank on the bridle that almost tore Percy's head off. Suddenly he, me, and the crowd went nuts. Winding up those long feet, Percy gave a jump and began to run. But run! Straight on the inside he sailed. Alice dropped the reins and hung onto his neck. With a squeal, he shot through a small opening. The other horses seemed like they was just pasted on cardboard. In ten seconds he was under the wire.

BY the time I got to the stable all the excitement was over. Alice was already in her street clothes and she met me with a big smile.

But all of a sudden I felt very tired. I put down my pillow and sat on a box. "Alice," I said, "that horse I bought for fifty dollars. I sold him to you for twenty. Now he has won forty grand. It is true that I am only your father. But don't you still owe me something?"

"Thirty dollars?" said Alice.

"With at least an explanation."

"Of course, darling," said Alice. She came over and sat with me on the box and kissed me. "When I went to Mr.

THE PURPLE HEART

IF YOU ARE LIKE us, you will be interested in the origin of the Order of the Purple Heart, shown on our cover. It was created by George Washington on August 7, 1782. At that time he wrote:

"The General, desirous to cherish virtuous ambition in his soldiers, as well as to encourage every species of military merit, directs that whenever any singularly meritorious action is performed, the author of it shall be permitted to wear over his left breast the figure of a heart, in purple, on silk edged with narrow lace or binding. . . . The road to glory in a patriotic Army and a free country is thus opened to all."

The Washington coat of arms is incorporated in the base of the swivel-ring which attaches the medal to the white-bordered purple ribbon.

Wickett, I knew Percy's performance in this country had been terrible. But I blamed it on shock. His ship was dive-bombed when he was brought over from England. Nevertheless, I felt that with gentle treatment Percival might come around. So when Mr. Wickett told me that Percy's mother had been killed when he was very young, and that the Angora had been his companion, I decided the Angora was still necessary to comfort him.

"Mr. Wickett is a business man," said Alice. "He was selling me oats, hay, and bran. That was when I discharged all the help. Working out on a straightaway, Percival had astonishing speed. I could see flashes of the form that gave him the mile-and-a-quarter record in England. But in races he was hopeless. Then one day, while looking at photos of British races in the Jockey Club, it suddenly became clear. In England all races are run clockwise. In America they are run counter-clockwise."

"So what difference could that make?" I said.

"A great deal," said Alice. "Percival is a rail runner. He can only do his best when he's next to it. In England, that was perfect. Since he has only a right eye, and since in England the inside rail was on his right side, he was phenomenal; more so because he could not even see the outside rail. Here, running the other way, all he could see was the outside, and . . ."

"Sure, sure," I said, "and running on the outside meant running so much farther than the others. But how could you teach him reverse English?"

"Like this," said Alice. Getting up, she walked to Percy's stall and picked his bridle off the hook. Then, before I knew what was happening to me, she chucked it over my head, snapped the headband, and there I was wearing his blinkers.

"WHAT do you see?" said Alice.

"Nothing but the corner of the room."

"Which corner, daddy?"

"The left."

"Exactly," said Alice. "And that's why Percival won. All he could see today was the inside rail."

"Alice," I said, "you're a genius."

"Not quite, daddy. Just an optometrist who is going to work in a war plant next week." She took off the bridle and handed me the headpiece. "There's a little periscope inside," she said. "A homemade job that opens out into the left blinker, as you can see. That's what kept Percival's eye in proper focus."

"Smart," I said, "very smart. But since you are going to work, maybe you could rent me the horse so I could make a few grand myself."

"Sorry, daddy. I've sold him to Mr. Wickett for five hundred dollars."

That almost killed me. "Five hundred, after what his stooge jockey tried to do to you today!"

"Mr. Wickett's jockey acted under orders. The moment Mr. Wickett saw Percival behaving in such a spirited manner at the barrier, he deduced that it was the Percival of old."

"So you give him to the crook for five hundred."

"That covers the sum I appropriated when I settled Mr. Mooch Finkle's debt to you for ten per cent."

"A fine fix you leave me."

"I leave you," said Alice, "the blinkers. I believe Mr. Wickett will pay thirty or forty thousand to find out what makes Percival run."

THE END

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ADRIFT ON STAGE SIX—Continued from Page 30

a camouflage that makes her get away with thirty when she's had a good night's sleep. Right now she might be thirty-two. Her mink coat is Revillon Frères. Her suit is Hattie Carnegie. On the seat at her side is a de luxe model 16-mm. movie camera. At her feet is a square alligator case. She looks as if she has just stepped out of '21' rather than a torpedoed freighter. The lifeboat on the oil-covered sea might be a gondola in Venice. Not a strand of her beautifully coifed hair seems to have been disturbed. From her purse (Mark Cross) she takes a gold cigarette case (Tiffany), selects a cigarette, puts it into a silver cigarette holder (Cartier), lights it with a jeweled lighter (Dunhill). Her glance roves over the interior of the lifeboat, of which she is at present the sole passenger.

"We get a feeling of calm inventory. Here is a woman to whom being torpedoed is just another experience. There's neither fear nor hysteria in her eyes as she notes the damage done to the lifeboat—the wrecked compartments, the crushed first-aid kit, miscellaneous junk scattered about. But suddenly her face takes on an expression of vexed irritation. The stocking on her right leg has a run in it."

Mr. Hitchcock laid down the script, picked up the telephone, and put in a long-distance call to New York. "Miss Tallulah Bankhead," he said.

Later, when an interviewer asked him why he chose the fabulous Tallulah for the starring role in Lifeboat, the rotund master of suspense dryly replied, "It was the most incongruous bit of casting I could think of. Isn't a lifeboat adrift in the middle of the Atlantic the last place one would expect to find Tallulah Bankhead?" To his friend Joseph Cotten he slyly confided, "I figured that trying to anticipate what Tallulah might do next would keep audiences in suspense for an hour and a half."

"It has kept her friends in suspense for years," added Joe.

WHEN Miss Bankhead, after ten eventful years on Broadway, and after receiving the muchly prized New York Drama Critics Award for the best performance in 1942 (Sabina in The Skin of Our Teeth), agreed to come back to Hollywood and play Connie Porter, Hitchcock beamed from plushy stem to plushy stern. "Good, good!" he exclaimed with far more enthusiasm than he had ever shown before. "Now I'll have a storm inside my lifeboat as well as outside." For, whatever has been said about Tallulah, she has never been called shy, reticent, or dull. One evening at a party at Dorothy Parker's, so the story goes, tireless but never tiresome Tallulah was in fine fettle, singing, dancing, and even turning a cartwheel or so. At one point Miss Parker left the room to answer the phone. When she returned, the exuberant Tallulah had gone. The hush of the tomb had settled on her guests. "And what," asked Miss Parker sarcastically, "has become of Whistler's Mother?"

Hitchcock—who once said to a demure, mousy actress who was fretting because her best side was not facing the camera, "My dear, you are sitting on your best side"—awaited Tallulah with a keen pleasure. It is Hitchcock's belief that the best way to get good performances out of actors is to keep them from being bored. Hitchcock figured that having the indefatigable Miss Bankhead around was just like taking out insurance against boredom.

To the surprise of some and the chagrin of many, Miss Bankhead turned out to be extremely well mannered, considerate, and as hard-working an actress as ever crossed the Rockies in a gold rush. She was there to do a good job. Never once did she blow her top—not even when a syndicate writer called her a "hillbilly from 'Bama." She liked everybody and everybody liked her.

THE first afternoon that Tallulah and Hitchcock met, in her apartment in the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, Hitchcock sat in a corner like a little fat pixy and said nothing. Tallulah was being utterly charming, and made small talk about the new farm she had just bought in Bedford Hills, New York—the grapes, the bulbs, and the apple trees that needed pruning. Mr. Hitchcock went to sleep.

She was soon to learn that a little dozing off on Mr. Hitchcock's part meant nothing at all. He is Hollywood's number one public sleeper—with George Sanders and Gary Cooper as runners-up. Nunnally Johnson once found him sound asleep on a high stool at the bar at Romanoff's with a double Dubonnet vibrating in his left hand. When Danny Winkler, his agent, took him to the hottest night spot in Hollywood, Hitch slept peacefully through the tom-tom dance, the fan dance, and Ann Corio. He slept when Carole Landis of sweater fame dined with him; he slept when Louis Bromfield discussed politics with him; he slept when Joan Fontaine showed the first signs of becoming an actress in Rebecca; and he slept when Orson Welles sawed Rita Hayworth in half. He shows no favoritism—he even slept through the London opening of his own 39 Steps.

During Lifeboat he did less set sleeping than ever before. Perhaps because the unpredictable Tallulah had the stimulating effect of benzadrine upon him. Perhaps because Lifeboat was his pet picture. Perhaps because he was reducing—he lost a pound a day during the eighty-two days the film was in production. (Nothing fancy, just the calorie way.) He celebrated the last day of the picture by appearing in a ready-made suit. "First suit I've bought off the peg in twenty years," he said proudly.

With Hitchcock reducing and Tallulah being a hard-working actress, the cast and crew of Lifeboat decided they were in for a pretty deadly time of it. Everybody was being "Miss" and "Mister" and awfully polite and gracious. Then, along about the third day, Hitchcock arrived on the set with a wicked gleam in his eyes. He paused momentarily beside his star's chair, and greeted her unexpectedly with "Good morning, Miss Baghead." "Why, good morning, Mr. Bitchcock," Tallulah countered, without looking up from the column she was reading. The ice was broken—and was never given a chance to congeal during the entire fifteen weeks of production.

When Tallulah first came to Hollywood on a Paramount contract, twelve years ago, fresh from her sensational London triumphs, she leased William Haines' spacious house, hired a flock of servants, and bought a Rolls-Royce slightly smaller than the Empire State Building. She brought along a dozen or more trunks stuffed to the locks with Schiaparelli, Lanvin, and Hattie Carnegie, her celebrated Augustus John portrait, and enough jewelry to choke a horse. She also brought along an English secretary and two house guests from London, so she'd always have her fourth at bridge. The lavishness of her entertaining surprised even lavish-glutted Hollywood. At her dinner parties you found top-drawer stage, literary, and political celebrities from all over the world. Tallulah loved being a hostess and she simply couldn't bear to have her guests go home. Helen Hayes was soundly scolded by Miss Bankhead one night because she dared put on her coat before twelve.

But Tallulah's second arrival in Hollywood, in the summer of 1942, was something else again. She brought only one trunk—full of handsomely tailored slacks, which on Tallulah look good. She lived in a hotel apartment at the Beverly Wilshire (where she had the operators in constant confusion because of her habit of picking up the phone and saying, "Send it up right away, darling," without giving the slightest clue as to what she wanted sent up). She rented one of the cheaper make cars, which her secretary drove for her. Inasmuch as Tallulah has never been able to tell her left hand from her right, she has completely given up hope of ever learning to drive herself. The few friends she invited to dinner were reminded that she had to be up at 6 A. M. to be in the hairdressing department at the studio by 7 A. M. Nobody got scolded for leaving. Except on Saturday nights, when she dined with Hitchcock, Tallulah was strictly a nine-o'clock girl. When some one asked her if Hollywood had changed much, she said, "How would I know? I've only seen my hotel apartment and the studio."

HITCHCOCK believes one way to keep his actors up on their toes is to repeat several times a day on the set, "Actors are cattle." From him they not only take it, they love it. Of course he takes the curse off it by adding that he is a frustrated Thespian himself. "Please keep it confidential," he told Hedda Hopper, with a sly wink, "but the only reason I am reducing is so I can get on the other side of the camera." It is part of the Hitchcock tradition that he always appears in one scene in every picture he directs. For a time he was quite hard put to it as to how he could appear in Lifeboat. But the Hitchcock is never long at a loss for ideas.

In one of the scenes William Bendix, playing a jitterbug sailor, is seen reading a wet newspaper which was tucked away in his pocket when he crawled aboard the lifeboat. There's a newspaper advertisement quite prominent in the paper. One of those before-and-after-reducing come-ons. And who do you think the man in the ad is? "I'll probably steal the picture," says Hitchcock.

Hitchcock is willing to concede that his "cattle" earned well their stipends in Lifeboat. For fifteen weeks Tallulah, Bill Bendix, John Hodiak, Walter Slezak, Mary Anderson, Canada Lee, Henry Hull, and Hume Cronyn (Heather Angel, crazed by the loss of her baby, walks into the sea in an early reel) rocked away on troubled waters not good for squeamish stomachs, sometimes surrounded by old grapefruit peels and garbage from the Twentieth Century-Fox commissary, sometimes by a choking nujol fog, sometimes by a blazing and scorching sun, and worst of all by a hurricane the like of which has never been filmed in Hollywood before, not even by De Mille. Hitchcock is not one for faking when he can help it, and he

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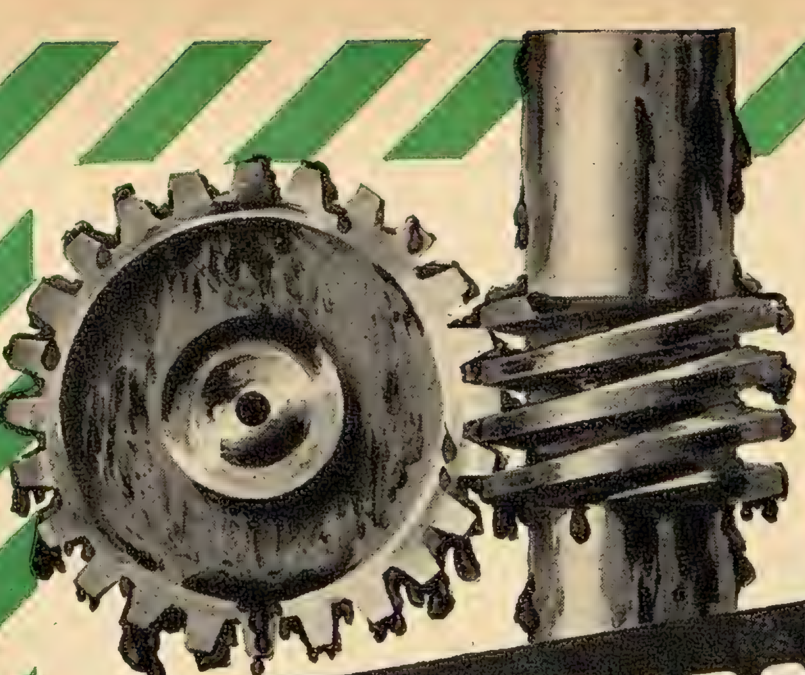

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wanted his actors to be honest-to-goodness nearly drowned in his storm.

When the day came to take the hurricane sequence, he took Tallulah on the set and showed her how simple the whole thing was—really nothing to it at all, my dear. He had a double for her sit in the boat, and he let a mild little trickle of water splash down on her from the tanks overhead. Then he took his star to the projection room to see the rushes, and carefully pointed out that the double didn't resemble Tallulah in the least and the audiences would know the scene was faked. Tallulah demanded that she do the storm sequence without benefit of double. But when the actual scene was filmed with Tallulah in the boat, it wasn't a trickle of water that dribbled on her—it was 12,000 gallons whipped up into mighty waves by vicious wind machines. Mrs. Connie Porter was knocked flat on her pratt.

For eight days Tallulah weathered the storm in person, causing Cameraman Glen MacWilliams to say, "In my thirty years in this business I've never seen any big-name star take such punishment. Tallulah came out of each take shivering and soaked and bruised—but always smiling. What a trouper!"

BUT Tallulah paid dearly for being the Trouper of the Year. As soon as the sequence was completed, she fell ill with a severe case of bronchitis, which had her friends worried that it might turn into pneumonia. Tallulah is a two-time winner over pneumonia. Her last session occurred in Philadelphia two years ago, where she was trying out Clifford Odets' Clash by Night. After weeks and weeks under an oxygen tent she was finally permitted to leave the hospital. As she wobbled weakly down the steps, she turned and defiantly announced to the hospital at large, "Don't think this has taught me a thing!"

When she recovered sufficiently from her bronchitis, Tallulah hurried back for a few last-minute pick-up shots and for the set party. While the doctor and nurse in attendance looked on in cold horror, she gave her impersonations of the members of the company, which they loved, especially the one of big Dead End Kid Bendix, who was constantly saying, "Shoot da pitcher, shoot da pitcher." She gave gifts to every one—and wound up her performance with a couple of cartwheels.

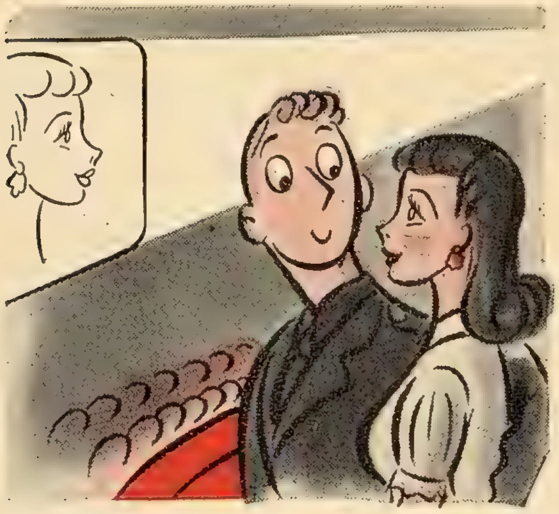
As a climax to the party, Henry Hull read a speech he had written about the members of the company. His remarks on Tallulah are particularly interesting and revealing. "And now we come to Tallulah. A lady whose brusqueness of manner is exceeded only by the warmth of her heart. She came aboard with a grim determination to reap all of the benefits such a step promised, and, by all that's holy, she got 'em, including some whose beneficial attributes might be open to question. She bore up under the buffetings of wind, wave, wood, and water like the superwoman she is. Tallulah, alone of all of us, survived Lifeboat still the master of her fate and the captain of her soul. She also survived bronchitis, laryngitis, pneumonia, whooping cough, and housemaid's knee—her only regret being the fact that she was unable to direct the picture, write it, light it, photograph it, edit it, and handle the property department, in addition to acting all the parts. I feel sure when Charon takes her for her last long voyage home across the Stygian waters, she will be heard to remark, 'What a hell of a way to row a boat!' "

THE END

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

MONEY questions keep pouring in. An apprentice seaman in the Navy wants to know if his wife, who is an Army nurse (and thus making more money than he is), is entitled to the regular government allowance that goes to wives of enlisted men. Why not? She's his wife, and the law says that allotments and allowances to wives are *mandatory*, regardless of where the wife may be or how she may be employed.



Hero's date

A woman in Salem, Oregon, writes that her brother is a marine and has left a wife and two stepchildren at home. His wife receives an allotment, but nothing for the children. "Is it because they are stepchildren?" she asks.

No, the fact that they are stepchildren doesn't make any difference. If the marine was supporting them before he entered the service, they are bona fide dependents and his wife is entitled to the standard allotment for a mother of two—$100 per month, of which $22 comes from her husband's pay.

Five corporals at Camp Cooke, California, take me for a ride for saying in a recent issue that WACs are not entitled to allowances for dependent husbands. They cite W. D. Bulletin No. 21, of last November 8, which says a WAC may apply for a husband allowance, but the husband must be dependent upon her for chief support and the Secretary of War must approve the allowance.

But the WAC will not enlist a woman who has a husband whom she is supporting. Thus it boils down to cases where the husband's dependency develops after his wife is in service. It is up to the Secretary of War to grant the husband an allowance or to recommend the wife's discharge.

These being the facts, I'll stick to my original position—that under ordinary circumstances WACs can't get allowances for their husbands. Which is as it should be.

A woman in New Orleans wants to know, "Why can an officer refuse to support his wife, at his pleasure, when an enlisted man must contribute $22 of his pay whether he wants to or not?"

An officer receives a dependents' quarters allowance and sufficient base pay to take care of his family without a government bounty. However, if an officer's wife has a legitimate grievance against him for nonsupport, a factual letter to his commanding officer or the Adjutant General's Office may straighten things out.

A second lieutenant in Dyersburg, Tennessee, wonders if he is entitled to a dependents' quarters allowance even though his wife is in the Waves. I'd say yes. AR35-1800 says the term "dependent" for commissioned officers includes at all times and in all places a lawful wife. Thus, even though she's a Wave and gets her quarters from the government, her husband may claim the allowance.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

Our awards for heroism are old-fashioned, Sarge. Here's my idea: If a guy performs an act of heroism, such as knocking off half a dozen Nips singlehanded, he should get flown home for a week-end furlough and have his choice of a date with one of the following: Betty Grable, Dorothy Lamour, Ann Sheridan, Lana Turner, Hedy Lamarr.
Cpl. D. J. C.,
U. S. Marine Corps, Southwest Pacific.

An ingenious idea, to which I would like with your permission, Corporal, to add one little detail. How about giving the hero a garter, after this big date, to wear on his chest as a service ribbon?

* * *

In a recent issue you defined "bubble dancing" as Army slang for dishwashing. How about "Bertha with the big belly"—can you define that?
G. D. C., Topeka, Kan.

That's Navy lingo for a torpedo bomber. It is part of the Navy vocabulary, which includes such other gems as:

Pregnant bathtub	**Grumman Hellcat fighter**
Chopping your teeth	**Gabbing or complaining**
Turf tamping	**Griping about lack of action**
Tincus	**Tamper-in-chief, U. S. Fleet**
Stork Club	**Carrier pilots whose wives have just had babies**
In the sack	**Asleep**

* * *

Two questions, Sarge. First, what are the regulations concerning the wearing of civilian clothes by WACs? Second, what are the rules about enlisted WACs going out with officers?
A Lieutenant, Fort Lewis, Wash.

WACs may wear civilian clothes when on furlough and off duty, provided they have the permission of their commanding officer. When such permission is granted, it usually means the change to civvies must be made off the post.

Enlisted WACs are not encouraged to go out with officers in any branch of the armed forces. But in the case of husband, relative, or old friend, permission may be granted by the commanding officer.

And, P.S., girls: That doesn't mean every new flame suddenly becomes an old friend!

* * *

Upon arrival back in the U. S., I noticed a good many officers sporting Good Conduct ribbons. I thought this decoration was for enlisted men only. After all, Sarge, men with commissions are supposed to be "officers and gentlemen," so why do they have to sport their good conduct?
Pfc. P. S.,
Percy Jones Hospital,
Battle Creek, Mich.

The Good Conduct Medal is not awarded to officers. However, officers who won the decoration while they were enlisted men may continue wearing the ribbon.

* * *

When I was inducted into the Army, "Special Assignment" was marked on my papers. What does it mean?
Pvt. G. H., Camp Wheeler, Ga.

This phrase is used at the induction center to indicate that the inductee is qualified for Army service only, and usually means that his physical condition is not up to Navy and Marine standards. It may also mean he is a non-citizen and thus is eligible for the Army only.

OFFICE OF P.M.G.
Hq. U.S.A.
F.I.N.E.
MARKOW

Initials

My husband is a storekeeper second class in the Seabees. Just how does that stack up with the Army?
Mrs. P. McG., Houston, Tex.

His grade and pay is equivalent to that of staff sergeant in the Army—$96 a month.

* * *

My husband is now stationed in Egypt, as far as I know. When he left he was in the Air Forces. He has been transferred to another department, but I can't figure it out from the bunch of initials in his address. Could you translate this address for me? "Office of P. M. G., HQ. U. S. A. F. I. N. E."
Mrs. F. H., Richmond Hill, N. Y.

You may not be able to say it all in one breath, but here it is: "Office of the Provost Marshal General, Headquarters, U. S. Army Forces in the Near East."

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

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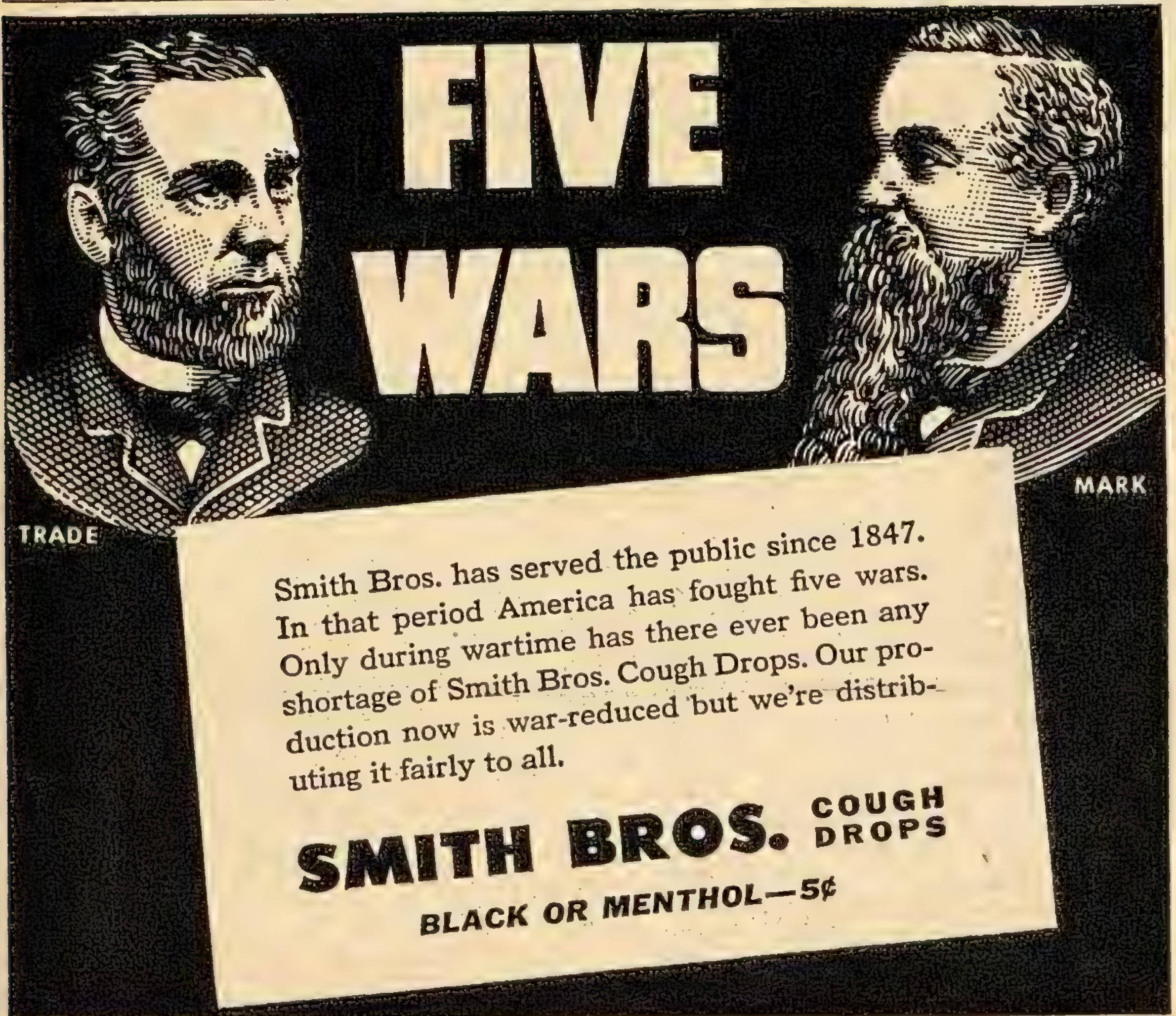
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UNFAIR TO READERS!

Continued from Page 19

(*-ing*). As you see, it is really a Latin translation of the English word *enlightening*, only in our example it means simply *light*. The full meaning is contained in the root, and the prefix and suffix are superfluous. They just make it harder for you to read the sentence. Therefore, the next step in our simplifying job is to throw out as many prefixes and suffixes as we can spare, and to replace them with simple root words.

Here is our second version:

"If the estimate turns out to be less than ⅘ of the tax, a fine is to be paid.

"This fine shall be the same as the difference between the estimate and ⅘ of the tax, but not more than 6 per cent of the difference between the estimate and the whole tax.

"The word 'tax' here means tax regardless of credits for tax withheld on bonds or wages.

"'Estimate' means estimate to which such credits have been added.

"For farmers, ⅘ is cut to ⅔."

That's already pretty simple, but there is one very important thing missing—the human touch. Nowhere does it say who is talking to whom. Not one word refers to a person. (In this magazine every tenth word refers to a person; in a romantic novel like Gone with the Wind, every fifth.) So our final version tells us whom this is all about:

"If your estimate turns out to be less than ⅘ of the tax, you will have to pay a fine.

"To figure out your fine, subtract first your estimate from ⅘ of your tax; then subtract your estimate from your whole tax and take 6 per cent of the difference: the smaller of the two figures is what you will have to pay as your fine.

"By 'tax' we mean here your tax regardless of your credits for tax withheld on bonds or wages.

"By 'estimate' we mean your estimate to which we have added these credits.

"If you are a farmer, we cut ⅘ to ⅔ for you."

Now, that's plain English at last. You can't miss what it says. It's the kind of writing that could save you one day each year.

Some day our income-tax instructions will be written this way. Already there are signs that our government is learning popular language. The Department of Agriculture is using strictly scientific methods in testing and simplifying the leaflets prepared for farmers. The Office of Price Administration, too, is making excellent progress in this field. Look at your Ration Book Number One and read the warning:

"Punishments ranging as high as *Ten Years' Imprisonment or $10,000 Fine, or Both*, may be imposed under United States Statutes for violations thereof arising out of infractions of Rationing Orders and Regulations." In Books Two and Three this has been changed to:

"Persons who violate rationing regulations are subject to $10,000 fine or imprisonment, or both."

And Book Four has:

"It is a criminal offense to violate rationing regulations."

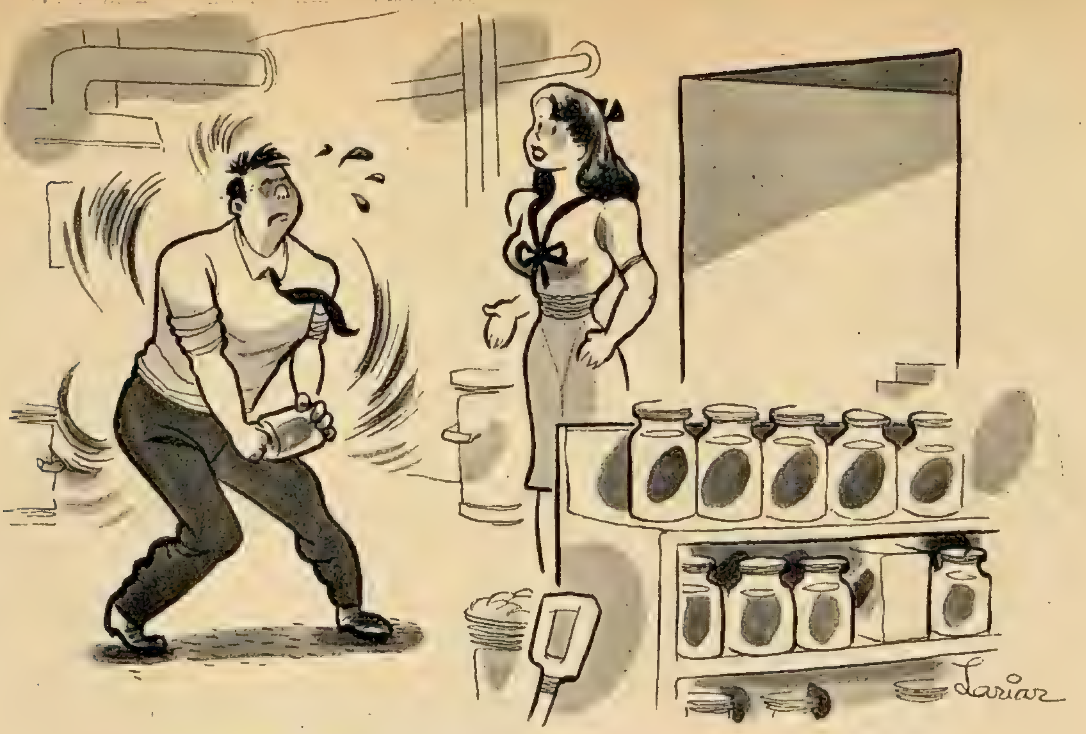
Some day maybe we'll read:

"Don't break rationing rules: it is a crime."

Then we'll know that Uncle Sam is beginning to talk like an uncle.

THE END

THE HOME FRONT



"Remember when all we had to do was use a can opener?"

bottle. "Burgundy," he said. Suits me."

It turned the long-stemmed crystal into pools of ruby. Ann thought, Johnny Angel, how am I going to let you know? The man sharpened the carver on the steel, made the blade flash and swish, and Ann was angry with herself for reacting to his comic-opera intimidation. Blasco served the vegetables. Miss Drumm's nostrils twitched.

"Green peas!" she purred. "How lovely!"

"And mashed potatoes!" said the man who wasn't Mr. Flowers.

Blasco moved around the table like a somnambulist. It isn't real, Ann told herself. I'm not here. They aren't, either. Eat your dinner; you're going to need it.

"Pass the mint sauce to Mr. Flowers," said Miss Drumm.

He was slicing into the lamb again. "This sheep is swell!"

"How I love to see a man enjoy his dinner!" Miss Drumm rang a little bell. "The mashed potatoes and gravy for Mr. Flowers, Blasco—" And then, as if she had just remembered, "Only it isn't Mr. Flowers, is it?"

HIS jaws ceased moving, but only for a moment. He laughed, and went on eating. "Who told you that?"

"I did," Ann said coldly.

"And who told you?"

"Your lovely singing voice!" She said it as if she had found his voice detestable. "Where is Mr. Flowers?"

"He wasn't lucky." The man who wasn't Mr. Flowers wiped his mouth, unsmiling now. "Be lucky—you!" he said, his voice distinct and chilled. "Fanelli's the name, Wild Irish Fanelli."

The telephone rang then. It rang again.

"Perhaps it's Gustaf," said Miss Drumm.

Fanelli's heels clicked on the hardwood as he crossed the hall. A door closed. Miss Drumm leaned toward Ann.

"He had a pistol. Under his arm." And surprisingly she added, "I have one, too." Before Ann had quite absorbed Miss Drumm's last statement, Fanelli came back.

"For you," he said to Ann. "A Mr. Angel."

Wings lifted Ann up out of her chair—and let her down again. Johnny's on the phone!

"Tell him I had a lovely trip!" she cried, a little wildly. "Tell him I'm having a wonderful time."

"No," Fanelli said. "You tell him." Ann sat breathless. "Only you're going to make it sound *right*. Like you *are* having a wonderful time. The idea is, we don't want Mister Angel down here"—he thumbed the note she had given Blasco out of his vest pocket—"or any more of this." Grinning, he quoted, "'It's here. And so are they.'" His grin went away. "I'd hate to hurt a nice girl like you."

In the library, firelight pushed the shadows about, glinted on bits of brass and steel and silver. The telephone stood on a table to the left of the fireplace. Johnny was there, Ann thought, invisible, but close enough to touch, his voice and hers. And all that she had to say was "Johnny, it's here—Teakettle Island! And I think they're going to kill me." That would bring him running—and when he got here his life wouldn't be worth a puff of smoke, the present market value of her own!

"The guy's waiting," Fanelli muttered.

Ann was squeezing her wrist hard. Her palm hurt. One of the charms on her bracelet had pricked it and drawn a drop of blood. A mustard seed of an idea sprouted in her brain. Had she the nerve to do it? She picked up the phone.

"Why, Johnny, how darling of you to call! . . . Where are you? . . . Havana, of course! How stupid of me!" He was trying to tell her something, and she wouldn't let him. "Oh, a lovely trip! And Miss Drumm's a dear! This wonderful old house—I'm simply crazy about it! You should see my room. It was Gustaf's mother's. It's next door to the nursery—the room that was little Gustaf's. It looks out over the bay. I'm thrilled to death!" Again she beat back his voice. "And, darling, what do you think! My little teakettle that I thought was lost—I've found it! She jingled her charm bracelet in front of the transmitter. "Yes, my little teakettle. . . ." His breath exploded softly in her ear. "I'm thrilled to death at finding it. . . . Johnny, it was sweet of you to call. . . . No, I mustn't keep you. . . . Yes, yes! Good-by, darling!"

Ann wondered if she'd overdone it. Drained out, she faced Fanelli.

"Swell," he said. "Just the way I

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"AND McKESSON MAKES IT"

wanted it." He took hold of her wrist and fingered the little gold teakettle. "Cute," he said. "You crazy about that guy?"

"Yes," said Ann, and meant it.

Miss Drumm had come in, her knitting in her hands. She looked frail and tremulous. Ann seated her in an armchair where she could see the fire. Miss Drumm found a little bell, and rang it.

"We'll have our dessert in here," she said.

ANN'S face pressed against the vanishing window of General Domingo's private car had left Johnny with a sense of being alone that sank him fathoms deep. At the same time he was relieved to have her gone. Louis Fouché's quick and sudden death had convinced him that a break was imminent. He hadn't had his breakfast yet. The café at the Pico was nearly empty. He sat down in his favorite booth and was working his way through the meal when he saw Mr. Summerbell approaching.

Jumping up, he said, "Is this a surprise!"

Mr. Summerbell said he would have a lemon squash.

"Miss Drumm's quite an old lady," Johnny said.

"She's failing," Mr. Summerbell replied. He shook his head sadly. "She's well physically, but she shows an increasing tendency to confuse the present with the past . . . especially where Gustaf is concerned."

Johnny wondered why he'd come. "Who is Mr. Flowers?"

"Some one Mr. Gustafson sent—a reliable man," Mr. Summerbell answered. "Usually Mr. Abernethy goes. but he hasn't got over his cold yet."

Lighting a cigarette, Johnny said, "Mr. Summerbell, I'm thinking about that unlisted cargo somebody took off the Quincy. I'm thinking about Sam Jewell."

"So am I, Johnny." Mr. Summerbell looked uneasy.

"Only somebody crossed him up."

The other hesitated. "Perhaps," he said, distressed.

"Mr. Summerbell," said Johnny, "my grandfather took Ann Wingate aboard the Quincy at Dakar."

"I can believe almost anything nowadays, Johnny."

"Could you believe that Gustaf was aboard, too?"

"That would be difficult."

"Too difficult?" Johnny pressed.

"Perhaps—not," Mr. Summerbell admitted reluctantly. "Some things have come to my attention—but I'd rather not know. Later—if I have to—" He looked at Johnny appealingly. "Old Mr. Gustafson and I were close."

"I'm sorry." Johnny waited a moment. "I'd like to know where Sam Jewell got his information about that unlisted cargo. He must have got it before the Quincy left Buenos Aires."

Mr. Summerbell seemed deeply moved. "Johnny," he said, "I speak with a good deal of hesitation, but it's got to be said—that's why I'm here. The question of sending cargo to Dakar was broached to Mr. Gustafson by the administration, during August. About the same time, some people in New York who were connected with the Free French movement came to him about another matter. Before the Nazis took over in France much gold was gotten out of the country. Some of it went to Dakar. The Quincy was then at Buenos Aires, and available. Your grandfather was ideal for the double assignment. Mr. Gustafson and I were discussing the scheme one afternoon in his bedroom when he suddenly said, 'Summerbell, see if that door's closed.' "

"It wasn't?" Johnny said sharply.

"No, although I thought I'd closed it when I came in." Mr. Summerbell took on an expression of extreme distaste. "Mrs. Gustafson was going down the stair." Johnny expelled his breath softly. "Perhaps I *hadn't* closed the door. Mr. Gustafson attached no importance to the incident. Neither did I—until recently. Shortly afterward, Mrs. Gustafson left for Buenos Aires."

"To sing for Sam Jewell!" said Johnny harshly.

Ever since Ann had told him her story he had felt that Lilah had sparked the Quincy business at both ends, Jewell and Gustafson.

Mr. Summerbell got up to go. He put a hand on Johnny's shoulder. "God bless you, Johnny," he said.

Johnny went up to his room, pondering over what Mr. Summerbell had told him. He lighted a cigarette and stretched out on the bed. He told himself, he definitely had to move. Unless he started some sort of action he'd find the ball beyond his reach, in Sam Jewell's hands, or Gustafson's. When Gustafson had said that he didn't have to touch the gold, he'd spoken the truth. He could handle it by telephone from Havana or New York. Sewed up in his Miss Drumm alibi and the family prestige, all he had to do was sit tight. Johnny's notion that it might be possible to pressure Gustafson into exposing himself came back stronger than ever, notwithstanding Varadero.

He had killed a half packet of cigarettes when he got up and went to the telephone. He gave the Jewel Box number. A voice as bare as an empty cupboard said, "Hello." Johnny asked for Sam Jewell. He wasn't in.

JOHNNY deliberated a moment, then he left his room and walked leisurely along the corridor, his eyes fixed on a door a half dozen rooms beyond his own. As he approached it, the door opened as much as the width of a pencil, then softly closed again. Johnny came abreast of it. Seizing the handle, he turned it and burst the door open.

The man behind it, his hat already on, fell back with a grunt. His hand slid under his left armpit, but he wasn't fast enough. Johnny sank his toe in the fellow's shinbone, broke the gun out of his hand, and zipped a left into his mouth that spilled him backward onto the bed. Slamming the door shut with his heel, Johnny ran up the windowshade and looked the fellow over. He was pulling himself up by the bed rail. Johnny had seen him before. The room smelled of bananas. A paper sack of them lay on the table.

"I've been going to do something like this for a week," Johnny said ominously, "and I don't want a peep out of you that I don't tell you to make! Get over to that telephone!" The man wiped his eyes with his coat sleeve. Johnny caught him by the shirt front and jerked him trembling to his feet. He let him go suddenly, and the man brought up with a crash against the wall. "Yesterday afternoon a good guy named Louis Fouché died beside a telephone. One crack out of you and you get it the way he did!"

The man's color didn't improve and his voice came in a high breathless squeak. "Mister, that wasn't me!"

"Shut up!" Johnny said. "Unhook that phone and call the Jewel Box. Ask

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"Did you put in the Pepsi-Cola and sandwiches?"

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

LODGE-IC: Giving the little woman some sound reasoning about where you were until 4 A. M.

SELFANILIMIDE: No doctor necessary for administering this.

PASTRYARCH: Master of the pie ovens.

BEAU-ST: To brag about your fiancé.

DIFFERUNT: The dwarf of the litter.

STREAMENDOUS: The Mississippi River.

OMNIBOSS: The President's station wagon.

GLOVERNOR: Overseer of a mitten factory.

RAZZIDENCE: Home of a hiss-torical character.

STOMUCK: Five banana splits.

them where Sam is, then ring off when they've told you. If they stall, then give them a reason, and make it good."

The man took down the receiver and gave the Jewel Box number. "This is Earl," he said. "Where's Sam? . . . I've gotta know—it's important!" . . . He faced Johnny, his hands spread out against the wall. "Sam went out for a shave. The New York Barbershop."

Snagging the key out of the lock, Johnny slammed the door behind him, turned the key, and clunked it into a brass cuspidor by the elevator. He hurried downstairs and outside.

"The New York Barbershop," he told Celestial.

Jewell was sitting in the front chair with a hot towel on his face. Johnny waited in the cab until he came out, and saw Johnny coming toward him. All of him became rigid. Then his grin began to bloom like a brass rosette.

"Everywhere I go it's you," he said.

"Ever hear of a place called Teakettle Island, Jewell?"

"No. Did you?"

"Yes, and so did Gustafson."

"What about it?"

"Some unlisted cargo, that's all."

"Where is it?"

"That's the rub—I don't know," said Johnny. "I thought you might. I thought Mr. Gustafson might have told Mrs. Gustafson."

"Who told you about it?"

"That's beside the point," Johnny said.

"What's on your mind?"

"I'd call it a little game of cutthroat." Johnny said it the way he felt, and Jewell's smile congealed. "Only we cut Gustafson's throat before we try to cut each other's. It may be possible to break him down. Suppose you make him believe you know where Teakettle is, that you're on your way down there. I'll go and see him, too. I'll tell him a shark named Jewell knows Teakettle. It may shake him loose."

Jewell thought it over. "I'm interested. Anything else?"

"That's exactly all, Mister Jewell, until I break your neck to slow music."

"The Consul-General," Johnny told Mr. Celestial.

At the desk, Johnny was told that Mr. Gustafson was out. He strolled over to an elevator and asked whether the Gustafson suite was on four or five.

"Five, señor. No. 505."

A maid answered Johnny's ring. He strode past her into the drawing room, where he found Lilah.

"Goodness gracious," she said, "it's Galahad again!"

"Gustaf around?" Johnny asked.

"Gustaf's always around. He's so worried, poor darling!" Lilah trilled. "He's simply frazzled. He must have something on his mind. I wonder what it is. There was a call for him from Sam half an hour ago."

She had wanted him to know that, Johnny guessed. The heat is on.

A door on Johnny's left opened. "Gustaf!" cried Lilah merrily. "Look what just blew in!"

Gustafson stood in an open doorway through which Johnny saw a library table and a wall of books. His distracted manner excited Johnny a little. "What do you want, Angel?"

"A little conversation, Gustafson."

"Private, I suppose?" Lilah pouted.

"Come in here." Gustafson closed the library door behind himself and Johnny.

"HAVE you heard from Sam Jewell yet?" Johnny asked. "Mrs. Gustafson said you had." Gustafson didn't answer, but a sort of crazy look had come into his eyes. "I ran into Jewell and he said you'd hear from him."

"It was a lie, anyway, what he said!"

"What was a lie—Teakettle Island?"

The blood drained out of Gustafson's light-bronze skin. "There isn't any such place," he said at last. "It's a place you've dreamed up—you and Jewell!"

"Sometimes they're dreamed up," Johnny said, "but this is real."

"What do you expect to get out of this?"

"Nothing, except maybe a packet of justice for some people who aren't alive any more. Look, Gustafson. Let's not kid any longer. You think you can sit tight until you're ready to move. You can't. In the end it'd sink you."

"I'm safe!" Gustafson muttered. "I'm safe!" he said again, very low.

"No, you aren't," Johnny said. "And you know it! Gustafson, you can still stand up and be a hero. Let's go down to that island and do us a job of work. How about it?"

Gustafson began to laugh.

Will Johnny reach Ann in time to save her and Miss Drumm from Jewell's mobsters? Next week's concluding installment is the most exciting of all!

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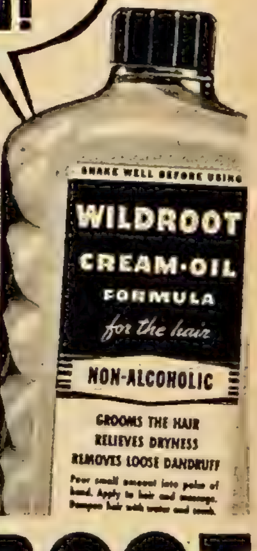

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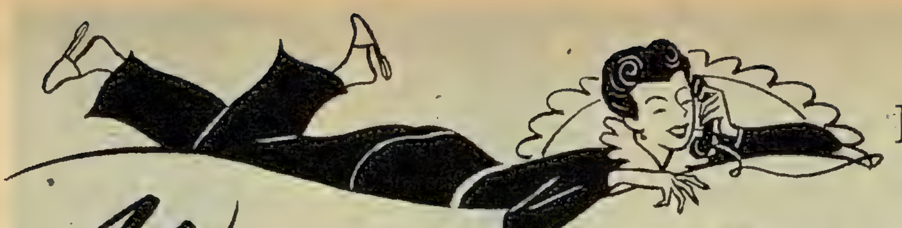

Woman-Talk

BY
MARGARET
FISHBACK

LEAP YEAR OPPORTUNITIES: In Washington, D. C., Miss Lucille Petrie, director of the United States Cadet Nursing Corps, declares that the marriage prospects for women entering a nursing career are extra good, because nurses are trained to get along with people. Miss Petrie, who was a guest at one of Mrs. Roosevelt's press conferences, stressed the need for more women from seventeen to thirty-five years of age for the Cadet Nursing Corps, to fill the needs of the armed services and civilian communities. Although nearly 40,000 have enrolled, 25,000 more are needed by July 1. The nursing course has been condensed from thirty-six to thirty or twenty-four months, according to the individual's background and experience. Qualified women are paid ninety dollars a month and maintenance.

FIELD DAY OVER: When a lovelorn lady proposes to her serviceman in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, this leap year, she needn't hope for a free marriage license. Walter M. Mumma, register of wills in Dauphin County courthouse for the past four years, has left office. During 1942 and 1943 he paid out $3,711 from his own pocket for servicemen's wedding permits. In 1943 alone, he paid $2,374 for 869 permits, though the sum was more than half his annual salary and during the year the cost of a license hopped from two fifty to three dollars. "I feel I've done something to assure the boys the home front has done some good," says Mr. Mumma, obviously a master of understatement. He is the father of a soldier.

BOMBPROOF SHELTER: Childbearing has its rich rewards, its unique assets. When mommy is invited out and doesn't want to go, she has the perfect alibi, drooling in his crib. With the air of an early Christian martyr, she regrets she must decline Mrs. Cadwallader's invitation to tea, because she has no one with whom to park baby.

CHICKEN, COW, and GOAT DEPT.: About 700,000 aristocratic Texas Angora goats raised for mohair are condemned to be devoured instead, because of the shortage of herders to tend the flocks. Goat meat is said to taste and look like lamb when well cooked. . . . The National Egg and Poultry Board states that hens last year laid eggs at the rate of 118,000 a minute, day in and day out. Our annual per capita consumption was 342 eggs in 1943, 300 in 1942, and will probably rise to 350 in 1944. . . . In Long Island City court, Louis Stronger, a chicken farmer from Lake Huntington, New York, pleaded guilty to a charge of cruelty to animals. He was accused of keeping roosters in crates so small that they were cramped like subway riders. He was fined five bucks by Magistrate Henry Soffer, our feathered friends' friend, who observed, "Even though a chicken is practically under sentence of execution in the very near future, it is not necessary that it also be tortured." . . . Artur Rodzinski, musical director of the Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York, received a pedigreed Guernsey cow from the board of directors for his fiftieth birthday, early this year. Tulip, the cow, came from Marshall Field's farm at Huntington, Long Island, and will reside at the Rodzinski farm in Stockbridge, Massachusetts. Her mother was Royal Iris, and her sire, Langwater Count, whose sixteen ancestors were sold for more than $190,000.

LINES FOR LEAP YEAR

I need no ifs, no ands, or buts,
To tell you, darling, you're the nuts.
My declaration's far from phony,
For what I mean is matrimony.

TWIN MARVELS: Kathleen and Mary Rowan are twins, though Kathleen was born in 1943 and Mary in 1944. Daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Rowan, they were born six minutes apart, one, three minutes before midnight on December 31, 1943, the other three minutes after midnight on January 1, 1944. At St. Joseph's Hospital in Baltimore, Maryland, where they made their appearance, attendants said it was the first such case in their experience.

HINTS OF SPRING: A Fifth Avenue store in New York has presented its crop of "spring fashions most likely to succeed," with tangerine as its favorite color, and plenty of emphasis on the bolero jacket, the jumper dress, the overblouse look, and the lowered waistline. Its coat guesses can't go wrong, for it gambles on both loose, boxy, three-quarter-length coats and fitted dress coats.

WISECRACKER EXTRAORDINARY: One of Churchill's World War I bon mots would come in handy now. He is reported to have said, when reproached by colleagues that it was dangerous to expose himself to shellfire and shrapnel, "But this is a very dangerous war."

LAY THAT WHISTLE DOWN!

Continued from Page 27

floor—even if it meant forfeiting the game!

The players scowled, Pat smiled, and the game continued—as basketball, not rugby.

Pat lets every one on the basketball court know just who's boss the moment he steps onto the floor. He learned that lesson a long time ago, when the American League, the major pro loop, signed him as a referee at the age of twenty, the youngest official in the circuit. That maiden year gave him a taste of what to expect.

That taste came in two gulps, involving Fort Wayne, a scrappy bunch of basketeers, both times. Fort Wayne was battling it out for first place in Chicago, and naturally was on edge. Its star, Bob Miller, was an excitable chap and he disputed every decision made by Kennedy. Finally Pat threw Miller out of the game. Fort Wayne lost.

The following night Fort Wayne was to play at home against Cleveland. When Kennedy arrived in town, he found the sports pages plastered with headlines about the expulsion of Bob Miller. The minute he stepped onto the court that evening, he was greeted with a solid round of boos. The Fort Wayne players griped to beat the band. As fate would have it, once again Fort Wayne lost, and once again they decided to take it out on Kennedy.

But the victorious Cleveland club, including some of basketball's immortals, such as Johnny Lapchick, Pete Barry, Johnny Beckman, and Dutch Dehnert, came to Pat's aid. They formed a flying wedge and swept Kennedy to his dressing room—where he waited three hours for the all-clear signal.

Yet, despite these experiences, Kennedy today is the game's most popular referee as well as its best.

I remember a time at the Garden when Kennedy sprained his ankle and had to be carried from the court. The crowd stood as one and gave Kennedy a bigger ovation than it gave the home team. It's the only time I ever knew a crowd to cheer a basketball referee.

I happened to remark that he works harder than all ten men on both teams combined, and he said it was because he "likes to get into the spirit of things." But then he searched his memory and pulled out this almost unbelievable tidbit. Pat Kennedy once stood still, in the same spot, for six and one half minutes during a basketball game! It was before Madison Square Garden came into its own as a basketball arena, and Kennedy was refereeing a game between City College of New York and Davis-Elkins. Davis-Elkins used a zone defense, and toward the end of the game City College decided to "freeze" the ball—hold on to it as long as possible. It wasn't too hard to do, because Davis-Elkins wasn't playing man to man. As a result, C. C. N. Y. just passed the ball around for six and a half minutes, with Kennedy looking on.

After a while the crowd grew restless and let the boys know it, so Kennedy appealed to the coach of Davis-Elkins to tell his boys to go out there and get that ball. That started the ball rolling again—and Kennedy whistling. It was probably the only time a basketball team ever really stopped Pat Kennedy.

THE END

HOW IS LIFE IN JAPAN?

Continued from Page 15

some of the Allied leaders that Japan must be crushed forever. As a consequence, the people are enduring almost intolerable policies and conditions to prepare the Japanese defenses and accumulate the required stocks of war materials before the Allies strike.

Today the Army and Navy leaders and the heads of the great industrial trusts are the undisputed rulers of Japan. Their grip on the nation is as strong as or stronger than that of the Nazis on Germany. The Emperor remains as a symbol. His brother, Prince Chichibu, who is believed to be opposed to the Pacific war, is reported to be under some kind of restraint (reverence for the imperial house is too great to justify the term protective custody). The recent changes in Tojo's cabinet were just additional proof that the fusion of the militarists and the industrialists, who were once supposed to be at odds, is now complete. Ginjiro Fujiwara, the genius of the Mitsui enterprises who became minister without portfolio, has the backing of the Navy, and the new advisers, Gisuko Ayukawa and Kieda Goto, the industrial magnates, have the support of the Kwangtung Army (the Japanese Army in Manchuria is always semi-independent and difficult to control).

The great trusts now dominate all of Japan's industry. This process began long before Pearl Harbor, but it has been greatly accelerated since. The great houses of Mitsui and Mitsubishi were turning increasingly to war industry as their contracts grew and they bought up more and more of the smaller firms, which were almost bankrupt through lack of materials and power. Today, under a new law, the government is taking over the smaller firms and distributing their plants and workers to trusts. Payment is made not in money but in trust shares.

As a result of this process, absolute control of all of Japan's industry is passing into the hands of a few men who are in the closest alliance with the militarists. Only those smaller firms which had succeeded in getting important war orders still survive, and their numbers are steadily diminishing.

WHILE militarists are planning a war they believe they have to fight, the leaders of the trusts have been given the task of building up the war industries. Japan is still suffering severely from shortages of war materials (mainly because of the pressure on shipping) and of vital machinery, such as machine tools, but she is doing in her own ruthless way just what the United States and Great Britain did when facing similar emergencies. She is striving for a phenomenal increase in war production, also, because of her special needs for flexibility in production that will permit her to meet her most urgent shortages in war equipment as they arise.

Reports show that before Pearl Harbor there were serious strikes in Japan —a country where there are supposed to be no strikes—of which the world heard nothing. If the information is correct—and it is believed here that it is reasonably accurate—one of the biggest occurred in April, 1941, when 100,000 workers in Kobe, chiefly employed in heavy industries, demanded food in the quantity promised under the rationing scheme, higher pay, shorter working hours, and voluntary instead of compulsory night shifts. The unions had been broken up some time before, but the strikers combined to stop machines and then to break some when, after five days, their demands had not been granted.

About this time, it is believed, the government was trying to make up its mind whether to attack Russia or Britain and America. The strike was sternly suppressed. Soldiers were brought into the factories and there was some bloodshed. Thousands of workers were questioned in efforts to uncover the ringleaders. Four men were shot and twenty others were sent to mysterious "special labor"; which means they disappeared.

In August and September of the same year 20,000 workers struck in the Mitsubishi heavy-industry and aircraft works at Nagoya. These are the biggest aircraft works in Japan, specializing in the construction of Army and Navy planes. The strikers got the higher wages and shorter hours they demanded, but when they went back to work extensive arrests were made. Other strikes included a big disturbance in Tsurumi, a heavy-industry town near Tokyo.

THEN came Pearl Harbor, and the strikes ceased.

Now all labor in Japan is virtually under military discipline. First, ceilings were fixed for labor. Then workers were frozen in industry and agriculture. Finally, conscription was introduced. Today there is little difference between military and civil conscription. Since March, 1942, the government has had the power to move any person between fifteen and seventy to any part of the Japanese Empire. A red card notifies a Japanese that he must serve in the Army. Receipt of a white card means a call-up for labor service in some work other than that he or she is doing. Special courses are given, under military discipline, to fit workers for new tasks.

Other nations have adopted the same process, but in Japan it was accompanied by ruthless removal of objectors, the smashing of unions, and the introduction of appalling conditions of work. The domiciliary system, whereby workers and their families were moved to special enclosures adjoining their place of work, was first introduced in the mining industry in 1939. Since then it has appeared in numerous others. It reduces the difficulties of transport and preserves the secrecy of key industries, because no one leaves the enclosures.

Meanwhile, the liberal elements in Japan—and undoubtedly there are some—have been effectively silenced. The police powers are wide and the curbs of press and radio are rigid, so criticism has been mild. But the government's uneasiness is attested by the fact that arrests have continued unceasingly. A few days ago it was learned here in China that another Tokyo Imperial University professor—the economist Koje Ishikawa—had been arrested. The government also has just closed down Central Review, one of the best known magazines in Japan, popular with the commercial community, and the economic journal Kaizo.

Contrary to some reports, Japan's economy has stood the strain of war comparatively well; but there are some embittered Japanese who are saying that life itself is rationed. According to the latest information available here, each adult Jap who is not doing special work is getting seven sheng—

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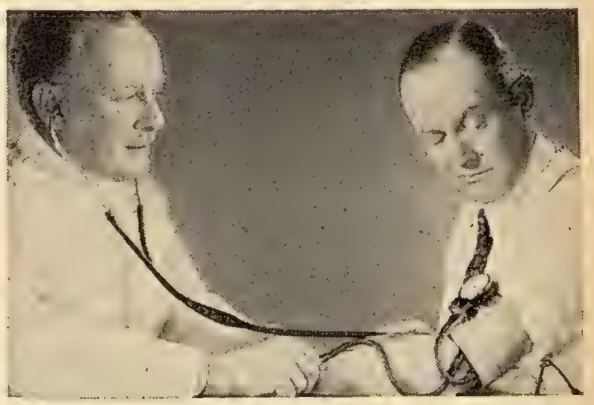

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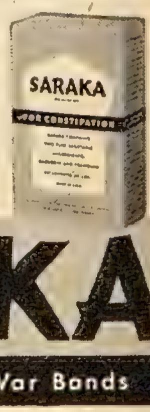

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about eight pounds—of rice monthly, compared with the normal twenty sheng. The deficiency is made up with fish, potatoes, and cereals, when they are available. He also gets the equivalent of about a half pound of sugar, a half pound of soya-bean curd, a half pound of biscuits or cakes, one pint of wine, and one or sometimes two eggs. Fruit may be bought only on a doctor's order. There is a black market, but the prices are fantastically high.

The Japanese people are not automatons. The rate of suicides has risen sharply. If reports reaching China are correct, the common people are unenthusiastic about the war, which for them began in the China struggle. There is also considerable bitterness against some of the official classes and against the industrialists who have exploited them. But loyalty to the emperor is strong, national feeling is deep, and they believe what they have been told—that there is no way out for them except through victory.

According to information reaching here, which is carefully weighed and sifted, the militarists and the industrialists themselves realize that Japan cannot hold all her gains, but they hope to make recapture of the conquered territories so costly that the Allies will weary of the struggle and will modify their demands for unconditional surrender. They are preparing a "Fortress East Asia"—which will include Japan proper, Korea, Manchuria, parts of China north of the Yellow River, and Formosa—for a last-ditch stand.

Judging from reports from Britain and America, there is greater optimism there about an early outcome of the war in the Far East than is generally felt in China. Some of the most influential Anglo-American leaders apparently are confident that Germany will collapse early in 1944, and that the combined power of the Allies will then be sufficient to smash Japan within six months. In the meantime, according to this view, the wearing offensive on many fronts will be sufficient to weaken Japan for the final shattering blows.

But there is good reason to believe that Japan may prove a more formidable opponent than that, especially if delay in the defeat of Germany gives her still more time to prepare her defenses. Many factors determining the grand strategy of the war, particularly the Russian attitude, are not assessable here, but the belief is that, unless Russia enters the Pacific war, the Allies will pay an increasingly heavy price in human life for every month they delay the main offensive.

JAPAN'S military preparations have advanced a long way since Pearl Harbor. The main base for Fortress East Asia is not the Japanese islands but Manchuria. Apparently it is being prepared as a great stronghold almost completely independent of the islands. Records filtering out show mysterious activity there. No one outside the Japanese military leaders knows exactly what is happening, but it is plain that Manchuria's heavy industries are more important than those of Japan itself, and that all kinds of war industries have been established there, including, it is believed, big new aircraft factories.

From Manchuria and adjacent areas Japan is getting such key war materials as coal and iron and other material, like wool, lumber, and foodstuffs. Men are being taken into these areas in considerable numbers for "special labor service," and they do not come out again. They include criminals, political prisoners, malcontents of all kinds from Japan, "slave laborers" from occupied territories, and even some war prisoners. It is significant that only long-term criminals have been chosen for this work.

The Fortress lacks some important raw materials, such as oil and rubber, but Japan had eighteen months to transfer stocks from her newly won southern territories. The Fortress has one, and only one, weakness: the proximity of Russian Far Eastern territories, terminating at Vladivostok, only a few hundred miles from Japanese cities.

Outside this Fortress is a network of defenses which the Japanese like to call the "Outer Ring of Steel." The Allies must in honesty admit that they haven't driven far through this ring. Formosa, not Japan, was the base for the Japanese attacks on the East Indies and, later, Burma. Another great base in Indo-China and Thailand has been established, and important new strategic roads, railways, and airfields have been built. From this new base, in emergencies, it is possible to reinforce Malaya and Burma by land and the East Indies by sea very rapidly. Aircraft, similarly, can move out fanwise from the great military airfields—such as Siemfriep in Indo-China—which the Japanese have built or taken over from the French or Siamese. These airfields are well inland and too far from Allied bases for bombing.

THE new road the Allies are driving from Assam into Burma has made good progress and seems certain to precipitate another real clash in Burma before the next monsoon; but it doesn't promise much help to China, at least for a year.

The United States Navy already has begun to strike westward across the Pacific toward the waist of the Japanese sea defenses, and one strong school of thought in the United States believes this to be the easiest road to Tokyo. The plan apparently envisages the capture of Wake and Marcus Islands, the defeat of the main Japanese battle fleet, heavy air raids from large numbers of aircraft carriers on the main islands of Japan, and, finally, the landing of seaborne troops to overwhelm the Japanese "heartland."

The process of taking base after base in the face of determined opposition is likely to prove expensive, as the small operations on Tarawa showed, and also protracted, since elaborate preparations must be made. The Japanese naval leaders obviously, and wisely, don't intend to risk a decisive battle except under favorable conditions and in home waters. This Allied naval plan, which its advocates rightly call a bold one, apparently assumes that the augmented United States Navy can take across the Pacific, in vulnerable ships, more planes and more men than the Japanese can concentrate in their own homeland with all the advantages of good communications and numerous excellent airfields. If this is possible at all, it seems possible only as part of much larger operations.

The Allies apparently have placed great reliance on the strategy of pressure at many points to destroy Japanese aircraft and shipping faster than they can be replaced and, by this strangling process, to so weaken Japan that she will fall quickly when the main blows are struck. There is strong evidence that Japan is feeling this pressure severely, particularly the destruction of shipping, but some of the optimistic conclusions drawn therefrom scarcely seem warranted.

It is believed that Japanese production of aircraft has temporarily fallen behind. The immediate production goal is thought to be 1,500 aircraft monthly. But it is planned to increase the rate steadily, and, with the assistance already received from German technicians, there seems to be no reason why it shouldn't be. The plants at Nagoya and Tokyo, which supplied most of Japan's needs before the Pacific war, have steadily expanded, as have the two new plants at Wangtsin in Manchuria. The system of subcontracting for parts is understood as well in Japan as anywhere else, and the industry as a whole is growing.

Allied production of aircraft already makes Japan's seem small; but aircraft, like warships, are valueless unless they have bases from which to operate, and the process of winning bases near enough Fortress East Asia to do Japan real harm seems likely to be long drawn out.

Japan's shortage of modern shipping is now clearly established. She is losing it faster than she can replace it, and that is her greatest weakness. In the coastal cities of China, such as Shanghai, great stocks of scrap iron, metals, and other useful materials have been stored, awaiting shipment to Japan. But there seems reason to believe that some of this shortage has been artificially created. The Japanese dockyards are not building cargo vessels because they are building warships. Freighters are concentrating on the transport of the most essential goods. Japan is apparently placing great hopes on the construction of fleets of wooden sailing craft of the junk type with auxiliary motors to replace steel cargo ships.

I'LL TAKE JUST ONE

Men want so many things on earth,
And want them from the time of birth.
But women want just simple things—
For instance: men with wedding rings!

—HELEN CASTLE

There is also evidence that Japan is training new armies. Some, at least, are being sent to China, which for many years has been the usual training grounds for raw troops. She is also training large numbers of puppet troops, and is calling up millions of men from conquered territories, apparently as transport troops. The generally estimated strength of the Japanese Army is 100 divisions, but a substantial increase seems by no means impossible. Germany, with a population no greater than Japan's, has nearly 400 divisions, according to official estimates.

To all this there seems to be one inescapable conclusion. Superiority in production alone will not bring swift or easy victory over Japan. The concentration of Allied forces in other theaters may have been strategically justified and unavoidable, but, without Russian aid in the Far East, the assumptions that Japan will crack quickly and that the Allies can afford to give her still more time are dangerous.

And what do the Japanese soldiers themselves think about the war?

I was one of a group of correspondents who questioned eleven prisoners of war—eight Japanese and three Koreans—in a wayside teahouse north of the Hunan front. They had been on a train bound for an internment camp when the Chinese general conducting our press party heard about them and produced them for us. He acted as interpreter, with a second interpreter translating his Chinese into English.

The prisoners sat in low chairs and seemed surprised at their surroundings. Beside them were packets of cigarettes still nearly full and bowls of tea still untasted. They appeared nervous, very tired, and, with Chinese bayonets only a few feet away, anything but formidable. The Koreans looked frankly pleased to be with us. The Japanese seemed dazed rather than distressed. They were nearly all young men and much smaller than their Chinese guards. None of them seemed robust.

The answers to our questions came hesitatingly, and one question, "Do you believe Japan will win the war?" they refused to answer at all.

TWO noncommissioned officers proved more communicative when removed from the others. Nasakasu Funabashi, who in civil life was a farmer, said he had been drafted four years before and had been sent to China almost immediately. Here are his answers to questions we asked him:

What do the soldiers in your regiment think about the war?

"The officers decide what is to be done. Some of the men are getting a little tired of the war."

Which Allied country do the soldiers consider Japan's greatest enemy?

"America."

What do you think was Japan's greatest victory in this war?

"I don't know."

Do you think Japan will have to fight Russia?

"All the soldiers in my regiment think so. The officers think so. Troops are constantly going into Manchuria from Japan."

How do you know?

"Through relatives and letters."

Have you any message you want to send to your relatives in Japan?

"No."

Will your country allow Japanese prisoners like yourself to return to Japan after the war?

"It's a matter of 'face.'" (The Japanese consider capture in war a disgrace and officially there are no Japanese prisoners.)

Okasake Shirost, a twenty-five-year-old sergeant who was a member of an engineering unit and a graduate of technical school, was more cautious. He also had been in China about four years. Here are some of his answers:

What is the feeling of the Japanese soldiers and people toward the Allies?

"The feeling against America is certainly high. We don't hate Americans, British, and Chinese as individuals."

Do you want to send a message to your family?

"No."

But then your family will think you are dead.

"I cannot go home anyway."

The last question was, What do you think of war?

The prisoner laughed for the first and only time during the interview and said, "Nobody likes war."

THE END

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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY HARRIET GOULD

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It all starts with a school-kid romance between Jo Flanagan (Ginger Rogers) and Chris Jones (Robert Ryan), who marry and have a few peaceful years together before the war—years marred only by arguments about sewing buttons on shirts and reading at the dinner table. But all that ends—except in Jo's memory—when Chris goes off to war and she goes into an aircraft plant. When Chris is sent overseas, Jo rounds up three other war wives (Ruth Hussey, Patricia Collinge, and Kim Hunter) and they take a house together to save money. To preserve their digestions and nerves, they hire a housekeeper (Mady Christians), a German woman whose husband is also fighting the Nazis.

There are occasional minor differences over such problems as black markets, hoarding, and budgeting, and there is a big to-do when one of the girls makes a date while her husband is in the South Pacific. But when Jo has a baby, all the women adopt him. And when the husband of the youngest girl comes home on furlough, all the women shower him with food, slippers, pipes, candy.

But in the midst of the gaiety, Jo gets the dreaded wire from the War Department informing her of Chris's death in action. In one of the best scenes Ginger Rogers ever played, she tells Chris, Jr., about his dad and what he died fighting for. It doesn't matter how tough you think you are—this one will get you.

Everybody concerned does a superb job, but special praise is due to Director Edward Dmytryck. A comparative newcomer (he did Hitler's Children and Behind the Rising Sun; is now working on Sister Kenny), he has handled Tender Comrade with a remarkable delicacy.

If this is any indication, we're in for some great pictures from Mr. Dmytryck, because Tender Comrade is a great picture in every sense of the word.

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

DESTINATION TOKYO (Warners). Cary Grant, John Garfield. War Drama.
JANE EYRE (20th Cent.-Fox). Joan Fontaine, Orson Welles. Drama.
LOST ANGEL (M-G-M). Margaret O'Brien, James Craig, Marsha Hunt. Drama.
MADAME CURIE (M-G-M). Walter Pidgeon, Greer Garson. Drama.
NONE SHALL ESCAPE (Columbia). Marsha Hunt, Henry Travers. Drama.
SONG OF BERNADETTE (20th Cent.-Fox). Jennifer Jones, Charles Bickford. Drama.
STANDING ROOM ONLY (Paramount). Fred MacMurray, Paulette Goddard. Comedy.
THE LODGER (20th Cent.-Fox). Merle Oberon, Laird Cregar. Drama.
THE NORTH STAR (RKO). Ann Harding, Anne Baxter, Walter Huston, Dana Andrews. Drama.
THE UNINVITED (Paramount). Ruth Hussey, Ray Milland. Mystery drama.

AFTER this war Warner Brothers are apt to be known as the makers of the shadows that are cast before coming events. They've beaten the guns of history before with such films as Casablanca and Mission to Moscow. And now that Poland has moved into headline position, up comes In Our Time, a story of prewar Poland—its peasants, its politicians, and its downfall. That's a big mouthful, and unfortunately the cast chokes on it once in a while, but on the whole it's a good job. The story is told through an English girl (Ida Lupino) who marries the son (Paul Henreid) of an old aristocratic Polish family. Their mode of living and thinking is almost medieval, and the girl's attempts to bring her husband up to date only make trouble. The advent of war and the rape of Poland bring everything into sharp focus. Because of its topical theme and a fine cast that includes Nazimova, Nancy Coleman, and Michael Chekhov—and in spite of its shortcomings—In Our Time is a film you'll want to see. (Warner Bros.)

LETTER TO A HERO
MONROE HONOR ROL

SHORT subjects come and go, but only once in a rare while does one get nation-wide attention and acclaim. One of these standouts is Letter to a Hero. Perhaps its sentiment will seem corny to the ultra-sophisticated, but most moviegoers will find it tender and thought-provoking. The Letter to a Hero is written by his old schoolteacher to a sergeant in the South Pacific. "This," she says, "may all sound trivial, but to yours sincerely it is the state of the nation." As she starts to reread the letter, the film dissolves to the little town of Monroe in Orange County, New York, and you see some of the things she is writing about. You see the hero's girl, Amy, and the excitement when his family receive his Silver Star medal for valor. You walk through the town streets, look in at the drugstore, a church sing, and the high-school senior prom. You attend the unveiling of the town's new Roll of Honor at a Bond rally. For its dignity and simplicity, Letter to a Hero stands high on the list of films worth your special attention. (RKO-Pathé.)

INSIDE
Paramount

Published Here
Every 4 Weeks

A shower of goose-pimples, thick as hailstones, will swamp the nation as America chills to the thrills of "THE UNINVITED"–spirits too horrible to live, too powerful to die!

• • •

It's simply out of this world... The most popular, the most hair-raising romance since "Rebecca." A story of haunting love that's really haunted—as you'll remember if you're one of the millions who read it—in these very pages.

• • •

Ray Milland and Ruth Hussey get a good price and a bad bargain on the eeriest eyrie ever—a beautiful mansion that's stuffed to the eaves with the "undead!"

• • •

The "undead" want to wreak vengeance on gorgeous young Gail Russell—a bright new star in her brilliant debut . . . what the spirits want to see is her beautiful body hurtling over the sea cliff onto the rocks below!

• • •

Donald Crisp is a tower of strength, as the girl's grandfather, whose valiant attempt to protect his child from the forces of unseen evil is one of the year's most stirring portrayals!

• • •

And Cornelia Otis Skinner is her unearthly super-self, as a monarch behind stone walls where madness rules.

In THE UNINVITED

There are skeletons in the closets galore—skeletons that aren't quite dead enough . . . as Director Lewis Allen lets out all the stops and treats America to a thrill fest that will raise the national blood pressure as high as the price of eggs!

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THE MEDICS ALSO FOUGHT

Continued from Page 23

to bed for three days I saw nurses in denim doing twelve-hour shifts, night or day, one to each tentful of wounded, and sometimes so pressed for assistance that they had to call on the military police, ambulance drivers, casual visitors, and even walking cases.

I marveled at the enlisted men, doing the grubbiest of roles without promotion or much recognition but just as devotedly as the doctors or nurses. They were the unsung Willets of the medical forces.

Willet! For me, there was no greater hero in that camp than Private George R. Willet, the kid from Russell, Kentucky. He did the work of two mules. He policed Post-Op Ward 7 with its double row of cots, made beds, served meals, built fires, and lugged water. He washed the dishes three times a day, emptied urinals and bedpans, and hung out blankets when they got full of sand. He fetched cans of fruit juice, blood plasma, or hot coffee, and he ran a thousand errands a day. He summoned surgeons, nurses, or doctors, took the mail and brought it back, bathed sore backs when the nurses were swamped, or held a cup to Hildenbrand's lips. "Willie" was quite a man. And there were 270 others like him in that encampment on the hill.

I saw the formality and precedence of sterilized—and often sterile—civilian medicine brushed aside as dying men were snatched from Charon's ferry. In short, I found out from personal observation that Brigadier General A. E. Blesse, commanding American medics in the North African theater, was guilty of no overstatement when he declared that the wounded soldier of World War II, if his blood still circulates and he is breathing upon arrival, has a good chance to live.

TAKE, for example, Thaddeus Janusiewicz, 16th Infantry private from Phoenixville, Pennsylvania, who was in advanced stages of peritonitis. While he was digging a foxhole, a shell splinter had ripped out parts of his intestines. Machine guns had kept rescuers away and he had lain where he fell all that day and the next.

"Somehow, about eight o'clock the next evening," Jan related, "I used my rifle for a crutch and hobbled to the platoon half a mile away. They helped me through the darkness another mile, where I received first aid and some sulfa pills. From a mobile dressing station the ambulance brought me here."

They cut away four inches of the colon where gangrene had set in; then Colonel Wiley's heroic treatment began. They gave Jan lots of fresh blood. They gave him oxygen, gave him sulfathiozol. They rigged a Wangensteen tube, a rubber hose and vacuum arrangement to relieve pain in abdominal operations, and then waited. Jan got well and was eating oatmeal before I left the hospital.

"Massive doses," Wiley would repeat. "Sulfa, self-administered as the soldier is wounded. Frequent and large blood transfusions. Immediate surgery after the shock subsides. Plenty of oxygen and rest after the operation. There is our battle-front platform."

Every one around the hospital donated blood for transfusions. When they'd all been tapped, Colonel Wiley would send an SOS, and the ordnance boys would volunteer in squads of fifty. Quartermasters, ambulance drivers, engineers, nurses, and military police contributed blood. A headquarters clerk gave his a second time, only to collapse from a ruptured ulcer, then got it back in a transfusion the same day.

The word impossible was outlawed in the surgical tent. One night a youth came in who had looked down a tommy-gun muzzle. Two slugs had gone through his brain. Colonel Snyder himself débrided the wounds and packed the holes with sulfanilamide. Three days later the patient could eat. He lived, though never to be normal.

Mines produced some of the worst cases. Lieutenant Jay Dennison, from McKeesport, Pennsylvania, was advancing along a ridge near Maknassy when he heard a blast, then the voice of his friend.

"HE was a Czech-American from Irvington, New Jersey," Dennison said. "When I slid down the path and found him, both his legs were gone. I applied a tourniquet as best I could. Then we lay there, waiting for a lull. Bullets clipped the bushes that hid us. He was fully conscious, spoke of the double date we'd planned when we got home. He said he doubted if he could make it.

"It was getting daylight when we gambled on moving. I hooked under his armpits, took one step back—and the second mine exploded."

Deaf from concussion, ears running blood, a gash in his thigh, Dennison dragged himself to a foxhole and fell in. He lay there all day, the Nazis spraying his hide-out whenever a rescue party approached. At six in the evening a medic got him out.

"I never saw Louis after the second explosion," Dennison said.

Then there was the Coast Artilleryman, serving an antiaircraft gun, who had drowsed in a shell hole. A tank, reconnoitering before midnight, crunched over the area, practically pulverizing him where he lay. Colonel Wiley showed me his card to illustrate what can happen to a human being and yet fail to kill him.

"How's he doing?" I asked.

"Improving every day," he replied.

Not, of course, that they always won the battle. Frank Hildenbrand, the artilleryman, didn't die but he didn't recover, either. After four days they took him from the ward—four days of alternating between delirium and consciousness. Months later, in the casualty office, I happened upon his card. He was awaiting transfer home from a convalescents' hospital. The record had a notation in red: "Steady improvement up to June 1. None thereafter."

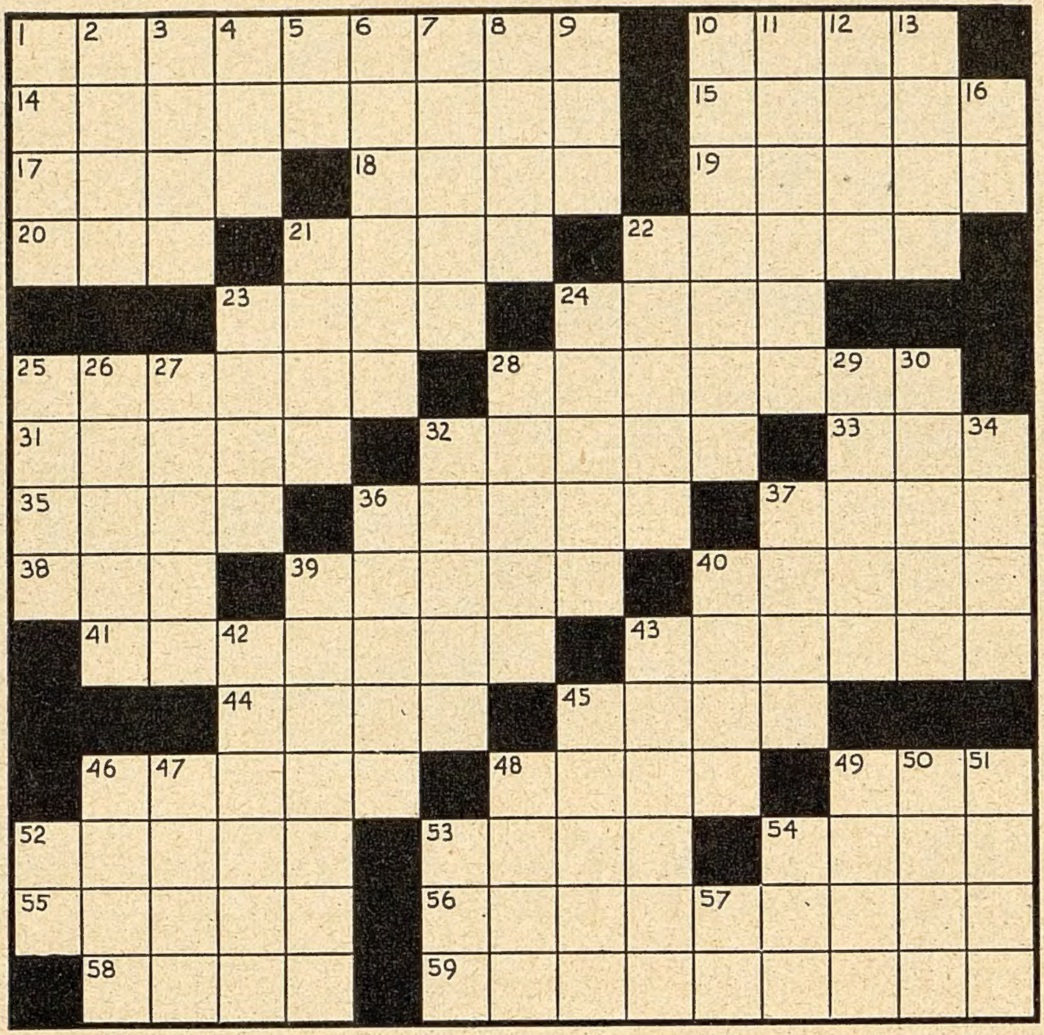
But, as the campaign came to victorious close and the staff had time to reflect, the 48th Surgical didn't have to be complimented by General Blesse and Colonel R. T. Arnest of Corps command. Its people knew. Letters from grateful boys would flow in for weeks. And long after it became the 128th Evacuation Hospital, achieving new recognition at Sidi Nsir and Hill 609, at Mateur and Ferryville, with its staff condensed, some of its members scattered or resigned—even then, those who were around during El Guettar would remember the 48th.

Lieutenant General George E. Patton, then commander of the American Second Corps, said it all when he exclaimed: "This cannot be! It is impossible to achieve such results."

THE END

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 Pistol Packin' Mama's rival as Miss National Song menace of 1944 (2 wds.)
10 Cat spit
14 Gent untroubled by shoe rationing
15 By-by juice
17 The red bomb cheese
18 He died of Persianing long ago
19 When the Cockney sat on the tack, wot appened?
20 Parent of a pimple
21 Grammaw got necked by these fuzzy-wuzzies
22 Dehydrates
23 Satyrs have a lot of this with dryads
24 Pogostick or kangaroo on wheels
25 Guys and gals twitching nervously and flinging themselves about to music
28 Sensible gal to marry
31 Turk tycoon
32 They're all mixed up with the law
33 We Putter Around (abbr.)
35 The river of song
36 A handy little thing used for an extension when dining
37 Scorch
38 Empty Stomachs Ululate (abbr.)
39 Often chilly, but always solid!
40 This will soon replace the motorcar
41 Smashed the language to smithereens
43 Finny tigers
44 Part of the war I'd like to see
45 A little branch in the country
46 "$300 a month for 3 years, 3 mos. payment in advance. no dogs or children allowed"

J	A	D	E	■	D	I	A	M	O	N	D	■
A	L	U	M	■	A	M	B	I	T	I	O	N
P	A	R	■	H	I	P	■	D	I	N	T	Y
A	R	A	M	I	S	■	L	I	O	N	E	L
N	■	N	A	T	■	H	O	R	S	Y	■	O
■	S	T	Y	■	C	A	N	O	E	■	I	N
S	U	E	■	P	A	T	E	N	■	C	O	S
H	I	■	S	U	N	E	R	■	W	O	O	■
A	■	P	I	L	A	R	■	C	A	R	■	G
F	R	U	G	A	L	■	H	O	R	N	E	R
T	A	R	N	S	■	E	A	T	■	E	V	A
S	N	E	A	K	E	R	S	■	M	L	I	V
■	D	E	L	I	L	A	H	■	A	L	L	Y

Last week's answer

48 What an acute bore gives you
49 Hotspot (abbr.)
52 I'm looking forward to the last time the Germans see it
53 Hotel de Manor
54 False step they took in France
55 Toughest thing in the underground
56 Give an Italian enough rope and he'll make this
58 Spring lamb (pl.)
59 These dames may slap you around, yet they knead you for your dough

VERTICAL

1 This one sure smells!
2 He does the work for the men with stars
3 It's a plot, folks, to get things done
4 Old New England tree under which Old New Englanders desired
5 Russian Blitz (abbr.)
6 Convenient time for pitching woo
7 A New York city
8 Not physicians. Doctors
9 Is this caustic!
10 What venetian blinds make of us all
11 If kitty has a white one, steer clear!
12 A coupon for your dogs
13 Dick Tracy's girl friend
16 A lawyer's cheer
21 This guy is Bugs
22 God
23 You'll have to scratch for this one
24 Drips with St. Vitus' dance
25 Kind of skin diploma given graduates of Striptease College
26 This is as good as a mile
27 Temporary cessation
28 Got an edge on
29 Carry on a conversation with a jackass
30 What you do to bad boys in the end
32 Roof of the World
34 First landing barges
36 If a pretty gal feels it, you're in the hospital
37 Old-fashioned jitterbug dance
39 Where Vassar girls are never found and Harvard men go to sleep mornings
40 Device for finding furniture in the dark
42 Lancelot's lady friend
43 It'll be a great day when Hitler does—and we don't mean with a saxophone
45 Halls the Irish kings harped upon
46 When the ten o'clock scholar always arrived
47 This is wore backwards
48 Uncle Sammy's newest pistol packer
49 Take these to your nearest butcher immediately
50 Took pluck to play it, more to listen to it
51 This line is about to be disconnected
52 Where the news came in the letter (abbr.)
53 Baloney Soothes Man (abbr.)
54 Fire of France
57 Kind of male women like to receive

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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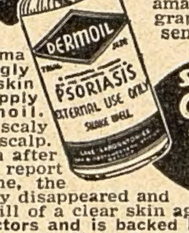

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FEB. 26, 1944

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
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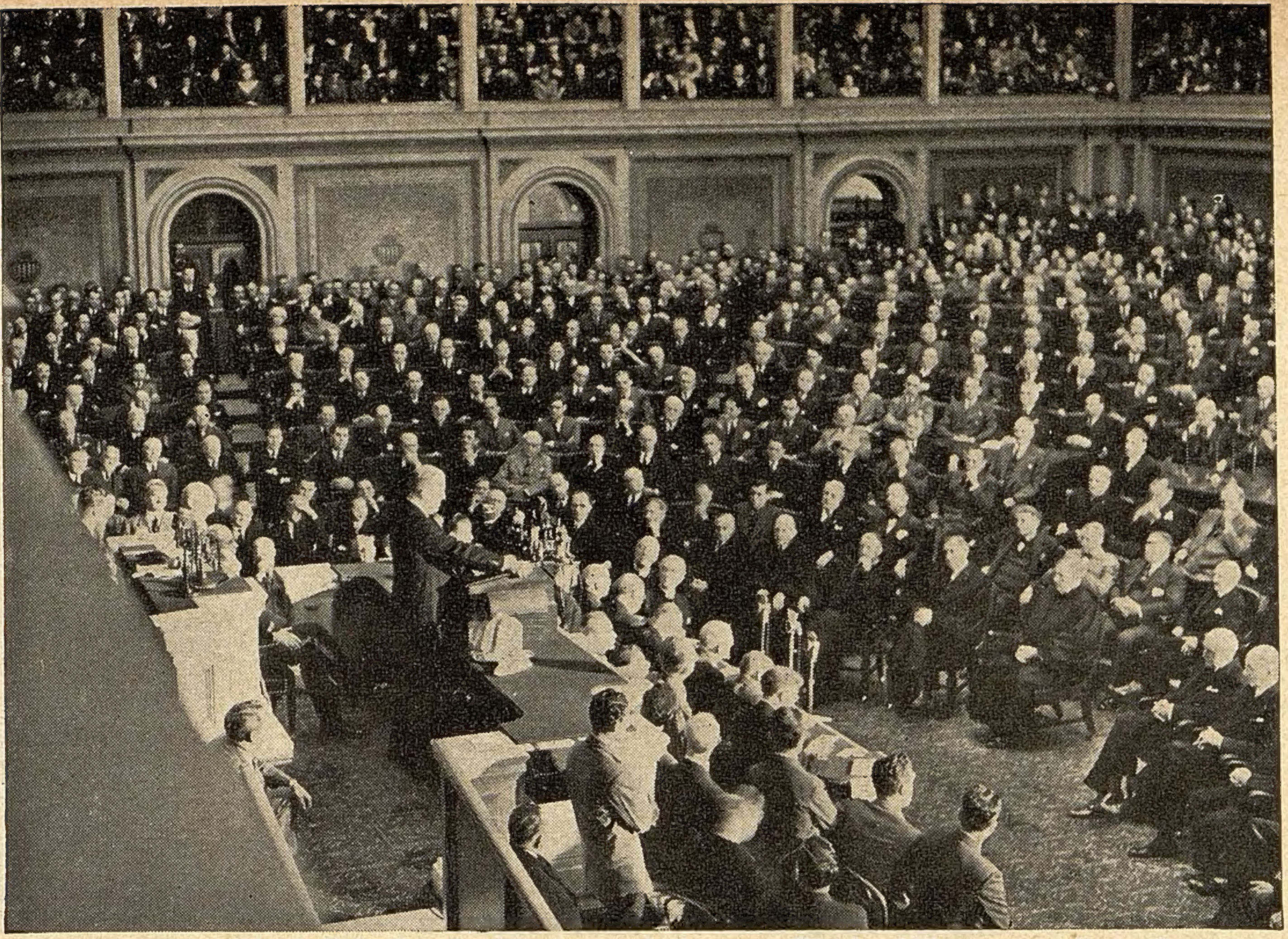

December 8, 1941. F. D. R. asks Congress to declare war. We should have gone all-out then.

THE NATIONAL SERVICE ACT

THE chief trouble with the President's proposal for a National Service Act is that it comes two years too late. As a matter of fact, this fault has hampered the adoption of much of our wartime legislation. We suffer from the disease which seems to afflict all democracies, "Toolittleandtoolate." By the grace of God we get by, but delay costs us much of the benefit we could obtain by meeting our problems promptly.

Price control, wage and salary stabilization, compulsory bond buying, proper taxation, selective service for civilians, and other such needed measures for victory should have been written into law at the time of Pearl Harbor or before.

The way to fight a total war and win it quickly is to get grimly about the business, with no ifs, ands, or buts. It calls for enlisting completely and immediately the total resources of the nation. Our performance in building armaments and the organizations to use them has been prodigious. It surprises not only our enemies but even ourselves. But who will say it could not have been still more remarkable? Had the total energies of our people been enlisted at the outset, the war might be over now.

Congress and the administration chose to take the easier course. The government called continually on us for voluntary sacrifice but neglected to impose specific sacrifices until the need for them was imperative. Handling the people gently is characteristic of all democratic government. In most cases democracy recognizes its problems right enough but tries to cope with them by halfway measures. The result is "Toolittleandtoolate."

As a matter of fact, the people want bold action when needed, even if it means sacrifice. Their resentment, so feared by politicians, is nonexistent. This tendency to handle the people gently has been particularly characteristic of the present administration since its inception.

Oh well, who can blame Mr. Roosevelt or his advisers? We were unused to war. We did not plan with cold calculation to take our neighbors by the throat and shake the life from them. In our unfamiliarity with efficient murder we were bound to make mistakes. We can be thankful none were serious. Our antagonists, those brainy men who planned it that way, are the ones who pulled the big boners. Although we did not buckle down to our task in this war hard enough or soon enough, we nevertheless have made a tremendous effort and achieved tremendous results.

The chief result of our inability to take life as seriously as it really is, is to postpone the day of victory beyond the time when it might have been.

At all events, let's hope we profit from our experience in this crisis. Let's not put the history of this war on some back shelf to gather dust. Let's keep it out where we can study it. From it we may learn that a bold and forthright approach to national problems is best in the long run. As for the proposed National Service Act--better late than never. The war is far from won.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL

Albert Staehle

Old-fashioned custom

In these days of only-so-much, plenty for some would mean privation for others.

That's why feasting is an outmoded privilege—why no one is permitted to have an overstuffed pantry. And it's the down-to-earth reason for rationing. Needed things must be shared by all—and by all alike.

• • •

That same policy of fairness is behind the purchase-limits placed on IMPERIAL, for this superb, *"velveted"* whiskey is also an "only-so-much" commodity. With all America's distilleries producing war alcohol, no more whiskey is at present being made—and stocks on hand must last longer than originally intended.

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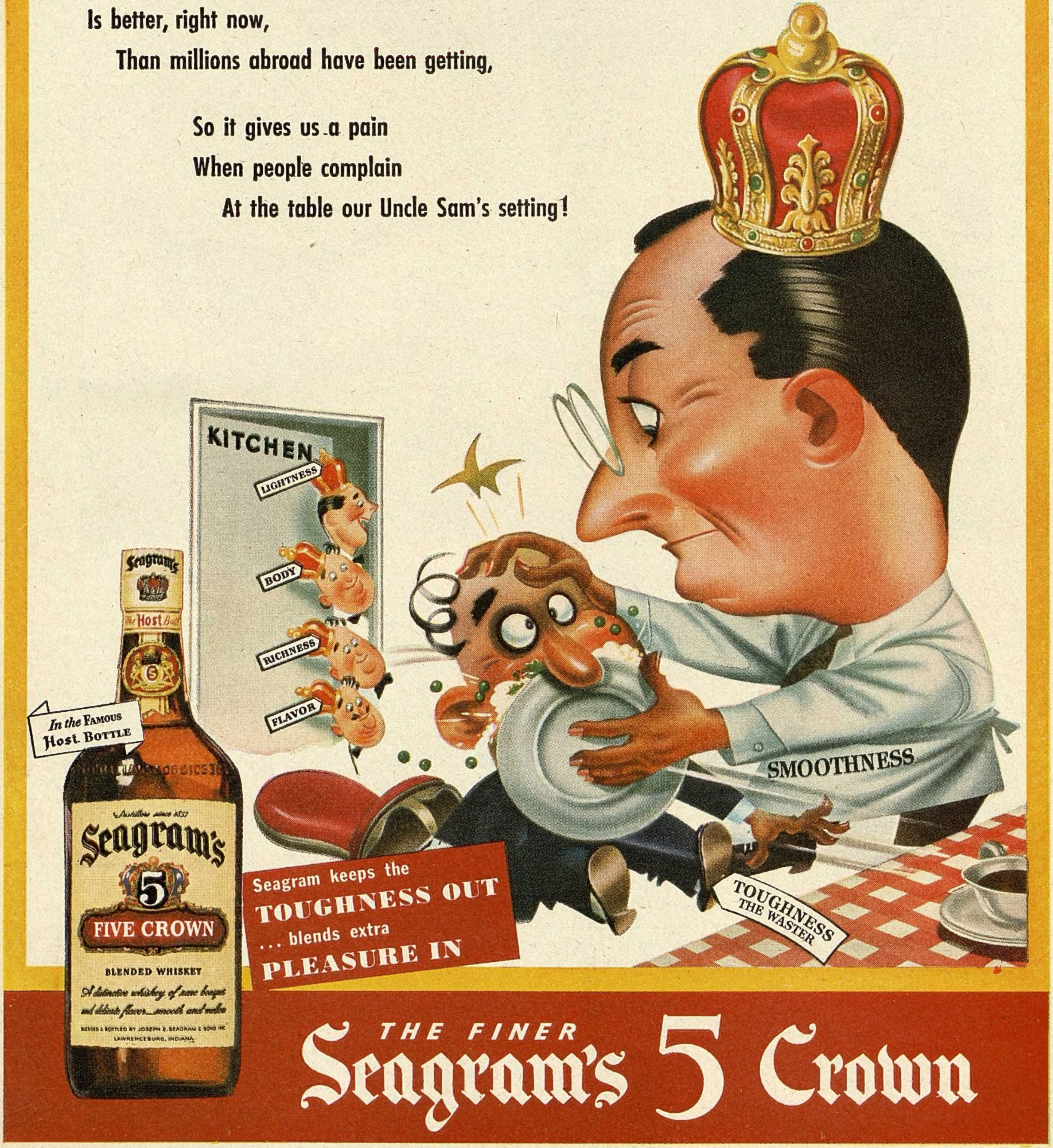
At the table our Uncle Sam's setting!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